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THE MAN FROM AIDONE.

IV.

At the farm below Aggira, the horses of master Turi, those that had not been led to the fair, had remained shut up in the stall, while the owner and his herders were at Castrogiovanni. Now, the men having returned, the good beasts were glad to run free again through the meadows to crop the grass.

"I wager that old Baia will feel herself lonely for the horses that have been sold," observed Pietro, beating with his clasp knife the bark of an oleander twig, in order to make a whistle.

"And why not?" answered Felice. "Poor mare, so many colts she brings into the world, and so many must go away to do their duty. After the colts are weaned, it appears as if she did not care so much for them; but that is not altogether true, — only they no longer have need of her. Sometimes, when a colt has been sold, and the buyer has taken the halter to lead it away, I have seen la Baia stretch her neck in order to look after it until she lost it from sight; just as I saw my mother watch me the day that I went for a soldier. They have great hearts, the horses!"

"And also the horses that were not born of old Baia, — she is fond of them."

"This, too, is true: horses are friends among themselves, like Christians. And they don't talk against one another, nor bring lawsuits. Look out, there, Pietro! Run in the cream-colored colt; he is too near the edge of those rocks."

The pretty little beast made a sudden right-about-face and galloped as Pietro chased him into safety.

Felice had planned to return to Castrogiovanni, to take his business of a carrier, as soon as Lorenzo Burgio should have had a few days of practice among the horses. But as fate willed, during the last day of the fair, some Neapolitans who were drinking at the wine-shop of master Gianandrea Burgio had set up a quarrel among themselves as to who ought to pay for the wine. The old man had begged them, for the honor of his shop, to quit scuffling. But they would not hear him, and even gave him ugly titles. Comare Santa, behind the counter with the bottles, screamed. The son, Lorenzo, leaving the spigot out of a cask, so that the wine spread over the floor, ran to aid his father, on whom the tipsy customers had laid hands. Lorenzo freed him. "And if you have anything to say, here's this bust!"

In fact, Lorenzo had a chest powerful like that of an ox, to take their fists upon. But, four against one, they handled him badly before some friends of his, hearing the noise, ran from the street and enforced order. Lorenzo had held firm, until a Neapolitan whom he had thrown down crawled along the floor and gave him an ugly cut with a clasp knife on the shin of the right leg. So Lorenzo had to go to bed, while one of his friends took his place in the shop.

Now that it would take time for the cure of Lorenzo's leg, so that he would

be in condition to run after the horses, Felice would not abandon them. "I was herder before I was betrothed," said he. "And also, my Marina will say that I have done right to stay with the horses and keep the place for Lorenzo when he shall be cured, instead of letting master Turi find another fellow."

But Lorenzo's ailment was to be rather long; and, as says the proverb, long things become serpents. There was dead flesh in the wound; and although the doctor did his best, it delayed to heal. When this was told to Felice, he said, "And should it take a year, I'll stay with the horses. So you will not lose the place." But when Arcangela Burgio repeated that to Marina, and praised Felice who was so good to her brother, the promised bride turned pale, thinking within herself, "Felice puts his friend and his horses before me."

Now that she was betrothed, and her lad always away, Marina did not enjoy the dances in the piazza as before; for the young men respected Felice's rights even too much, and did not often invite Marina to dance. Instead, she sat on a bench beside her mother and comare Nunziata Mendola, just like a married woman, only without her man; while Felice remained with those blessed beasts down there near Aggira. And who could assure her, moreover, that there were no pretty girls at Aggira? Of course there were some — and who knows? She had leisure to think of these things when, in the long May evenings, she chose to stay sometimes in the house, and would not go into the piazza. There the guitars sounded, and the other girls had each her lad, or else was free to dance with whom she pleased.

"He's done right, has Felice," said neighbor Burgio, who was smoking in the dooryard with daddy Calogero.

"That's what I say," answered the father. "Women are n't amiss, but I like a fellow who minds his trade and is loyal to his friend."

"He might lose the girl this way," whimpered uncle Mommu Bricca. "'Tis forty-five years ago that Maruzza Giuffrida planted me because I neglected to cut the canes for her to make shields for her fingers in gleanings. Then I took that good soul of Agnese, and it was the life of a dog she led me! And I have seen with my eyes the stranger from Aidone, that handsome dark fellow, near mistress Agata's tavern in these days."

"And you, Mommu, never lack fables to tell," said master Burgio. "To you flies look the size of hares."

So, in order to make peace, daddy Calogero hastened to speak about the weather.

Every Saturday, as usual, Felice came home. He never failed to visit Lorenzo, as well as to pass what time he could with Marina. The sight of him, so honest, so kind, reassured Marina. He did not leave her time to think of harm, with his stories about old Baia and the new colt that already showed paces like its father, throwing out its little legs and arching its neck. "We call it Silver Star," he said, "for it has a white spot on the forehead. It nibbles a little clover in order to appear like a grown horse, while truly it is n't bigger than uncle Mommu's dog. I wish that you could see it, girls."

For when compare Felice talked about horses, Rosaria always wanted to listen. But when, to judge by certain glances of his, and words spoken softly, she believed that the conversation would become sugar on honey, as she called it, she preferred the company of the roan.

"Oh, Riuzzu, follow me. Give me your hoof. Bravo! Here's a crust of bread for you. Eh, my little horse, I'm fond of you!" She would throw her arms around the neck of the roan, while his black mane fell over her head like a veil; she felt of his slender black legs up and down with her hands. "Don't fear that compare Felice will

make knots come on your legs with drawing heavy loads, my dear Riuzzu, because Felice is good always."

And the horse returned her affection; he rubbed her face and hands with his muzzle, and mumbled her little wrists with his lips. "We are great friends, Riuzzu!"

While Felice was near her, Marina repented of all her discontent and of what slight jealousies she had imagined. But she said nothing of this. Only she was gentle and submissive with him, like a bride, and looked at him with her great timid eyes, which were like those of the bay filly that shied in the twilight. They talked of the marriage and of their way of life in the future. Marina appeared to wish to content him in everything, humbly, as if to make amends for some fault toward him. Then she would become gay, laughing and chatting.

More than once, in the times when he was in Castrogiovanni to pass the Sunday, it seemed to Felice that the girls in the piazza looked at him with a little malice. Sometimes, also, Lorenzo Burzio, as Felice talked with him at his bedside, half opened his mouth as if to speak words which he afterwards decided to swallow, and instead made inquiries about the horses. One day, Caterina, in the stable where she came to admire the cart that had been master Crocco's, newly painted, looked at Felice with anxiety.

"What are you thinking of, little sister?"

"I? Of this cart, so fine that it dazzles the sight. It deserves to be drawn by Riuzzu."

This indeed was true. The man of the paintbrush had not been niggardly of color nor of design. On the four sides were depicted scenes from the life of Cristoforo Colombo; without whom, in fact, master Crocco could not have gone to America, and, consequently, Felice could not have bought the cart at a bargain.

"We ought to give praise where it is

due," Felice said when he ordered the painting.

The groundwork of the cart was a fine flame-red, against which the four scenes stood out, framed in lines of black and gold. There was Colombo with his son begging bread at the gates of the monastery; Colombo before the king and queen of Spain; Colombo among the sailors who wished to make a mutiny, like the rascals that they were; and lastly, Colombo landing upon American soil, with the cross of his sword held on high. That was a cart, as padre Serafino observed, which would give instruction on the history of the world every time it went along the road. But the trouble was that compare Felice must leave it in the stable until Lorenzo Burzio could come to take his place with master Turi.

The truth was that all those persons who looked curiously at him would have liked to know whether compare Felice had heard that every week — but about the middle of it, Wednesday or Thursday, when he was certain to be away — the dark stranger from Aidone came to Castrogiovanni as if all at once he had great business there. Sometimes he brought lemons and oranges, vegetables or wine, in his cart. Other times it was not known for what purpose he came, riding in the saddle of Mureddu. But always he hovered about the tavern of comare Agata, so that it was plain that he sought Marina.

"Oh, is not one lad enough for comare Marina," said Sabetta Burzio at the fountain, "but she will have also that man from Aidone?"

"To me he is not pleasing," returned master Neddu Longo's Grazia. "He is black, with such eyes that he looks like a demon."

"Felice is really a simpleton to stay down there at Aggira with the horses of master Turi. It would be a charity to let him know how comare Marina deceives him," observed Peppa Longo.

"That is true," said Arcangela Burzio; "although he does it from kindness to my brother. But to be too good, one loses by it. Make yourself a lamb, and the wolf will eat you, says the proverb."

"And what right, then, has Marina to take for herself all the lads? She has certain ways, that girl, which I don't understand, nor wish to understand."

"You know, Peppuzza, it has been said that compare Felice had a thought of you, formerly. Who knows that you won't have him some day?"

"True as I live, Arcangela, were he made of gold and of royal blood, I would n't marry Felice Mendola. I say no harm of him, but so it is; he has never been to my taste."

"Nor mine!" "Nor mine!" All those girls whom Felice had never courted now refused him in chorus. As for them, compare Felice must remain a bachelor, should he live the years of the patriarch Methuselah.

"Too good, Felice is, so that he is like soft cheese. And that other from Aidone, I would n't take him, either. I should be afraid of him. So much the better that there are not lacking lads in the town!"

The fact was that master Antonio Morreale had not smiled upon those girls, only upon Marina Borello. Therefore they could not know how gay and kind he was. But although people may be gossips and say so many things behind the shoulders of a neighbor, 't is an ugly business to speak plainly to one's face. The girls told nothing about Antonio Morreale when they met Felice. He was frank and joyous, with a carnation in the buttonhole of his jacket and his hat on the side of his head, as if he had no fear of anybody. The girls had not the heart to disturb his contentment. Also Lorenzo Burzio, for delicacy, kept silence. Neither was it spoken of at home. Daddy Calogero did not mind women's business, and preferred to talk about the crop of grain soon to be cut.

When, one night, his wife asked his advice whether she ought to warn Felice that Antonio Morreale was buzzing around the tavern, the old man answered her that 't is a fine thing to speak little. Also, at a tavern everybody is master to come as he pleases; and Marina might have no fault in the affair. Later, if it were the will of Heaven that their son should marry the daughter of comare Agata, provided that no harm had been said, no bad blood would have been made, and the two families would live in peace like one.

"And because of this, Nunziata, say nothing about it to Felice. Either there's nothing amiss, and all will end well, or else there's a cat crouching in it; and our son is n't a simpleton, to let himself be caught like a mouse."

So that mamma Nunziata had to sew up her mouth, as one might say, and keep silence. She recommended as much to Caterina, who answered, "I will do as you tell me, mamma. But if Marina betrays my brother, there's no little-finger friendship that holds."

Caterina wept for pity of that brother who was so content away among the horses, and suspected nothing of harm, as harm he never did to any one, Christian or beast.

The next time that he had passed the holiday at home, Caterina, as she put the bread and onions into his bag on Monday morning, said to him, "I wish, oh, I wish that you could stay at home the whole week, little brother!"

He, undisturbed, like a brave horse that fears neither shadows nor noise, answered her, "We're fond of each other, is n't that true, my Caterinedda?"

He kissed his sister, and sprang into the saddle. Riuzzu bore him away at a square trot. Marina, as he passed her window and waved his hand to her, smiling, felt a thorn in her heart.

"This is how you leave me! Who knows whether you love me truly? You have not said any more of those fine

things, as on the day when you had my promise."

One Wednesday came master Antonio Morreale in the cart drawn by Mureddu, and with him were two women. These were his aunt, Lucia Palma, and her daughter, cousin Barbara, the wife of the farmer Menico Santorelli, from Calascibetta. They wished to make the acquaintance of mistress Agata, of whom they had heard so much good from cousin Morreale. They were honest, tidy women. Aunt Lucia had white hair and a sweet face that appeared to say, "Patience, for so we reach Paradise." Cousin Barbara Santorelli was really quite a great lady, to judge by her solid gold earrings and cross, and the silk gown that rustled like dry lupine pods when she moved. She was, moreover, tall and dark, with a smile like Antonio's. She had brought her baby on her shoulder, and handed it to Rosaria to tend on the doorstep, while she and her mother made the visit to mistress Agata. Antonio went about his business. Meanwhile his relatives talked about Marina's marriage to master Felice, and examined her outfit.

"Beautiful, beautiful indeed!" said cousin Barbara. "'T is a pity that your man will have to be always on the road, like the Wandering Jew, — speaking with respect, — so that he cannot take you about to let these fine things be seen."

Also aunt Lucia agreed that a carrier was, one might say, the servant of whoever wanted a cask of wine or a bag of grain. Her husband, of happy memory, had been a miller, and used to say in his lifetime, "I make the river serve me; but who runs here and there, as people call him, to bring grain and carry meal, is compare Biagio, the carrier, so that he is n't his own master, poor fellow." Afterwards, aunt Lucia had come to live with her daughter, la Santorelli, whose husband was a farmer, like Antonio Morreale, and his fields were blessed so that in his house nothing was lacking.

After Antonio returned to the tavern the two women took leave with many compliments. Rosaria put the baby into its mamma's arms as she sat in the cart; and Mureddu, plump and glossy, moved off toward Calascibetta.

"How civil those women are!" said mistress Agata. "It is plain that they are persons of the right sort."

"Why did they come, mamma?" asked Rosaria.

"Oh, what a fine question! Because master Antonio had spoken of having come to my house at the time of the fair."

"So many people came then."

"Certainly it was very courteous of mistress Lucia."

But when Arcangela Burgio told her brother about the visit of the two women from Calascibetta, he said, "True as I live, I'll tell the doctor to make short work. Either he must cure my leg quick, or else cut it off and throw it away, so that I can go, even with a wooden leg, to take Felice's place with the horses. For my sake, there is a chance he will lose too much."

But the doctor told Lorenzo to have patience, for already the leg was better, and he ought not to talk of having it cut off.

The next day, Antonio Morreale, who had gone only as far as Calascibetta, to take his aunt and cousin to their house, returned to comare Agata's tavern. He told Marina that she had made an excellent impression upon his relatives.

"Aunt Lucia says that the cloth which you weave could not be surpassed, not even when she was young; and cousin Barbara has told her husband, as with these ears I heard her, that you seem to her beautiful as a princess, with that face which is a rose, and eyes that are two lights of heaven."

"It is your cousin Barbara who is beautiful, rather. As for me, I'm nothing fine."

"And then said my cousin, 'How re-

joiced I should be to see her enter my house!’”

“She’s very kind. And what a rich gown mistress Barbara has!”

“Her husband satisfies every whim of hers. He is a farmer, and last year the olives were a fortune for him. Also I have lands on rent, you know, comare Marina, and if I took a wife I should give her more than one silk gown, and conduct her about to festivals, to make people envy me.”

“Your wife will be fortunate, comare Antonio. Have you made a choice yet? If not, there’s my friend Caterina Mendola, good and beautiful, who would do for you.” For Marina was recalled to her duty, now that master Neddu Longo was ringing the bell for Ave Maria.

“By this holy voice!” swore Antonio, “if you will not marry me, comare Marina, I won’t have a wife. Neither Caterina Mendola nor another will do for me; only you.”

She pushed him away. “You know that I have given my word to Felice.”

“And words are made of air. You have n’t been before the syndic and the priest.”

“The estimate of the dowry has been sent to his mother.”

“And I’ll take you without a dowry, — I’ll take you.”

“But I wear Felice’s ring.”

“Exchange it for mine!”

“Don’t say these things. We’re doing wrong. Go away, and do not come again until I am married, compare Antonio. I am ashamed that you think so badly of me, making me these proposals. I shall marry Felice Mendola.”

“Who knows? He does not ask you to fix the day, because he wishes to wait for Lorenzo Burgio. If I were in the clothes of Felice, I’d marry you to-morrow, and would n’t wait for a thousand Lorenzos, nor for their saint.”

“But the horses?”

“Eh, horses are horses, and with that

boy Pietro they could stay very well. It appears to me, Marina, that Felice thinks first for his friend and for the beasts, and afterwards for you; while I, if I had a glimpse through the mountain side of an enchanted treasure of gold and jewels, I’d turn my shoulders to them to look at you, comare Marina, — I swear it to you.”

Who knows how the talk might have ended if Rosaria had not come to ask how much grain she should give Mureddu? As for her, she would have liked to give him more than usual, because he was come from Calascibetta that day, and was to depart the same evening for Aidone. To see that little one so occupied playing the hostler, Antonio laughed, — that open-throated laugh of his that did one good to hear.

“Come on, little horsewoman,” he said. “You’re so given to horses that you ought to be Felice’s bride, instead of mistress Marina, here present.”

“I have no intention to marry,” said Rosaria seriously.

“Do you want to be a little nun?”

“No, but it appears to me that the lads are troubles. If I were a boy, I would beg master Turi Lucernini to hire me.”

“Eh, there’s time, little one. You’re not quite fourteen. In a few years the husband will come also for you,” said Antonio, as Rosaria held the wooden measure of oats under Mureddu’s muzzle.

“Do you love Mureddu, master Antonio?”

“Do I love him! Ask Mureddu whether I have ever given him a blow or a hard word, and he cannot say that I have.”

“That is true, since he has n’t speech, poor beast. But I can judge for myself. You are as good to Mureddu as compare Felice is to Riuzzu. I know that by the way that the horse pricks his ears and rubs his head against your arm.”

After Antonio was gone away, as Marina and Rosaria stood in the doorway watching the stars come out in the twilight, the little sister said : —

“ I like master Antonio, because he is good to Mureddu. And also he says things that make me laugh. Do you know, he told mamma that not even his aunt Lucia makes bread as good as hers. I believe that he comes here so often in order to eat at mamma's table.”

“ Of course,” said Marina.

Rosaria ran away to make sure that the hencoop was tightly closed against the fox and the weasel. She threw another bunch of hay to the cow, and lastly stood calculating the weight of the pig ; while Marina, with her hands in her lap, seated on the doorstep, thought over what Antonio had said to her. Felice set her after his horses and his friends ; if not, he would be in the town, to pay her the attention due a betrothed. Not every person appeared born to love. There was Rosaria : very young, it was true ; but Marina, at the little sister's age, already took thought for her outfit of linen and woolen ; while Rosaria liked better to lead the cow to pasture, or even to curry a horse. Felice, certainly, was born for horses ; the roof of his house would seem too tight for him, who was used to eat and sleep under the skies, whether there were the rain or the lights of heaven.

Mamma Agata came to the door. “ Are you here, Marina ? ”

“ I'm here.”

“ And what are you doing ? ”

“ I'm waiting for Rosaria, who never comes to an end of looking after the beasts.”

“ Listen. It does n't please me to have master Antonio come here so often. Certainly he has done us an honor to bring his relatives. But people will murmur ; and I won't have an offense given to the family of compare Mendola. I'm good for warning master Morreale not to come so often ! ”

Now that the mamma spoke so plainly, Marina learned that without Antonio's visits life would no longer appear beautiful to her. He was so kind, and his love consoled her for the carelessness of Felice, who would stay away from her for a reason or without one.

“ Don't say anything, mamma. Who knows whether he will come again ? ”

“ He knows very well that you are to marry Felice.”

“ Yes, he knows it ; inasmuch as this evening we were talking about Felice and the marriage.”

“ Another time, if he comes, you must go into the kitchen in my place, and I will put the dishes on the table, or else keep my eyes upon you and send the dishes by Rosaria.”

Lorenzo Burgio, now that he could walk a few steps, was at the door of his house with his sisters. “ Listen, Arcangela. To-morrow I'll take the small cart and the donkey and go to Aggira, so that compare Felice can come home.”

“ What are you saying ? If you go, you'll leave a leg there.”

“ My legs, both of them, shall accompany me wherever I go, and return. But all this that is done, I have it on my conscience until I can send home Felice Mendola.”

“ And what will the doctor say ? ”

“ In the beard of the doctor, I swear that I will go to Aggira ! ”

And so, in fact, he did, the next day ; while at the door compare Santa scolded and the sisters whimpered to think of Lorenzo who would kill himself and do no good to anybody.

“ As for me, I think that compare Lorenzo has done a very fine thing,” observed Caterina Mendola, who had been told about it by Sabedda. And for the first time it came into her mind that Lorenzo was a handsome fellow, as he guided the donkey along the street.

It had been wholly an idea of Rosaria's that Antonio Morreale was to

return to Aidone that night, and Mureddu had had more grain than usual under false pretenses, so to say. For his master put him into the stall of farmer Santorelli at Calascibetta, and they passed the night in that town. So that the next day, Marina, gathering mushrooms in a meadow, was surprised to see a shadow fall on the ground before her, and to hear the voice of Antonio Morreale:—

"Are you alone, comare Marina?"

"Sabedda Burgio and Rosaria are with me, but at the moment I don't see them."

"I was coming to your house."

"Don't come there any more, Antonio. Mamma does not wish it."

"And you, do you want to drive me away? What harm have I done to you, Marina?"

"No harm, compare Antonio."

"To me, on the contrary, you have done a great harm. You take away my sleep, from me who dedicated all my dreams to you. I am strong as a lion, and you make me tremble only to look at you. Marina, you have robbed the heart out of my breast; and you wish to make me die, sending me away!"

"What if the girls should come back and find you here? Compare Antonio, if I listen any longer to you, I must confess it to padre Serafino, for it is a sin."

"For your sake, Marina, I would commit a sin, a hundred! I would kill a man! I would let myself be killed!"

"You make me afraid!"

"Of you, little girl, I would n't even twist a hair. See, I kiss the hem of your gown, and I ask nothing, only that you will say that you care for me."

"It would be of no use. If my mother should hear of this, she would shut me up in the house and bolt the doors and the windows."

"Surely. It is because of this that I will have your answer here, at this moment. I love you, I love you, Marina. If you will marry me, I swear that I will make you happy."

He laid his hand on his heart as for a solemn oath, and raised his eyes to her face, as he knelt before her. She was silent, uncertain what to do.

"Marina, beautiful Marina, how shall I speak? How can I make you understand what your life might be with a man who adores you, instead of that great boy who is just like his horses?"

Also Felice had often said of himself that he was all one with the horses; it must be true, Marina thought.

"Come with me, Marina!"

"I cannot." The girl was weeping so that it was a pity to see. She had let fall her apron, and the mushrooms were crushed under Antonio's feet as he arose and stood beside her.

"Let these be the last tears shed for cause of me, my Marina. Come with me. I swear to you that I will respect you like a saint, like the Madonna del Carmine: I have near here Mureddu with the cart. If you do me the honor to mount into it, I will not even touch you with a finger. I will bring you to the house of cousin Barbara and consign you to aunt Lucia, a holy woman if ever any was, who will act as a mother to you until the syndic and the parish priest shall give you to me."

"Oh, I cannot!"

"I'm a fellow of honor, and you do not trust me. But if you drive me away, I shall return. You will have to be my wife sooner or later. Come, Marina."

She looked around the fields, vast and solitary. Rosaria and Sabedda were not to be seen. And more than usual the image of Felice Mendola was pallid in her mind; for the Sunday before he had not come home, but had sent word that a horse was ill, so much so that the farrier had been called, and Felice would not leave the poor beast, not for an hour, until it should be better. "Always those horses, as if they were brothers of his!" thought Marina bitterly. Antonio Morreale stood there,

humbly, awaiting her decision. Then he took out his handkerchief and gently wiped away her tears.

"Come, Marina, we must not lose time."

That man truly loved her. He would risk for her sake more than a horse. The girls might return from moment to moment, and at home there would be new troubles. And it was only a half-hour to go to Calascibetta, to those good women whom even her mother had approved. Marina, without saying a word, followed Antonio to the spot where Murreddu, in the shade of a little thicket of brambles, stood with the cart.

By the time, that same afternoon, that Lorenzo Burgio's good little donkey had taken him to the meadows near Aggira, the sick horse was already much better, so that Felice believed that he could go home as usual on Saturday. Pietro, on a rock, was blowing his whistle and kicking his bare feet in the air.

"Look, master Felice! There is your friend, master Lorenzo."

"It can't be he, for he is still infirm."

"But it is truly he, with a little red donkey and a cart."

Felice ran to meet his friend. "What is there of news, 'Renzo?'"

"Of news there 's this: that I am come to send you home, for you have interests there. Master Morreale of Aidone is courting comare Marina. You must forgive me for the ugly tidings, and also that I have said nothing before. But this week he has been in the town three days in succession. You will do well to go home and maintain your rights. Meanwhile, I am here to help Pietro with the horses."

The field and the air whirled before Felice's eyes.

"I ought to speak about it with master Turi. This evening, when he comes to the stable, I shall ask his leave." He heard his own voice dull and distant,

as though it had been that of another man.

"And how is the horse?"

Then they talked of the opinion of the farrier, and how he had bled the poor beast, which now would soon be cured.

Having obtained the consent of master Turi, Felice mounted Riuzzu while yet the day-star was the only light in the sky, and set forth for Castrogiovanni. Lorenzo stayed beside the horse that was ill, and Pietro with the others in the meadow. Felice felt himself all in a confusion; the news had arrived like a blow between head and neck, so that he could not take it in. Oh, why would Antonio Morreale play him such an ugly trick? And Marina, so gentle and affectionate, how could she let herself be so led away?

He had not believed people could be disloyal like that; for, simple as he was, he knew that a man does not pay so much court to a girl who says no and keeps to it. He felt like a dead man. Then, gradually, as the light spread above the hills of Leonforte, and Riuzzu, who knew that he was going home, quickened his pace, Felice took courage again.

"Who knows whether the thing has gone so badly? Lorenzo's sisters have tongues that sting, and it may be from them that he had the story."

But when he came to Castrogiovanni, Felice could see with his own eyes that there was trouble. The women were buzzing like irritated bees around his mother, who was telling a story, shaking her finger in their faces. Caterina, in tears, told him how Sabedda Burgio and Rosaria, perceiving that Marina was not with them, had turned to seek her, and had seen her mount into master Antonio Morreale's cart and go away with him. Rosaria, greatly grieved, and Sabedda, between amazement and curiosity, had run to their houses to tell what they had seen.

"Let me go, Caterina," stammered

Felice, who felt a knife in his heart. "I must give Riuzzu some water and grain and put him in the stall." For he would not make a scene before all those women.

Meanwhile, comare Nunziata Mendola, with a train of women at her heels, went to the tavern of mistress Agata Borello. The hostess was at the door as if expecting her.

"I have something to say to you, mistress Agata." And comare Nunziata tore into pieces the paper with the estimate of Marina's dowry, and threw them in the face of the other.

Comare Agata, pale, with red eyes, let her do it. Then she said, "You have reason to complain, mistress Nunziata; but not to have it against me, for I have no fault in the matter."

"And if you have brought up your daughter to insult an honest fellow and his family!"

"Rather I wish that I had n't brought her into the world!"

The neighbors, to see comare Agata so humble, began to think that there might be no quarrel. Not that they wished that two respected women should come to injurious words and hair-pulling; — the saints forbid; but if such were to take place, one would not lose the sight of it. However, they were not to be disappointed. Comare Nunziata dug up some old stories of the time when mistress Agata was young. "And said the Crab, 'Walk straight, my daughters!'"

Then strife began, — so violently that padre Serafino, issuing from the church with master Neddu Longo, the sacristan, felt it his duty to come across the piazza to the tavern to make peace. Just then Felice arrived with daddy Calogero. The latter put a hand upon his wife's shoulder and drove her before him to their house. At sight of Felice comare Agata's face changed, and became like stone.

"Ah, poor Felice! How badly my daughter has treated you!"

Comare Agata, as if suffocated, said not a word more, but, with her arm raised on high, shook her hand as if to curse Marina. Felice prayed her with clasped hands, "Don't cast a judgment, comare Agata, for at a mother's curse heaven opens to hear it!"

Her face was terrible, but she comprehended what Felice said; and as angry mothers do, she said good words, which, however, burned the ears that heard: "May you return one day to my arms, Marina!" Then she fell crouching on the doorstep, with her head between her hands, tearing her hair, until Felice Mendola raised her gently and led her into the tavern. That was the end of it, and the women went back to their houses. Felice took refuge in the stable, where he sobbed like a child, with his face leaning on the neck of the roan.

V.

Now Felice Mendola was a man of honor, although he did not wish to play the bravo among the women in the piazza. Therefore, after his horse had eaten and rested, he rode down to Calascibetta for news of master Antonio Morreale. There on the gallery of the house of the farmer Menico Santorelli was the whole fine company. Mistress Barbara, dressed as if for a holiday, sat with her hands on her belt to enjoy the sun. Beside aunt Lucia was Marina, who, with downcast eyes, listened to Antonio as he stood talking to her. Master Menico was smoking a pipe, with his babies around his knees.

"Here I come to disturb," said Felice to himself. Then he called out, "Master Antonio, if you will come down into the street, I should like to ask you whether you find the black horse just as I recommended him."

"O Madonna!" exclaimed Marina. "There's Felice come to do who knows what?"

"And what should he do," said mistress Barbara, "now that you are among friends?"

Meanwhile, Antonio had gone down into the street. "An excellent horse, master Felice, so that not even the king could desire a better. And I should like to ask you how much grain you are accustomed to give him daily."

The two men went away together into the barn of master Santorelli, where Mureddu was tied by the halter. He whinnied as the roan came near, and Riuzzu answered him.

"Now that we are here, master Antonio, I wish you to render an account of what you have done. You have robbed me of my bride."

"I swear to you that she came with me willingly; that I have respected her like the Madonna del Carmine. And I shall marry her as soon as the priest will give us the blessing."

"I did not know whether I ought to give you a challenge," said Felice.

"Do as you will. If you have anything to say to me, I'm here."

"If it has been the will of mistress Marina" —

"Her will and mine. I wanted Marina, and you left her alone. It was my occasion."

"I have done my duty to master Turi and to my friend Lorenzo, and Marina understood it. You have robbed me of her."

"Now it appears that the challenge can come from me, if you say these things."

At that moment Marina entered the stable with Barbara. The two men eyed each other, red and surly. Felice turned to Marina.

"Is it true, Marina, that you came here of your own will, and that Antonio Morreale has acted in all respects like an honest man?"

"It is true."

"I came here not knowing what I should do. Now, so much faith I have

in your word and his that, if you will, I shall set you in the saddle of Riuzzu and take you back to your mother's house, in order to marry you in presence of the people. Then, whoever has anything to say, let him say it to me."

"You are very generous, Felice, and I thank you. I merit it, and I do not merit it," answered Marina.

"Choose freely between Antonio and me."

Antonio, with his arms crossed on his breast, had not moved nor lifted his frowning gaze from the ground. Marina approached him, and thrust her hand under his arm.

"I stay with Antonio."

"If it is so, mistress Marina, I have only to say good-day to you."

Felice went to mount his horse. Barbara Santorelli followed him.

"Do not be angry with my mother and me for the visit that we made to mistress Agata. Antonio wished it; and I don't know why, but in our family Antonio always commands. If I have done you a wrong, master Felice, I beg you to forgive it."

"No wrong have you done me, mistress Barbara. If Marina does not care for me, better to know it now than later." He sprang into the saddle, and rode away toward Castrogiovanni.

In the town they made no end of talk about the affair. The mammas said it was a real scandal, and that a bride who ran away with her man could never hope for the benediction of Heaven. And it must be indeed a grief for poor comare Agata, who, however, ought to have looked better after her daughter. For pigs and children go as they are taught, says the proverb.

Antonio and Marina were married at the house of the Santorelli, and aunt Lucia acted as mother to the bride. Nobody at Castrogiovanni knew even the day of the wedding until afterward, when master Menico Santorelli, who had not too many fine feelings, came with a

cart drawn by two mules to take what outfit mistress Agata might wish to let her daughter have.

"And of Marina's stuff I don't want any in the house," said the mother.

So master Menico loaded everything in the cart, and returned to Calascibetta, where the married pair were waiting for the goods in order to depart for Aidone. Marina wept to see all those things which lacked the mother's blessing, but her husband said :—

"Perhaps one day the mamma will forgive us. And meanwhile you have your Antonio, who loves you more than even mothers know how to love."

So, among Antonio's kisses, Marina lost the grace of penitence.

The grain, blond and ripe, waited in the fields for Antonio and his men to mow it, and bent itself as if to say, "Come, cut off my head." So that as soon as Antonio returned to the farm he had at once to think about the harvest.

While he was at Calascibetta, delaying until he could marry Marina Borello, the foul fog called the "wolf," which blows from the distant sea, had touched the olives then forming upon the trees ; so that it was to be suspected that they were ruined. But of olive-trees one cannot with certainty judge before September. And since now was the time of the grain, master Antonio, after swearing and stamping his feet a little for cause of the accursed "wolf," gave orders to begin the mowing. But he was very sorry about the olives, for he had counted on them to balance the expenses, more than usual, of the horse that he had bought at the fair, of the gold ornaments given to his bride, and of household goods.

"If the olives go to the bad, how shall I do in order to pay don Cosimo Mascarelli?" he said. Since for what he had bought he had paid in cash, little remained in his pocket.

But the grain called him to work, as it saluted him when the wind passed

over the fields. The men of the neighborhood came to the mowing. Some women helped Marina with the macaroni, which would be carried out to the field in kneading-trays, at which seven men could eat it together by handfuls. The women made compliments to the bride, and vied in sparing labor to her beautiful little hands. Out in the fields, under the fiery lash of the June sun, the men bent to the scythe, in companies of seven in a line. The leaders incited the others with songs and shouts : "Praise to the Holy Sacrament! Viva Maria del Carmine!"

They talked of the grain, how fine it was after so many perils. In April a drought had cracked the soil, although the women had fixed pictures of the saints upon canes at the limits of the fields. Then the people went in procession, singing litanies, barefoot, beating their breasts, to the sound of the trumpet and drum, and carrying about the statues of the saints. "Mercy!" "Pity!" they lamented, until they felt themselves comforted, and began to shout, "Viva beautiful Mamma!" Then came rain, with wind and thunder, as if San Marco, "the farmer of the air," had lost his judgment. "But with measure, San Marco," they said; and they left his image out in a field all night, while the other saints were sheltered inside the church, in order to let him try such weather for himself. And the next morning the sun shone so that it was a consolation to see. The grain rose up tall and unharmed. They forgave San Marco, and put him back in his place with the other holy images.

"That time we made the saint hear reason," they said, as during the harvest they recalled the past troubles.

Master Antonio, on Mureddu, rode up and down the fields to oversee the men. "Bravi! That's well!" he encouraged them; for he was a farmer who knew that, even with donkeys, the voice is worth more than the stick. And

the leaders repeated, "Courage, boys! Viva Maria!" as the wheat fell before them.

Twenty-four times in the day, as is the rule, the casks of wine were carried around. The men gave long kisses to the bung-hole, and praised in pious verses the Sacrament and the Madonna del Carmine. For the grain harvest is a holy festival, and foolish songs are not sung. Because he had brought a bride into his house, master Antonio ordered that the men should have plenty of cheese on the macaroni, and split herrings, moreover. So they said that they had eaten well. And those who carried out the kneading-trays from the kitchen reported that mistress Marina was beautiful as an eye of the sun, and appeared like the daughter of a baron with all her fingers covered with solid gold rings. Also, to cheer the mowers, Antonio called two players with the bagpipe and the drum into the field; and they never ceased to make music, as the grasshoppers never ceased to sing and to leap.

Then came the day when the grain was taken from the stack and spread on the threshing-floor. Some of the men tossed it with pitchforks, to scatter it. Others guided the mules, harnessed in pairs, dragging after them a heavy stone. The animals trotted here and there over the sheaves, this way and that, to the centre, and then to the edge, of the threshing-floor; while the chaff rose in clouds, so that the sun looked dim, although it scorched.

"Oh, mule!" "Oh, my white one!" "Oh, the little black!" "Run with the wind!" "Wake up, my life!" "Go on!" "A lively eye!" "Oh, mule!" shouted the drivers, cracking the whips in cadence.

But Antonio would not have the lash touch any beast, for he had Mureddu there, harnessed with a chestnut mare that he owned before. "And what does n't do for Mureddu also does n't do for

other animals," said master Antonio. "So much so that, whoever gives the lash to a beast, I'll make him feel it around his own legs."

After a few times that he maintained his word, they lashed only the air. An hour passed; the song was changed: "Here's good news for you, mules! You go to rest. I stay to toil." They led away the beasts to let them breathe, while the men turned over the straw, that all should be threshed. The mules came back unwillingly, with rough coats, moist and dusty. But the drivers put courage into them, crying: "Oh, mule!" "Oh, the bay!" "Oh, my sorrel!" "Look alive!" "Oh, mule!"

The animals trotted over the sheaves with new force. So before the wind went down with the sun — for San Marco had sent them a good breeze to carry away the chaff — the grain was well threshed. "Cheer up, mules, for the straw is done!" The mowers blessed all the saints for whose names they could find rhymes in their songs. They washed the skin of the mules, where there were any bruises, with vinegar and water, and led them into the stalls. At last, dead tired, the men threw themselves on the ground, stretching their legs and arms, to await the supper which would refresh them, and put them into the vein of singing and telling tales and riddles.

Marina, now that she stood at the window, and saw the moon which flooded the wide country, thought of Castrogiovanni. There so many times she had gone with the mother and Rosaria to the church of the Madonna del Carmine, among a joyous crowd. There the air was odorous with incense, and the choir sang as the men brought, with full hands, the finest of the wheat in order to make an offering of it to the Madonna, the Queen of Castrogiovanni. Who knew whether in that town Marina's name was any longer spoken, — the woman who had deceived her mo-

ther and her betrothed, and let herself be carried off by the dark stranger from Aidone? She felt the need to see her mother, to ask for pardon and blessing. The moon that watched her saw also the tavern at Castrogiovanni, with the fig-tree by the door, and the mamma and the little sister seated on the threshold. Perhaps compare Felice was passing that way; and perhaps, hearing the slow jar of the wheels and the step of the horse, the mamma and Rosaria would turn aside their faces and reënter the house, not to see the poor fellow who had been so cruelly disappointed. But then, how dear was Antonio! Marina wept softly, giving herself up to the melancholy of the night and of the silent fields. Then she heard Antonio's jovial voice that called her. Now that he had finished his day's work he wanted to take Marina on his knees and caress her, calling her so many little names. And her sadness passed as it came.

At Castrogiovanni, meanwhile, peace was made between the families of the Mendola and the Borello, and thus it happened: One Sunday, the roan, who was nibbling grass in the dooryard of daddy Calogero's house, had all at once the idea that it was a long time since he had eaten a crust of bread from the hands of Rosaria. So he slipped away, trotting gayly until he reached the door of the tavern, where he gave a gentle whinny.

"There's Felice coming," said Rosaria, and then remembered that Felice no longer came there. But she went to the door, welcomed the horse, and let him eat from her hand. She caressed him as she was used to do, while his long mane fell over her head. In a little while Felice passed on the other side of the piazza. Rosaria called him:

"Compare Felice! Ohè, compare Felice!"

He turned his face to look at her.

"Riuzzu is here with me. Come to take him."

In short, what is gained by keeping anger against a good little girl like that one? Felice crossed the street, and Rosaria came to meet him, with the horse following her. Comare Agata showed herself at the window, and somewhat timidly wished Felice a good-day. He answered her with kindness. In the evening he returned to the tavern, this time accompanied by his mother, who came with the pretext of asking advice about a hen that absolutely would not sit. Of Marina they did not speak. But so, by means of the horse that missed his lump of bread, things went smoothly between the two families.

Also little Rosaria had suffered her part, with that mortification of Marina's misconduct and the grief of her mamma. The girl was become all at once quite womanly, with great serious eyes that seldom laughed. She had taken the ways of a little housewife, now that she must help her mamma in place of Marina. Don Carmelo Fantozzi, the brigadier, perceived this, and he began to offer compliments to Rosaria instead of the sugarplums which he was accustomed to bring her. But she did not heed him more than so much. The lads now cared to ask Rosaria to dance in the piazza; and the girls said that to them she did not appear anything of a beauty. They even asked don Carmelo however it was that she could please him, a poor little thing like a grasshopper, who could n't put two words together. To which the brigadier, with so much metal galloon and the fine mustache that he wore, answered, "To me, Rosaria Borello is more pleasing than all the other girls." And the colloquies ended just there.

Meanwhile, the roan came when he could to get a lump of bread from Rosaria's hand. So that Felice said, "I shall have to give him the name of Brother Riuzzu of the Quest."

There was much to do on the Caltanissetta road; and the flame-red cart, pictured with the deeds of Cristoforo

Colombo, went and came with many loads. "This trade is better than herding in the meadows," said Felice, as he saw the savings increase in the little bag which he kept under his holiday clothes, at the bottom of the poplar-wood chest.

If it had not been for that grief about Marina, of whom they rarely spoke, the two families would have been truly content.

VI.

Now, true it is that the Lord does not pay on Saturdays; and those who have done evil give themselves a false peace because a judgment of the air is not fallen upon them. So, in the long, hot days of the summer, in the house amid the fields of sunburnt stubble, Marina laughed and sang. She drove away every thought of Felice whom she had betrayed, of the mamma and the little sister she had made ashamed, and of the house where she was born. Antonio's kisses made her believe that all her troubles were passed like a storm, and the clouds dispersed in the skies.

The summer being ended, there returned to Antonio the thought of the olives, which now would show whether they had been ruined by the fog that in June came from the sea to eat them up. He went to the olive grove. There stood the old trees as his father and grandfather had seen them, — those good souls who also had been tenants of don Cosimo Mascarelli, and of the old don Cosimo before him. On the twisted boughs the foliage resembled a thick smoke. The crooked roots grasped the earth and drew from it their sustenance, as don Cosimo took the earnings of him who rented the grove. Antonio stared up among the branches and saw how they lacked fruit.

"You that show empty hands to my need, I'd like to lay the axe to you!" he told those olive-trees.

Now came don Cosimo Mascarelli

along the road, riding a large white horse. He dismounted, tied the animal to a bush, and entered the olive grove.

"Here is the proprietor, who comes to have a reckoning with me," said Antonio to himself; and then aloud, "Good-day, don Cosimo."

"Good-day, master Morreale." Then he, too, set himself to looking up among the branches, with his big nose in the air and his bristling chin thrust forward. "This year there are no olives, it appears to me."

"It is only too true, your excellency. This year, neither for the lamp nor for the table. It has been for cause of the 'wolf,' we know. Ugly beast, it comes from the sea. May the sea eat it! But, in short, these are things that happen, and we must have patience."

For he did not wish to inflame the mind of don Cosimo, not even against that foul-smelling fog; because, if angry, the proprietor might be hard on him with the rent, since certainly vengeance could not be taken on the "wolf;" and as says the proverb, he who cannot beat the beast beats the saddle. But it was in order to get his money that don Cosimo was come to the farm.

"Now that we are here, master Morreale, I have to speak with you about the rent. This month it falls due, as you know, who saw your father, of happy memory, count the money into my hands every September."

"Your worship knows that this year I have had expenses more than usual."

"Also I have had extraordinary expenses, I have had them, with my son who has set up a shop at Catania, and has bought the goods with my money. Children, you see, are like this: first you fill their beaks, and afterwards they pluck out your feathers. I don't say that my son does worse than the others. But so it is, master Morreale; you have to pay me the rent of these lands."

"If you give me time, don Cosimo."

"And to me who gives time? All

those people down there at Catania want to be paid. And they write me certain letters, also, by hand of the lawyers. I have told my wife in plain words, 'An-niria, it would have been better that you had borne a girl instead of a son, because the dowry is once, but the expenses of this fellow never end.' That's what I told her. In fact, master Antonio, I need the money of the rent."

"A little patience yet, don Cosimo."

"And with patience can I hatch money? What do you count upon? After the olives there is no crop to be gathered."

"I know it. True as I live, don Cosimo, I had counted on these olives that have failed. And so I have nothing. I am a poor man, and you are rich, your excellency."

"Rich, think you! Also I am poor, I tell you. I have to pay taxes to the government on property both stable and movable. So that if I don't end in the poorhouse, it will be by favor of my saint. He who may call himself poor is the landowner; and those who take his land on rent rob him, laying the blame to the bad year. I must pay money enough to build a church, there at Catania. And if I don't collect what is due me, how shall I be able to pay? I'm like the river, which without the rills can't turn the mills."

"And I have empty pockets, your worship."

"T is your fault that you would buy a horse and golden things in order to make a show before the eyes of a girl. I have heard of the ugly trick that you played on mistress Agata Borello of Castrogiovanni, a respected woman; and how you betrayed the horse-herder of master Turi Lucernini. These are things which are talked about."

"Here you don't come into the matter, don Cosimo."

"Yes, I come into it, when you have robbed me of money in order to court a girl who was already promised, to say nothing of that handsome black horse,

such as I don't have under me when I am in the saddle."

Antonio chewed a blade of grass in order not to utter blunders. Then he said, "Mureddu earns his grain."

"Of the horse I'm not talking, but rather of the woman" —

"And of my woman, only I speak."

"The bride you stole from one man; and to maintain her you steal from another, who am I! Look out for yourself, for she will betray you, as for your sake she betrayed the horse-herder, — that woman!"

What flesh is cut and does not ache? says the proverb. To hear such things said of Marina, Antonio's blood boiled in the veins. If he spoke, he should say something very injurious. "Tobacco in the mouth!" he warned himself.

"When she shall have dishonored you, remember that I have told you so," said don Cosimo, presuming on that silence of Antonio.

Now everything was red before Antonio's eyes, and he roared like a bull of Modica: "Take heed what you say, don Cosimo of my boots! Artillery, razors, and nails be in your heart! Since you would n't take a challenge from me who am only a peasant, I don't know what holds me from cutting your throat like a sheep's. I let you know that to speak again of my woman you will have said your last word."

He took out his clasp knife and laid it across his palm. The blade gleamed like lightning under the red sun of the late dogdays. Also don Cosimo Mascarelli had quite lost his judgment. He shook his fingers in the face of Antonio and cried, "An evil woman, as is fit for you, brigand! Now I will have the money of the rent, or I'll send the carabinieri to take you, and the sheriff to make the sale of your goods."

Antonio did not listen; only he made a pass with the knife as he howled, "At you!"

Don Cosimo turned about with his

hands groping in the air; then fell to the earth, face downward. So he lay, while the dark blood gradually made a pool among the distorted roots of an olive-tree.

"You would have it so," said Antonio to that body which moved no longer. "You wished to take away my bread and the good fame of my woman, and honor has willed that I should take your life."

Then he cleaned the knife, thrusting it into the earth, and replaced it in the pocket of his trousers before leaving the olive grove. Near the road, as he went, some men were digging around the roots of the prickly pears of a hedge; but he did not notice them. Passing by the horse of don Cosimo, he struck the animal lightly with his hand. "To you the master will not come any more!"

The horse — who knows why? — snorted and plunged so that he broke the bridle, and then went off at full gallop toward the olive grove, where he had seen the master enter. Antonio was seized with a shudder that a horse should appear to feel horror of him. The men passed him, running after the animal that was frightened as if witch-ridden. When they caught the horse, they saw don Cosimo Mascarelli dead under the olive-tree.

Meanwhile, Antonio walked as if in a dream. The sense came to him of what he had done, and it seemed to him as if he already had the carabinieri at his heels.

"Now farewell, my Marina, for I'm going to the galleys, and afterward to the hot house forever."

Then, as if to hide from men and from devils, he thrust himself among the brambles of a thicket. He crouched there, pressing his head between his palms that it might not burst before he should have thought over his case. On the road he heard galloping hoofs.

"Now they're going for the carabinieri, and to tell donn' Anniria that her

man is murdered," he said within himself. And he began to recall fragments of the holy verses and prayers that his mother had taught him when a little child; and these mixed in his head with the insults spoken to him by don Cosimo.

"I did right, and my saint knows it," he thought. "A fellow of honor is he who can make justice for himself as I did."

The hours passed. From the town of Aidone — somewhat distant from the farm of Antonio — the bells rang for Ave Maria. Marina stood at the door of the house, waiting for her husband. The sun set as if in a lake of fire, promising another hot day. The wind of the sirocco — which brings anger and disturbance into the mind — now was quiet. Oh, why did Antonio delay so? Always before Ave Maria he came singing along the road, joyous at the thought of seeing his wife again, and with an appetite for the dish that she would set hot upon the table. The shadows deepened. Marina was frightened, without being able to give herself a reason for it.

"Little souls of the beheaded," she prayed, "bring my man home, all mine, safe and sound!"

And she listened, with the blood ringing in her ears, for some sound from which to have a sign, for good or for ill fortune. But everything was silent. Then she ran out into the road and called a neighbor: "Oh, Lucia!"

From within a house the woman answered, "Comare Marina, just now I cannot come, for I'm unswaddling my baby."

She gave the voice to another: "Oh, Filomena!"

But the door of comare Filomena's house was shut; and she, inside with her family, was like a deaf woman.

"I know that my man has had a fight, and has got the worst of it," sobbed Marina. "He will come home no more." And she went into the house. "Now this door and this hearth

are of a widow's house," she said. She veiled the fire with ashes, and threw herself, face downward, on the bed. "He will come home no more, my Antonio!"

But it was not to be so. She knew Antonio's step as the door was flung open. She threw herself upon his neck, kissing him, passing her hands over his arms as if to certify to herself that it was not a spirit. Without her saying it, Antonio knew what she had suffered.

"Better for her," he thought, "if I lay under that olive-tree. For so, she could have mourned for one who would have been buried like a Christian; but as it is, woes are beginning that will never end."

Marina, meanwhile, had lighted the lamp and revived the fire, on which she set the pan of minestra. Now she dished the macaroni, and stood by the table.

"Come to eat, 'Ntoni, for you have worked late, and must have a great appetite."

He looked at her, and then fixedly at the floor. "First I have to wash my hands."

He washed them, and threw the basinful of water out of the door. Then he seated himself at table. But although he took a spoon in his hand he did not eat a mouthful.

"What's the matter with you this evening, 'Ntoni?" said Marina, laughing. "If the macaroni is a trifle smoked, cut yourself a slice of bread."

She pushed the loaf and the knife toward him. At sight of the blade gleaming in the lamplight, and the bread, a good gift of the Lord, which in that moment appeared to Antonio like Christian flesh, he rose from the table, and stood with folded arms near the door.

"I have blood on my hands, Marina, and there's no water that can avail to wash them of it. I have killed don Cosimo Mascarelli down there in the

olive grove, and I shall go to end in the galleys."

"What are you saying?" She stood away from him, with the table between them.

"I say that I have killed don Cosimo. But you, my Marina, have not to fear me. I don't say it to exculpate myself, but what I have done has been to defend your fame. He dared to throw it in my face that we played an ugly trick on Felice Mendola, and that—in short, he said certain injuries."

"I understand: he spoke ill of me. And you have done it for my sake!" Marina ran to her husband and clasped him, kissing him between her sobs.

"You must love me no longer, Marina. You are good, you are beautiful, you are not in fault. But I am damned, and because it is for your sake I neither lament nor repent. You would have done better to stay in your mother's house, and then pass to that of Felice, who would have been a good man to you, and would not have caused you shame. Now, Marina, I give you a kiss as if I were at the point of death, for I am going out to meet the carabinieri. And when I shall be in the galleys you must think no more of me. You will be left the widow of a living man."

"And where you go, I go with you!"

"You cannot."

"Listen, Antonio. Let us take Murreddu and the light cart, and go far, far away."

"You would come with me, did you say?"

She pressed her thumb and forefinger together and thrust them into the flame of the lamp, as is done in order to take an oath upon fire.

"By this holy light of the Lord, I will follow you wherever you go," said Marina, and did not even feel her fingers burnt.

"If it is so, I will not let myself be taken by the guards. You have thought well, Marina. Put together a few

things, the most necessary. Meanwhile, I will harness Mureddu to the cart, and we will go away together, as in that day when you trusted yourself to me and we went to cousin Barbara's house."

Soon after, Antonio came in from the stable. "Are you ready? I have thought that, with the trade which I learned at Girgenti, they will give me work in the sulphur mines near Caltanissetta. There no one is acquainted with me. Down in those galleries I shall be like a wolf that knows the woods; and they will hunt me in vain, they will hunt me!"

Marina listened, hanging on the lips that spoke so boldly. Then were heard on the road voices, mournful and angry, and the tramp of feet. Antonio looked through a crack of the shutters. "They are carrying don Cosimo to his house."

In fact, the carabinieri were marching by the light of lanterns that gleamed on their muskets and on the metal braid of their uniforms. With them came some peasants, one of whom led the white horse. The corpse of don Cosimo hung like a bag across the back of the animal.

"They are coming to take you! They have to kill me first, and then break my arms that clasp you!" said Marina.

"Don't be frightened, my girl. Even a man who should have seen me raise the knife would not say a word about it. They're fellows of honor; so much so that even before justice they will look at the floor and say the least possible. They are little men of the Lord, and will not sing unless they shall be forced to it."

The procession of death now reached the turn of the road. The lanterns cast a glare on the white haunches of the horse. Then they passed out of sight, like black shadows in the dusk.

"Who knows what sort of grief that poor beast must feel, now that he carries the master dead?" said Antonio.

When the road was lonely, in that moonless evening, they set forth toward

Caltanissetta. "To-morrow they will find the house empty, and suspicions will arise, but we shall be far away," said Antonio. "But what would my father have said if he had known that his son was one day to leave the roof in this way, in order not to end in the galleys?"

At the sound of the cart on the dry road the dogs barked from the farm-houses. Few lights were seen in the windows. The air was heavy and heated, and the stars of the Hen and Chickens looked dim through the vapors. As the cart passed the house of don Cosimo Mascarelli, lights were moving within; the door was open, and people entered and came out. The sharp cries of *donn' Anniria* were heard among the lamentations of the women who chanted, as in a litany, the praises of the pillar of the house that was fallen, invoking maledictions and an ill death upon the murderer. Those threatening voices, it appeared to Antonio, followed the cart along the road. Marina did not cease to pass the rosary between her fingers, stammering so many *Ave Marias*.

"You can get the sense of it, Madonna blessed. As for me who am in this confusion, I don't know any longer what I am saying."

They journeyed for hours along the road, dark and silent, odorous with herbs under the dew. The next day they arrived at a rough waste between Pietraperzia and Caltanissetta, where is the mine called the Casa di Cifarù. The sciarra, black and ugly, spread around the mouth of the pit, from which came a stench of sulphur,—so much so that, not amiss, it had gotten the name of Lucifer's house. The workers were passing in companies: the *picconieri* with strong, bent shoulders, and the *carusi*, puny boys, crooked and hectic, who appeared to have no age, so ruined they were with that toil worse than the pains of purgatory. At one side, beyond the storehouse, a path led to a stall that could give shelter to a few beasts.

"Good-day," said Antonio to one of the miners.

"Good-day," was replied to him.

"Could you tell me whether a picconiere is wanted here?"

"I don't know anything about it. Go to that stall and ask for master Vito Dauria, the gabelloto; he may have need of a good man. Do you know the trade?"

"I know it."

"You have good arms to give blows."

"Not amiss. I salute you."

Antonio drove the cart toward the stable of master Dauria. The contractor was there, looking at an empty stall as though he would like to see a beast in it. By fortune he wanted a miner, but one who would n't spare labor; and to see Antonio, robust and handsome, it seemed to him that he had found his affair.

"And if you have the intention to sell your horse, I would take him, for mine has lately died, poor beast. Now that you will be down there at work you will have no more need of the horse and the cart."

So also that bargain was made, and Antonio took, on rent, a rickety hut beyond the sciara, on the road to the town.

"To this I've brought you, my poor Marina! You had done better to marry master Felice, and stay up there among the beautiful cornfields of the Queen of Castrogiovanni, for here it is like the kingdom of hell."

"But near you I stay in paradise," Marina answered him, for she had not yet proved what sort of a life one leads there at the sulphur mines, and she still felt in her blood the stir of all that had happened since Antonio had told her that he had killed don Cosimo.

In the hut, black and close, was found place for the few things which they had brought from the farmhouse at Aidone. On the smoked and dirty walls Marina hung the pictures of the saints, and over

the head of the bed the branch of olive, now dry and rattling, that had been blessed on Palm Sunday. The few kettles and pans, the shell of a pumpkin that held the knives and forks, the crockery, did not appear the same which had been in the farmhouse, where the sun and the air entered. Before Ave Maria, the miners began to pass, like a human river, along the road that crosses the waste, toward the town of Caltanissetta. Their heavy tread and their voices made a dull noise that put Marina in fear. She would never dare to go out of the house without Antonio, among these ugly people, dirty and sinister; some with faces of excommunicated men, who might be runaways from the galleys. For, Antonio had told her, in the mines no books are kept to register the names. There, underground, in the darkness, the lowest of malefactors might hide themselves, as indeed would hide Antonio Morreale, whose name must at that hour be in the mouth of every carabineer of the province. Nor were witnesses lacking against him; for although no one, man, woman, or child, who knew what honor was, would speak to his harm, even the walls of his deserted house declared him guilty. Already justice would have set the dogs on his track. Already the news of his misdeed would have been carried to Marina's mother, to give her a new sorrow.

Of these things little was spoken between Antonio and Marina, and this silence was like a disaffection between the two. Better take out a thorn, even with the point of a knife, than carry it in the flesh. And so it is with a forbidden subject between husband and wife. All that great love which they bore to each other suffered from the blow given to don Cosimo Mascarelli; for, as says the proverb, a drop of blood troubles the sea.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

ALONG THE HILLSBOROUGH.

WHEREVER a walker lives, he finds sooner or later one favorite road. So it was with me at New Smyrna, where I lived for three weeks. I had gone there for the sake of the river, and my first impulse was to take the road that runs southerly along its bank. At the time I thought it the most beautiful road I had found in Florida, nor have I seen any great cause since to alter that opinion. With many pleasant windings (beautiful roads are never straight, nor unnecessarily wide, which is perhaps the reason why our rural authorities devote themselves so madly to the work of straightening and widening), — with many pleasant windings, I say,

"The grace of God made manifest in curves," it follows the edge of the hammock, having the river on one side, and the forest on the other. It was afternoon when I first saw it. Then it is shaded from the sun, while the river and its opposite bank have on them a light more beautiful than can be described or imagined; a light — with reverence for the poet of nature be it spoken — a light that never was *except* on sea or land. The poet's dream was never equal to it.

In a flat country stretches of water are doubly welcome. They take the place of hills, and give the eye what it craves, — distance; which softens angles, conceals details, and heightens colors, — in short, makes a picture. So, as I loitered along the south road, I never tired of looking across the river to the long wooded island, and over that to the line of sand-hills that marked the eastern rim of the East Peninsula, beyond which was the Atlantic. The white crests of the hills made the sharper points of the horizon line. Elsewhere clumps of nearer pine-trees intervened, while here and there a tall palmetto stood, or seemed to stand, on the highest and

farthest ridge looking seaward. But particulars mattered little. The blue water, the pale, changeable grayish-green of the low island woods, the deeper green of the pines, the unnamable hues of the sky, the sunshine that flooded it all, — these were beauty enough; beauty all the more keenly enjoyed because for much of the way it was seen only by glimpses, through vistas of palmetto and live-oak. Sometimes the road came quite out of the woods, as it rounded a turn of the hammock. Then I stopped to gaze long at the scene. Elsewhere I pushed through the hedge at favorable points, and sat, or stood, looking up and down the river. A favorite seat was the prow of an old rowboat, which lay, falling to pieces, high and dry upon the sand. It had made its last cruise, but I found it still useful.

The river is shallow. At low tide sand-bars and oyster-beds occupy much of its breadth; and even when it looked full, a great blue heron would very likely be wading in the middle of it. That was a sight to which I had grown accustomed in Florida, where this bird, familiarly known as "the major," is apparently ubiquitous. Too big to be easily hidden, it is also, as a general thing, too wary to be approached within gunshot. I am not sure that I ever came within sight of one, no matter how suddenly or how far away, that it did not give evidence of having seen me first. Long legs, long wings, a long bill — and long sight and long patience: such is the tall bird's dowry. Good and useful qualities, all of them. Long may they avail to put off the day of their owner's extermination.

The major is scarcely a bird of which you can make a pet in your mind, as you may of the chickadee, for instance, or the bluebird, or the hermit thrush.

He does not lend himself naturally to such imaginary endearments. But it is pleasant to have him on one's daily beat. I should count it one compensation for having to live in Florida instead of in Massachusetts (but I might require a good many others) that I should see him a hundred times as often. In walking down the river road I seldom saw less than half a dozen; not together (the major, like fishermen in general, is of an unsocial turn), but here one and there one, — on a sand-bar far out in the river, or in some shallow bay, or on the submerged edge of an oyster-flat. Wherever he was, he always looked as if he might be going to do something presently; even now, perhaps, the matter was on his mind; but at this moment—well, there are times when a heron's strength is to stand still. Certainly he seemed in no danger of overeating. A cracker told me that the major made an excellent dish if killed on the full of the moon. I wondered at that qualification, but my informant explained himself. The bird, he said, feeds mostly at night, and fares best with the moon to help him. If the reader would dine off roast blue heron, therefore, as I hope I never shall, let him mind the lunar phases. But think of the gastronomic ups and downs of a bird that is fat and lean by turns twelve times a year! Possibly my informant overstated the case; but in any event I would trust the major to bear himself like a philosopher. If there is any one of God's creatures that can wait for what he wants, it must be the great blue heron.

I have spoken of his caution. If he was patrolling a shallow on one side of an oyster-bar, — at the rate, let us say, of two steps a minute, — and took it into his head (an inappropriate phrase, as conveying an idea of something like suddenness) to try the water on the other side, he did not spread his wings, as a matter of course, and fly over. First he put up his head — an operation

that makes another bird of him — and looked in all directions. How could he tell what enemy might be lying in wait? And having alighted on the other side (his manner of alighting is one of his prettiest characteristics), he did not at once draw in his neck till his bill protruded on a level with his body, and resume his labors, but first he looked once more all about him. It was a good *habit* to do that, anyhow, and he meant to run no risks. If "the race of birds was created out of innocent, light-minded men, whose thoughts were directed toward heaven," according to the word of Plato, then *Ardea herodias* must long ago have fallen from grace. I imagine his state of mind to be always like that of our pilgrim fathers in times of Indian massacres. When they went after the cows or to hoe the corn, they took their guns with them, and turned no corner without a sharp lookout against ambush. No doubt such a condition of affairs has this advantage, that it makes ennui impossible. There is always something to live for, if it be only to avoid getting killed.

After this manner did the Hillsborough River majors all behave themselves until my very last walk beside it. Then I found the exception, — the exception which is as good as inevitable in the case of any bird, if the observation be carried far enough. He (or she; there was no telling which it was) stood on the sandy beach, a splendid creature in full nuptial garb, two black plumes nodding jauntily from its crown, and masses of soft elongated feathers draping its back and lower neck. Nearer and nearer I approached, till I must have been within a hundred feet; but it stood as if on dress parade, exulting to be looked at. Let us hope it never carried itself thus gayly when the wrong man came along.

Near the major — not keeping him company, but feeding in the same shallows and along the same oyster-bars —

were constantly to be seen two smaller relatives of his, the little blue heron and the Louisiana. The former is what is called a dichromatic species; some of the birds are blue, and others white. On the Hillsborough, it seemed to me that white specimens predominated; but possibly that was because they were so much more conspicuous. Sunlight favors the white feather; no other color shows so quickly or so far. If you are on the beach and catch sight of a bird far out at sea, — a gull or a tern, a gannet or a loon, — it is invariably the white parts that are seen first. And so the little white heron might stand never so closely against the grass or the bushes on the further shore of the river, and the eye could not miss him. If he had been a blue one, at that distance, ten to one he would have escaped me. Besides, I was more on the alert for white ones, because I was always hoping to find one of them with black legs. In other words, I was looking for the little white egret, a bird concerning which, thanks to the murderous work of plume-hunters, — thanks, also, to those good women who pay for having the work done, — I must confess that I went to Florida and came home again without certainly seeing it.

The heron with which I found myself especially taken was the Louisiana; a bird of about the same size as the little blue, but with an air of daintiness and lightness that is quite its own, and quite indescribable. When it rose upon the wing, indeed, it seemed almost *too* light, almost unsteady, as if it lacked ballast, like a butterfly. It was the most numerous bird of its tribe along the river, I think, and, with one exception, the most approachable. That exception was the green heron, which frequented the flats along the village front, and might well have been mistaken for a domesticated bird: letting you walk across a plank directly over its head while it squatted upon the mud, and when dis-

turbed flying into a fig-tree before the hotel piazza, just as the dear little ground doves were in the habit of doing. To me, who had hitherto seen the green heron in the wildest of places, this tameness was an astonishing sight. It would be hard to say which surprised me more, the New Smyrna green herons or the St. Augustine sparrow-hawks, — which latter treated me very much as I am accustomed to being treated by village-bred robins in Massachusetts.

The Louisiana heron was my favorite, as I say, but incomparably the handsomest member of the family (I speak of such as I saw) was the great white egret. In truth, the epithet "handsome" seems almost a vulgarism as applied to a creature so superb, so utterly and transcendently splendid. I saw it — in a way to be sure of it — only once. Then, on an island in the Hillsborough, two birds stood in the dead tops of low shrubby trees, fully exposed in the most favorable of lights, their long dorsal trains drooping behind them and swaying gently in the wind. I had never seen anything so magnificent. And when I returned, two or three hours afterward, from a jaunt up the beach to Mosquito Inlet, there they still were, as if they had not stirred in all that time. The reader should understand that this egret is between four and five feet in length, and measures nearly five feet from wing tip to wing tip, and that its plumage throughout is of spotless white. It is pitiful to think how constantly a bird of that size and color must be in danger of its life.

Happily, the lawmakers of the State have done something of recent years for the protection of such defenseless beauties. Happily, too, shooting from the river boats is no longer permitted, — on the regular lines, that is. I myself saw a young gentleman stand on the deck of an excursion steamer, with a rifle, and do his worst to kill or maim every living thing that came in sight, from a

spotted sandpiper to a turkey buzzard! I call him a "gentleman;" he was in gentle company, and the fact that he chewed gum industriously would, I fear, hardly invalidate his claim to that title. The narrow river wound in and out between low, densely wooded banks, and the beauty of the shifting scene was enough almost to take one's breath away; but the crack of the rifle was not the less frequent on that account. Perhaps the sportsman was a Southerner, to whom river scenery of that enchanting kind was an old story. More likely he was a Northerner, one of the men who thank Heaven they are "not sentimental."

In my rambles up and down the river road I saw few water birds beside the herons. Two or three solitary cormorants would be shooting back and forth at a furious rate, or swimming in mid-stream; and sometimes a few spotted sandpipers and killdeer plovers were feeding along the shore. Once in a great while a single gull or tern made its appearance, — just often enough to keep me wondering why they were not there oftener, — and one day a water turkey went suddenly over my head and dropped into the river on the farther side of the island. I was glad to see this interesting creature for once in salt water; for the Hillsborough, like the Halifax and the Indian rivers, is a river in name only, — a river by brevet, — being, in fact, a salt-water lagoon or sound between the mainland and the eastern peninsula.

Fish-hawks were always in sight, and bald eagles were seldom absent altogether. Sometimes an eagle stood perched on a dead tree on the island. Oftener I heard a scream, and looked up to see one sailing far overhead, or chasing an osprey. On one such occasion, when the hawk seemed to be making a losing fight, a third bird suddenly intervened, and the eagle, as I thought, was driven away. "Good for the brother-

hood of fish-hawks!" I exclaimed. But at that moment I put my glass on the new-comer; and behold, he was not a hawk, but another eagle. Meanwhile the hawk had disappeared with his fish, and I was left to ponder the mystery.

As for the wood, the edge of the hammock, through which the road passes, there were no birds in it. It was one of those places (I fancy every bird-gazer must have had experience of such) where it is a waste of time to seek them. I could walk down the road for two miles and back again, and then sit in my room at the hotel for fifteen minutes, and see more wood birds, and more kinds of them, in one small live-oak before the window than I had seen in the whole four miles; and that not once and by accident, but again and again. In affairs of this kind it is useless to contend. The spot looks favorable, you say, and nobody can deny it; there must be birds there, plenty of them; your missing them to-day was a matter of chance; you will try again. And you try again — and again — and yet again. But in the end you have to acknowledge that, for some reason unknown to you, the birds have agreed to give that place the go-by.

One bird, it is true, I found in this hammock, and not elsewhere: a single oven bird, which, with one Northern water thrush and one Louisiana water thrush, completed my set of Florida *Seiuri*. Besides him I recall one hermit thrush, a few cedar birds, a house wren, chattering at a great rate among the "bootjacks" (leaf-stalks) of an overturned palmetto-tree, with an occasional mocking-bird, cardinal grosbeak, prairie warbler, yellow redpoll, myrtle bird, ruby-crowned kinglet, phoebe, and flicker. In short, there were no birds at all, except now and then an accidental straggler of a kind that could be found almost anywhere else in indefinite numbers.

And as it was not the presence of

birds that made the river road attractive, so neither was it any unwonted display of blossoms. Beside a similar road along the bank of the Halifax, in Daytona, grew multitudes of violets, and goodly patches of purple verbena (garden plants gone wild, perhaps), and a fine profusion of spiderwort, — a pretty flower, the bluest of the blue, thrice welcome to me as having been one of the treasures of the very first garden of which I have any remembrance. “Indigo plant,” we called it then. There, however, on the way from New Smyrna to Hawks Park, I recall no violets, nor any verbena or spiderwort. Yellow wood sorrel (*oxalis*) was there, of course, as it was everywhere. It dotted the grass in Florida very much as five-fingers do in Massachusetts, I sometimes thought. And the creeping, round-leaved *houstonia* was there, with a superfluity of a weedy blue sage (*Salvia lyrata*). There, also, as in Daytona, I found a strikingly handsome tufted plant, a highly varnished evergreen, which I persisted in taking for a fern — the sterile fronds — in spite of repeated failures to find it described by Dr. Chapinan under that head, until at last an excellent woman came to my help with the information that it was “coontie,” famous as a plant out of which the Southern people made bread in war time. This confession of botanical amateurishness and incompetency will be taken, I hope, as rather to my credit than otherwise; but it would be morally worthless if I did not add the story of another plant, which, in this New Smyrna hammock, I frequently noticed hanging in loose bunches, like blades of flaccid deep green grass, from the trunks of cabbage palmettos. The tufts were always out of reach, and I gave them no particular thought; and it was not until I got home to Massachusetts, and then almost by accident, that I learned what they were. They, it turned out, were ferns (*Vittaria*), and my discomfiture was complete.

This comparative dearth of birds and flowers was not in all respects a disadvantage. On the contrary, to a naturalist blessed now and then with a supernaturalistic mood, it made the place, on occasion, a welcome retreat. Thus, one afternoon, as I remember, I had been reading Keats, the only book I had brought with me, — not counting manuals, of course, which come under another head, — and by and by started once more for the pine lands by the way of the cotton-shed hammock, “to see what I could see.” But poetry had spoiled me just then for anything like scientific research, and as I waded through the ankle-deep sand I said to myself all at once, “No, no! What do I care for another new bird? I want to see the beauty of the world.” With that I faced about, and, taking a side track, made as directly as possible for the river road. There I should have a mind at ease, with no unfamiliar, tantalizing bird note to set my curiosity on edge, nor any sand through which to be picking my steps.

The river road is paved with oyster-shells. If any reader thinks that statement prosaic or unimportant, then he has never lived in southern Florida. In that part of the world all new-comers have to take walking-lessons; unless, indeed, they have already served an apprenticeship on Cape Cod, or in some other place equally arenarious. My lesson I got at second hand, and on a Sunday. It was at New Smyrna, in the village. Two women were behind me, on their way home from church, and one of them was complaining of the sand, to which she was not yet used. “Yes,” said the other, “I found it pretty hard walking at first, but I learned after a while that the best way is to set the heel down hard, as hard as you can; then the sand does n’t give under you so much, and you get along more comfortably.” I wonder whether she noticed, just in front of her, a man who began

forthwith to bury his boot heel at every step?

In such a country (the soil is said to be good for orange-trees, but they do not have to walk) roads of powdered shell are veritable luxuries, and land agents are quite right in laying all stress upon them as inducements to possible settlers. If the author of the Apocalypse had been raised in Florida, we should never have had the streets of the New Jerusalem paved with gold. His idea of heaven would have been different from that; more personal and home-felt, we may be certain.

The river road, then, as I have said, and am glad to say again, was shell-paved. And well it might be; for the hammock, along the edge of which it meandered, seemed, in some places at least, to be little more than a pile of oyster-shells, on which soil had somehow been deposited, and over which a forest was growing. Florida Indians have left an evil memory. I heard a philanthropic visitor lamenting that she had talked with many of the people about them, and had yet to hear a single word said in their favor. Somebody might have been good enough to say that, with all their faults, they had given to eastern Florida a few hills, such as they are, and at present are supplying it, indirectly, with comfortable highways. How they must have feasted, to leave such heaps of shells behind them! They came to the coast on purpose, we may suppose. Well, the redmen are gone, but the oyster-beds remain; and if winter refugees continue to pour in this direction, as doubtless they will, they too will eat a "heap" of oysters (it is easy to see how the vulgar Southern use of that word may have originated), and in the course of time, probably, the shores of the Halifax and the Hillsborough will be a fine mountainous country! And then, if this ancient, nineteenth-century prediction is remembered, the highest peak of the range will perhaps be named in a way which

the innate modesty of the prophet restrains him from specifying with greater particularity.

Meanwhile it is long to wait, and tourists and residents alike must find what comfort they can in the lesser hills which, thanks to the good appetite of their predecessors, are already theirs. For my own part, there is one such eminence of which I cherish the most grateful recollections. It stands (or stood; the road-makers had begun carting it away) at a bend in the road just south of one of the Turnbull canals. I climbed it often (it can hardly be less than fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the sea), and spent more than one pleasant hour upon its grassy summit. Northward was New Smyrna, a village in the woods, and farther away towered the lighthouse of Mosquito Inlet. Along the eastern sky stretched the long line of the peninsula sand-hills, between the white crests of which could be seen the rude cottages of Coronado beach. To the south and west was the forest, and in front, at my feet, lay the river with its woody islands. Many times have I climbed a mountain and felt myself abundantly repaid by an off-look less beautiful. This was the spot to which I turned when I had been reading Keats, and wanted to see the beauty of the world. Here were a grassy seat, the shadow of orange-trees, and a wide prospect. In Florida, I found no better place in which a man who wished to be both a naturalist and a nature-lover, who felt himself heir to a double inheritance,

"The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part,"

could for the time sit still and be happy.

The orange-trees yielded other things beside shadow, though perhaps nothing better than that. They were resplendent with fruit, and on my earlier visits were also in bloom. One did not need to climb the hill to learn the fact. For an out-of-door sweetness it would be hard, I think,

to improve upon the scent of orange blossoms. As for the oranges themselves, they seemed to be in little demand, large and handsome as they were. Southern people in general, I fancy, look upon wild fruit of this kind as not exactly edible. I remember asking two colored men in Tallahassee whether the oranges still hanging conspicuously from a tree just over the wall (a sight not so very common in that part of the State) were sweet or sour. I have forgotten just what they said, but I remember how they *looked*. I meant the inquiry as a mild bit of humor, but to them it was a thousandfold better than that: it was wit ineffable. What Shakespeare said about the prosperity of a jest was never more strikingly exemplified. In New Smyrna, with orange groves on every hand, the wild fruit went begging with natives and tourists alike; so that I feel a little hesitancy about confessing my own relish for it, lest I should be accused of affectation. Not that I devoured wild oranges by the dozen, or in place of sweet ones.—one sour orange goes a good way, as the common saying is; but I ate them, nevertheless, or rather drank them, and found them, in a thirsty hour, decidedly refreshing.

The unusual coldness of the past season (Florida winters, from what I heard about them, must have fallen of late into a queer habit of being regularly exceptional) had made it difficult to buy sweet oranges that were not dry and “punk”¹ toward the stem; but the hardier wild fruit had weathered the frost, and was so juicy that, as I say, you did not so much eat one as drink it. As for the taste, it was a wholesome bitter-sour, as if a lemon had been flavored with qui-

nine; not quite so sour as a lemon, perhaps, nor *quite* so bitter as Peruvian bark, but, as it were, an agreeable compromise between the two. When I drank one, I not only quenched my thirst, but felt that I had taken an infallible prophylactic against the malarial fever. Better still, I had surprised myself. For one who had felt a lifelong distaste, unsocial and almost unmanly, for the bitter drinks which humanity in general esteems so essential to its health and comfort, I was developing new and unexpected capabilities; than which few things can be more encouraging as years increase upon a man’s head, and the world seems to be closing in about him.

Later in the season, on this same shell mound, I might have regaled myself with fresh figs. Here, at any rate, was a thrifty-looking fig-tree, though its crop, if it bore one, would perhaps not have waited my coming so patiently as the oranges had done. Here, too, was a red cedar; and to me, who, in my ignorance, had always thought of this tough little evergreen as especially at home on my own bleak and stony hillsides, it seemed an incongruous trio,—fig-tree, orange-tree, and savin. In truth, the cedars of Florida were one of my liveliest surprises. At first I refused to believe that they were red cedars, so strangely exuberant were they, so disdainful of the set, cone-shaped, Noah’s-ark pattern on which I had been used to seeing red cedars built. And when at last a study of the Flora compelled me to admit their identity,² I turned about and protested that I had never seen red cedars before. One, in St. Augustine, near San Marco Avenue, I had the curiosity to measure. The girth of the trunk at the smallest

to a friend, a botanist of authority. “No wonder the red cedars of Florida puzzled you,” he replied. “No one would suppose at first that they were of the same species as our New England savins. The habit is entirely different; but botanists have found no characters by which to separate them, and you are safe in considering them as *Juniperus Virginiana*.”

¹ I have heard this useful word all my life, and now am surprised to find it wanting in the dictionaries.

² I speak as if I had accepted my own study of the manual as conclusive. I did for the time being, but while writing this paragraph I bethought myself that I might be in error, after all. I referred the question, therefore,

place was six feet five inches, and the spread of the branches was not less than fifty feet.

The stroller in this road suffered few distractions. The houses, two or three to the mile, stood well back in the woods, with little or no cleared land about them. Picnic establishments they seemed to a Northern eye, rather than permanent dwellings. At one point in the hammock, a rude camp was occupied by a group of rough-looking men and several small children, who seemed to be getting on as best they could — none too well, to judge from appearances — without feminine ministrations. What they were there for I never made out. They fished, I think, but whether by way of amusement or as a serious occupation I did not learn. Perhaps, like the Indians of old, they had come to the river for the oyster season. They might have done worse. They never paid the slightest attention to me, nor once gave me any decent excuse for engaging them in talk. The best thing I remember about them was a tableau caught in passing. A “norther” had descended upon us unexpectedly (Florida is not a whit behind the rest of the world in sudden changes of temperature), and while hastening homeward, toward nightfall, hugging myself to keep warm, I saw, in the woods, this group of campers disposed about a lively blaze.

Let us be thankful, say I, that memory is so little the servant of the will. Chance impressions of this kind, unforeseen, involuntary, and inexplicable, make one of the chief delights of traveling, or rather of having traveled. In the present case, indeed, the permanence of the impression is perhaps not altogether beyond the reach of a plausible conjecture. We have not always lived in houses; and if we love the sight of a fire out of doors, — a camp-fire, that is to say, as we all do, — so that the burning of a brush-heap in a neighbor’s yard will draw us to the window, the feel-

ing is but part of an ancestral inheritance. We have come by it honestly, as the phrase is. And so I need not scruple to set down another reminiscence of the same kind, — an early morning street scene, of no importance in itself, in the village of New Smyrna. It may have been on the morning next after the “norther” just mentioned. I cannot say. We had two or three such touches of winter in early March; none of them at all distressing, be it said, to persons in ordinary health. One night water froze, — “as thick as a silver dollar,” — and orange growers were alarmed for the next season’s crop, the trees being just ready to blossom. Some men kept fires burning in their orchards overnight; a pretty spectacle, I should think, especially where the fruit was still ungathered. On one of these frosty mornings, then, I saw a solitary horseman, not “wending his way,” but warming his hands over a fire that he had built for that purpose in the village street. One might live and die in a New England village without seeing such a sight. A Yankee would have betaken himself to the corner grocery. But here, though that “adjunct of civilization” was directly across the way, most likely it had never had a stove in it. The sun would give warmth enough in an hour, — by nine o’clock one would probably be glad of a sunshade; but the man was chilly after his ride; it was still a bit early to go about the business that had brought him into town: what more natural than to hitch his horse, get together a few sticks, and kindle a blaze? What an insane idea it would have seemed to him that a passing stranger might remember him and his fire three months afterward, and think them worth talking about in print! But then, as was long ago said, it is the fate of some men to have greatness thrust upon them.

This main street of the village, by the way, with its hotels and shops, was no other than my river road itself, in

its more civilized estate, as I now remember with a sense of surprise. In my mind the two had never any connection. It was in this thoroughfare that one saw now and then a group of cavaliers strolling about under broad-brimmed hats, with big spurs at their heels, accosting passers-by with hearty familiarity, first names and hand-shakes, while their horses stood hitched to the branches of roadside trees, — a typical Southern picture. Here, on a Sunday afternoon, were two young fellows who had brought to town a mother coon and three young ones, hoping to find a purchaser. The guests at the hotels manifested no eagerness for such pets, but the colored bell-boys and waiters gathered about, and after a little good-humored dickerings bought the entire lot, box and all, for a dollar and a half; first having pulled the little ones out between the slats — not without some risk to both parties — to look at them and pass them round. The venders walked off with grins of ill-concealed triumph. The Fates had been kind to them, and they had three silver half-dollars in their pockets. I heard one of them say something about giving part of the money to a third man who had told them where the nest was; but his companion would listen to no such folly. "He would n't come with us," he said, "and we won't tell him a damned thing." I fear there was nothing distinctively Southern about *that*.

Here, too, in the heart of the town, was a magnificent cluster of live-oaks, worth coming to Florida to see; far-spreading, full of ferns and air plants, and heavy with hanging moss. Day after day I went out to admire them. Under them was a neglected orange grove, and in one of the orange-trees, amid the glossy foliage, appeared my first summer tanager. It was a royal setting, and the splendid vermilion-red bird was worthy of it. Among the oaks I walked in the evening, listening to the

strange low chant of the chuck-will's-widow, — a name which the owner himself pronounces with a rest after the first syllable. Once, for two or three days, the trees were amazingly full of blue yellow-backed warblers. Numbers of them, a dozen at least, could be heard singing at once directly over one's head, running up the scale not one after another, but literally in unison. Here the tufted titmouse, the very soul of monotony, piped and piped and piped, as if his diapason stop were pulled out and stuck, and could not be pushed in again. He is an odd genius. With plenty of notes, he wearies you almost to distraction, harping on one string for half an hour together. He is the one Southern bird that I should perhaps be sorry to see common in Massachusetts; but that "perhaps" is a large word. Many yellow-throated warblers, silent as yet, were commonly in the live-oaks, and innumerable myrtle birds, also silent, with prairie warblers, black-and-white creepers, solitary vireos, an occasional chickadee, and many more. It was a birdy spot; and just across the way, on the shrubby island, were red-winged black-birds, who piqued my curiosity by adding to the familiar *conkaree* a final syllable, — the Florida termination, I called it, — which made me wonder whether, as has been the case with so many other Florida birds, they might not turn out to be a distinct race, worthy of a name (*Agelaius phoeniceus something-or-other*) as well as of a local habitation. I suggest the question to those whose business it is to be learned in such matters.

The tall grass about the borders of the island was alive with clapper rails. Before I rose in the morning I heard them crying in full chorus; and now and then during the day something would happen, and all at once they would break out with one sharp volley, and then instantly all would be silent again. Theirs is an apt name, — *Rallus crepitans*.

Once I watched two of them in the act of crepitating, and ever after that, when the sudden uproar burst forth, I seemed to see the reeds full of birds, each with his bill pointing skyward, bearing his part in the salvo. So far as I could perceive, they had nothing to fear from human enemies. They ran about the mud on the edge of the grass, especially in the morning, looking like half-grown pullets. Their specialty was crab-fishing, at which they were highly expert, plunging into the water up to the depth of their legs, and handling and swallowing pretty large specimens with surprising dexterity. I was greatly pleased with them, as well as with their local name, "everybody's chickens."

Once I feared we had heard the last of them. On a day following a sudden fall of the mercury, a gale from the north set in at noon, with thunder and lightning, hail, and torrents of rain. The river was quickly lashed into foam, and the gale drove the ocean into it through the inlet, till the shrubbery of the rails' island barely showed above the breakers. The street was deep under water, and fears were entertained for the new bridge and the road to the beach. All night the gale continued, and all the next day till late in the afternoon; and when the river should have been at low tide, the island was still flooded. Gravitation was overmatched for the time being. And where were the rails, I asked myself. They could swim, no doubt, when put to it, but it seemed impossible that they could survive so fierce an inundation. Well, the wind ceased, the tide went out at last; and behold, the rails were in full cry, not a voice missing! How they had managed it was beyond my ken.

Another island, farther out than that of the rails (but the rails, like the long-billed marsh wrens, appeared to be pre-

sent in force all up and down the river, in suitable places), was occupied nightly as a crow-roost. Judged by the morning clamor, which, like that of the rails, I heard from my bed, its population must have been enormous. One evening I happened to come up the street just in time to see the hinder part of the procession — some hundreds of birds — flying across the river. They came from the direction of the pine lands in larger and smaller squads, and with but a moderate amount of noise moved straight to their destination. All but one of them so moved, that is to say. The performance of that one exception was a mystery. He rose high in the air, over the river, and remained soaring all by himself, acting sometimes as if he were catching insects, till the flight had passed, even to the last scattering detachments. What could be the meaning of his odd behavior? Some momentary caprice had taken him, perhaps. Or was he, as I could not help asking, some duly appointed officer of the day, — grand marshal, if you please, — with a commission to see all hands in before retiring himself? He waited, at any rate, till the final stragglers had passed; then he came down out of the air and followed them. I meant to watch the ingathering a second time, to see whether this feature of it would be repeated, but I was never there at the right moment. One cannot do everything.

Now, alas, Florida seems very far off. I am never likely to walk again under those New Smyrna live-oaks, nor to see again all that beauty of the Hillsborough. And yet, in a truer and better sense of the word, I do see it, and shall. What a heavenly light falls at this moment on the river and the island woods! Perhaps we must come back to Wordsworth, after all, —

"The light that never was, on sea or land."

Bradford Torrey.

MORN AFTER MORN.

MORN after morn, when waking heart and brain,
 Released from sleep, set all their portals wide,
 There slowly surges back the throbbing tide
 Of consciousness, and as from furthest main
 The swelling sea, so thou returnest again,
 O sense of life! though on thy waves may ride
 Wrecks of dead hopes and golden dreams denied,
 And some fair flower, mayhap. For joy or pain,
 Yet dost thou come! And from thy deepest heart
 One priceless pearl in tremulous light is cast, —
 Conviction that thyself immortal art,
 That on whatever shore we wake at last,
 Still on our senses, sleep-released, shall press
 The selfsame tide of throbbing consciousness!

Stuart Sterne.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

BOOKS, TENNYSON, MAURICE.

It was raining hard; and as it is the fashion, in a country house, to like a fire on a wet day even in summer, we sat before the logs blazing on the hearth in the great parlor, while in front of us sat purring the family cat, who answered, when he thought fit to answer, to the name of Jim. Books were all round us, and our talk naturally turned on them. I said, —

“Of all our English books existing and to come, how many will always live?”

Squire. There are two ways in which a book may live. It may live, age after age, in itself, like one of our great oaks, as Carlyle has finely described it in *Sartor Resartus*. I think the book is on the table: pray read the passage.

Foster (takes the book, turns over the pages, and reads). “Wondrous, indeed, is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like

a tilled field, but then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred and fifty human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems; or were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor, but of the true sort, namely, over the Devil; thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing city of the mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount,

whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely in thy antiquarian fervor to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three thousand years; but canst thou not open thy Hebrew *Bible*, thus, or even Luther's version thereof?"

Squire. For "Luther's" read "the English," and then add Shakespeare, and you will have one answer to your question. I cannot doubt that so long as English shall endure as the speech of a civilized people, so long will the English Bible and Shakespeare endure; and English-speaking people will still, like Archbishop Sharp, owe all their success in life to those two books.

Foster. Did Archbishop Sharp know anything of either the English Bible or Shakespeare?

Squire. Not the archbishop of tragic Scottish history, but the Archbishop of York, Queen Anne's trusted counselor, who, Burnet tells us, so spoke of what he owed to the Bible and Shakespeare, and used to recommend the like studies to the young clergy. And Tennyson is said to have advised a young man to read a verse of the Bible and one of Shakespeare every day. "From the one," he said, "you will learn your relations with God; from the other, your relations with man." But there is another way in which books live. To illustrate this, let me go from Carlyle to Chaucer:—

"Out of the olde fieldes, as men saith,
Cometh all this new corn, from year to year.
And out of olde bookes, in good faith,
Cometh all this new science that men
lere."

Without mistaking an illustration for an argument, and so working it to death, we may say that, with a very few exceptions, the knowledge which we derive

from books is not derived direct from the original books in which it was first brought forth, but from a succession of new books, in which the experiences and the thoughts of the preceding generation are represented with the new developments and in the new forms suited to the new generation. Each year yields its harvest of new books, which supply our mental and moral food for the day, and no more; while a small portion of the knowledge they contain becomes a reserve of seed corn, which is resown to provide the new books of the next year or the next generation. If we say, with Chaucer, that the new knowledge comes from the old books, as the new wheat does from the old fields, we must then shift the comparison, and say that the new books are the new corn, and that the old books have lost their individuality, ceasing to be more than the clods of the ploughed fields.

Foster. I believe you might have quoted Carlyle as well as Chaucer for this comparison, too. I think he somewhere says, perhaps quoting Goethe, "A loaf of bread is good and satisfying for a single day; but corn cannot be eaten, and seed corn must not be ground." But do you think that the Bible and Shakespeare are the only books which will themselves live on so long as the world of civilization lasts? Even within the limits of English-speaking civilization, will not *Paradise Lost* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* live on, not merely in spirit, but in their actual old forms?

Squire. Since the art of printing has come in aid of the earlier institution of public libraries, it may seem impossible that anything short of an universal return to barbarism should utterly destroy the great masterpieces of literature, ancient or modern, so that they should no longer live in the very forms in which they were first given to the world. Yet we know that the readers of each of such books are a small and limited class; and of these, again, the number

is still smaller of readers who find in the particular book the last and best expression of the subject of which it treats. Poetry must always be read for its own sake, and there will always be a few who will continue thus to read Homer and Horace, Dante, Chaucer and Spenser, for their own sake. But even of those who in each generation are really lovers of poetry, by far the greater number will seek and find what they want in the poets of their own time, because such poets most directly bring forth the deepest thoughts and feelings of that time: while the reader of the older poetry must be able—and every one is not able—either to translate old thoughts into new for himself, or else to transport himself in imagination into the far-off time and place to which the book before him belongs. And when we turn from poetry to philosophy, history, or science, it is mainly, if not entirely, for the sake of the materials which the old books supply for making new ones that the old are studied. In each of these kinds of knowledge there is an absolute need that the old facts, arguments, and methods of thought and reasoning should be reproduced in new forms, generation after generation. To do this work, through the study of the old books, is the calling of one or two men in each generation; and they, and they only, find in themselves the ability for the work. Such a student will no doubt often be charmed by the style and language of the book itself, be it Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Bacon, Tacitus, Hume, or Gibbon; but his main business will still be with the materials which his author supplies for new work.

Foster. I cannot deny that there is a good deal of truth in what you say; but I am glad to believe that, like a man who belongs to several London clubs, I belong to several of those limited classes of readers of old books, and that there are a good many books beside the Bible and Shakespeare which I can read and

enjoy for their own sakes. But may I ask you again whether you think those the only two books of universal interest to English-speaking men, at least? Will you not include *Paradise Lost* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with these, and indeed some others, too, which I could name?

Squire. I decline to dogmatize. I am too old to believe that I possess any formula which will methodize and explain the facts of the universe, or that, like the Alchemist in the *Oriental Tales*, I can hold in a ladle the solvent which dissolves all things. I feel more certain about the Bible and Shakespeare than about any other books; but there are others, and especially those you mention, as to which facts are at present in favor of their personal immortality, if I may use so vile a phrase. Neither the religious nor the human interest of *Paradise Lost* and *The Pilgrim's Progress* is so absolute and universal as that of the Bible and Shakespeare respectively. Yet it is very great, and you may almost say that every one who reads at all reads both of these books. Every one to whom the conflict of nature and spirit is a practical reality, and many to whom it is only a curiously interesting dream, find the most lifelike representation of this conflict in Bunyan's allegory. And Milton embodies for us in forms at once of deepest human interest and perfect beauty of imagination, thought, and language, the most popular and most widely accepted attempt to solve the great problem of the existence of evil, and so lighten the burden and the mystery which have weighed so heavily on us in all ages.

Foster. That is indeed the awful riddle of the Sphinx, which she calls on every thoughtful man to answer or be devoured. Happy is he who can even baffle or otherwise put off the question which no one can answer! You cannot think that Milton has done more than this? He invokes the highest inspiration, that he may rise to the height of

this great argument, and justify the ways of God to man; but in truth he gets no further than St. Paul had done before him when he declared that those ways were past finding out. Indeed, Milton seems, half cynically, to admit this to be so, when, later on, he makes the more amiable of his devils sit on a hill retired, discussing these questions till they lose themselves in wandering mazes. The answer that came to Job out of the whirlwind was only that finite and mortal man cannot fathom the purposes and the methods of the Almighty Creator of the universe; nor does the writer of the book, in his visionary narrative, carry the argument any further. The book of Ecclesiastes, that practical summary of the worldly experiences of man's frustrated ideals and hopes of life, can give no other conclusion of the matter than the direction to "fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Nor does St. Paul help us. He declares, indeed, with absolute confidence and conviction, that the problem will hereafter be solved in the complete and absolute triumph of good over evil; but after an attempt to apply his argument to the story of Pharaoh, in a way which I must think no argument at all, he gives it up, and falls back, as I said just now, on that which still remains the only answer. I forget how Robinson Crusoe evaded the difficulty when Friday asked him, in the course of his religious education, "Why God no kill devil?" I suppose, by making a metaphysical distinction between necessity and free will. Our modern Agnostics, interested only in physical science, will say that they do not know whether there be any God or devil, and so pass by on the other side. There is no answer to the Sphinx's riddle; but to say that there is no riddle is to deny half the facts of our life.

Squire. I quite agree with you. Indeed, you have understated your case and its complications. Not only is the

existence of evil a mystery to all who believe intelligently in a wise and good Creator, but there is the yet deeper mystery that all the higher forms of any human virtue, affection, sympathy, are called forth by the contradiction of corresponding forms of evil; nay, the highest of all, self-sacrifice for the sake of others, seems to owe its very existence to the evil which it rises up to meet. A man may judge for himself whether the sufferings of mind or body which he is called on to endure are compensated, or more than compensated, by the blessings which they have brought with them, and giving, as they so often do, a double power to every power above their original functions and offices. But how can it be morally worth while that the highest goodness and happiness of some men should have as necessary conditions not merely the suffering and misery of others, but even their crimes and sins? And again, how can it be reasonable or right that my happiness, however great, should have been bought by the horrible sufferings of the martyrs by whom it has been so won? You may say that they were willing to pay that price for the happiness of a world. I believe they were so willing; but how can I have any moral right to benefit by a sacrifice such as I certainly could not make myself? I have no doubt—I am heartily convinced—that there is a solution to the problem, an answer to the Sphinx; and I could supply myself with more than one fanciful explanation which I like better than those of my neighbors. But I do not pretend to understand, nor that any understanding is possible for me till I have crossed the bar.

Foster. You quote Tennyson: do you think he has given us any new light on the subject? It has manifestly occupied his deepest thoughts and feelings, and influenced his whole career as a poet.

Squire. I think he is the greatest teacher of our generation in this matter.

He has stated the question in the most complete and adequate way in which it is possible to state it, — for our generation, at least; for each age has its own way of looking at such questions, and demands its own requirements to be respected. His *In Memoriam* sets out fully, and his poem of *Vastness* and that on the death of the Duke of Clarence sum up in the plainest terms, the real problem, without any shirking or evasion. With equal clearness he points out the direction to which we must look for the solution which will come hereafter; and he declares, and calls on all true hearts to accept, his conviction that the death of those we love is the link which connects the now insoluble problem with the promise that it shall be one day answered.

Foster. Yes: Tennyson states the insoluble problem without reticence or rhetorical evasion. He talks no stuff about partial evil being universal good, or of good and evil being opposite sides of a whole, in which they are equally necessary complements of each other. He treats them as not merely opposites, but as contradictory. There is no place for evil in his ideal of a perfect universe. There can be no belief in a divine Creator, and no peace or happiness for the heart of man, but in the ultimate elimination and destruction of all evil, moral and physical. But does he carry us any farther than this?

Squire. One step, at least; and I should say more than one. It is from *Death* — “his truer name is *Onward*,” he says — that Tennyson draws the promise of the solution hereafter. The great argument which he gradually opens out in *In Memoriam* he sums up again in the concluding words of *Vastness*: —

“I loved him, and love him forever: the dead
are not dead, but alive.”

That is to say that the love which he bore to his friend, and again to his son

did not die with their deaths, but still lives, and will live forever. This undying love is to him a witness that its object is actually living, too, in spite of what *Death* may seem to say to the contrary. For that apparent contradiction is but the shadow, while the reality is to be found in the *Sun of Life* towards which *Death's* face is looking. And if this experience, this conviction, be true, and there is a love and a life stronger and more lasting than death, then there is a *Lord of Life* who rules all this world by perfect love. When we have gone into that world of light, then and there the mystery will be made clear.

Foster. He has crossed the bar, and put out to sea on that voyage of discovery: let us hope that he has found his *Pilot* in the ship, able and ready to carry him to the harbor where he would be.

Squire. I cannot doubt it. Metaphors and allegories are no proofs, as I often say; but it is pleasant to think how often that image of a voyage and a harbor has presented itself to all sorts of men. Cicero makes Cato, after speaking of this life as a mere inn, compare that future life, to which he so earnestly looked forward, to the harbor at the end of the voyage. Sa'di, quoting, I think, from the Koran, says, “He who has Noah for a pilot need not fear the waves of the sea.” And if you will forgive the garrulousness of an old man, I may add a little experience of my own, which comes back to me as often as I recall Tennyson's verses on *Crossing the Bar*.

Foster. What is that?

Squire. In the old days before there were any railways in Italy, most of us who went to Naples went by way of steamer from Marseilles; and it was at the end of November, five-and-thirty years ago, that I took passage in such a steamer. All day there had raged one of those gales of wind and rain which sweep the plains of Provence and the

Gulf of Lyons with such terrible fury. But no delay more than of a few hours was possible, and we were required to embark at midnight. The water seemed smooth as we went into the ship in the port; but as we crossed the bar and put out to sea, the leap into the utterly black night of wind and waves and rain was terrific. I could not see our pilot face to face; but I knew that he was there through all that long night and day, and that on his skill it depended whether we should reach the harbor where we would be. At last I slept, while the storm still raged. When I awoke we were in smooth water, through which our ship was gliding on with an imperceptible motion, along that lovely scene of mountains and islands, and vineyards, orange orchards, and olive woods, which open out into the Bay of Naples. The day was breaking, the sun was rising upon that land of beauty, and the cloudless depth of the blue sky was reflected in the not less intense blue of the sea.

Foster. I know that sight, and cannot wonder that the Neapolitans themselves should call it a piece of heaven fallen upon earth, or say that he who has seen it may die content. But you said just now that Tennyson is our greatest teacher in the matter of the Sphinx's riddle: do you put him above Frederick Maurice, of whom you often speak as the greatest teacher of our generation?

Squire. No. Each stands first in his own plane of thought and life; but I should rather put them side by side than either above the other. Each learnt, and knew that he learnt, much from the other. Each of them—the poet and the prophet alike—felt and knew himself to be a man sent from God, and that the calling and the mission of both were essentially the same. Maurice was primarily a teacher of the gospel; but while he never ceased to declare the good tidings of a kingdom of God in

and for itself, he recognized its pervading presence in every form and every relation of man's life, to which it gave a new and higher worth and meaning. Tennyson, on the other hand, shows us earth and man as they are in themselves, with all their complications and interfusions of good and evil, happiness and misery, vice and virtue, and then finds himself obliged—drawn as it were by an irresistible intuition—to look out of and above this earth for a clue through its contradictions into a true order.

Foster. Certainly it is so. Few of the greatest poets, in any age or country, have been irreligious; most have been religious, recognizing a government of the world by God. But even among Christian poets of the higher order of genius, I can think of no one who rests on the faith of another life than this so distinctly as Tennyson does. To eliminate this faith from Tennyson's poetry would indeed be to reduce it to dust and ashes. What would *In Memoriam* or the parting of Arthur and Guinevere, *Crossing the Bar* or *The Two Voices*, be without it?

Squire. You see this distinction if you compare Wordsworth with Tennyson. Wordsworth was a Christian in faith as well as life, and his mind was formed in and through the great burst of enthusiastic belief in the perfectibility of human nature to which all generous spirits gave themselves up in the later years of the eighteenth century. In many respects he shared to the full in the general reaction which followed on the excesses of the French Revolution; he became a Tory, and he wrote the *Eccelesiastical Sonnets*. But his mind retained much of its first bias. You see this in *The Excursion*, where, while admitting and allowing for the moral and the bodily ills of the society and the human nature generally around him, he looks forward to universal education of the people by the state as the sufficient remedy for all the evil. We have the

education, and it is well worth having; but I suppose few expect from it now what Wordsworth expected. I, at least, look with Tennyson for a remedy different in kind, and not merely in degree.

Foster. Was Maurice a man of letters as well as a theologian?

Squire. He would have liked to be called a man of action better than by either of the other names. But he was a true lover of books, and he always seemed to me to know everything about every book and every writer of books, in his own day or in times past. His literary culture was greater than that of most men.—you see the evidence of this in every one of his books; and I believe that he who himself knows most of other men's books will know most of the use which Maurice made of books, not as mere storehouses of facts or thought, but as supplying the memory and mind with a knowledge and a culture which were all his own. But with him literature and literary culture were means to an end, and not the end itself. He always spoke with scornful contempt of the fine gentlemen of letters; and you may remember a letter of his to a pupil—with whom, by the bye, he had been reading Plato—urging him to make politics the main study of his life.

Foster. But I suppose he was a political philosopher rather than a politician?

Squire. He would not have thanked you for telling him so. He would indeed have told you that philosophy being the search after wisdom, politics, like everything else, should be an object of that search. But he despised the habit of mind which affects to rise above party politics while really sinking below them. He was a keen and eager politician on all the great questions of the day, though he was sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. The earliest of his tracts in political controversy was in defense of university subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles, but

he was found in hearty sympathy with Lord John Russell's abolition of all such tests. He was a leader in the struggle to keep the education of the nation in the hands of the Church, but he heartily approved Mr. Forster's Education Act. He recognized that the time had come for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, notwithstanding his hearty sympathies with the like institution in England. And while I recall his predicting to me, more than fifty years ago, and with warm political sympathy, the future eminence of the then unknown but strong conservative Mr. Gladstone, I recall also his appearance, thirty years afterwards, as the supporter of John Mill, the radical candidate for Westminster. These are brief instances of what the man was; and all through, no one who knew him could doubt either his honesty or his consistency, as he looked in succession at the many ways in which the progress of the world was fulfilling itself.

Foster (musing).

“We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin;
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

“Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood.”

Squire. I always thought that Tennyson and Maurice lost their heads a little over the Crimean war, as most other people did; and I have therefore been inclined to suppose, though without any authority for doing so, that when the excitement was over they looked back on it, as did Lord Aberdeen, the minister who let us drift into it, as not only a blunder, but a crime.

Foster. Yet I have heard German statesmen say that they owe to that war the loosening from their necks of the yoke of Russian policy and diplomacy under which they had so long groaned.

Squire. No doubt some good was done in that way, but they would not touch the roasting chestnuts with their own fingers.

Foster. Well, at least the war gave us The Charge of the Light Brigade; and though I do not mean to compare Sir Francis Doyle with Tennyson, perhaps one might say his no less fine ballad upon the same subject.

Squire. They are fine ballads, and bring out freely the English soldier's ideal of duty as the rule of his life. But those who, like me, remember the sufferings not only of the army through that terrible winter, but also of the wives and mothers at home, may think the price high, even for two such songs.

Foster (humming half to himself).

"If I were King of France,
Or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home."

But, squire, are you really for peace at any price? I remember what you once wrote in approval of the extermination of the Canaanites by the children of Israel, and of the soldier's duty, taught not only at the Pass of Thermopylæ, but in the Balaclava charge.

Squire. No, not at any price, but at almost any price, as Sir John Lubbock said the other day in the House of Commons. For every nation there exists a real danger of attacks, from within or without, on its laws and liberties; and it is not only its right, but its duty, to defend itself, and sometimes its weaker neighbors too, against such attacks. If we cannot keep our national life, with its laws and its freedom, without war, let us have war; but let us not go into it "with a light heart," talking glibly of honor and spirit on the one hand, and of humiliation and shop-keeping on the other. I am old enough to remember when even many a wise and good man talked that sort of stuff about dueling, and really believed that it was a moral duty to shoot, or be shot by, any ruffian who called him a liar or struck him. No one says or thinks that now, and ruffianism has abated, not increased, in proportion.

Foster. Is it not the fact that all the great nations of the world, modern as well as ancient, have had their foundations laid by war, and that they have been from time to time enlarged and strengthened and invigorated by means of war, and all this in such a way that we cannot conceive how the results could have been brought about except by war?

Squire. As I said just now, I do not deny the existence of evil, nor the still more mysterious fact that it is inconceivable how many of the highest forms of moral good could have been brought into existence except by means of evil. I neither understand nor deny, but I will not call evil good for all that. War has brought into existence soldiers like Chaucer's Knight, Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, and Schiller's Max Piccolomini; but they have been but few in comparison with the countless swarms of ruffians licensed for murder, robbery, and lust. And free as the German army was from all these crimes in the late Franco-German war, it is said that after the war was over there was an increase in crime throughout Germany which could be explained only by the general demoralization which the war had produced.

Foster. The other day you quoted from the Persian poet Sa'di that it had been said that, in the last great day, the All-Merciful would forgive the bad for the sake of the good; but now you seem to hold that all the good must be condemned on account of the bad. I think of what the world would have been in the past and present, and what the world would be in the future, with no England and no United States, and I ask myself whether too high a price was paid for these in the Anglo-Saxon and Norman conquests, the wars of the barons and of the king and Parliament, or in the American wars of independence and emancipation.

Squire. With reservation of Friday's theological difficulty, I agree with you not only ungrudgingly, but with hearty

sympathy. I believe the price was not too great. But was the price necessary in the past, and will it be so in the future? I say, Yes, men being what they were; but, No, men being what they ought to be and well may be now. It is better to do a good thing badly than not to do it at all; but it is better still to do it well. We talk too much about necessary evils, and think too little of necessary good; forgetting that all good is possible, and that in every case what is possible is necessary. In this matter of war, as in so many other things, successive generations, advancing in the possession of ever fuller national life, with its rights and liberties, find many necessary evils to be unnecessary, and much more impossible good to be possible. And so, if you will grant the evils of war, and I its good, we may be able, like Dogberry and Verges, to "draw to a point."

Foster. Did Maurice change or modify his views on this subject?

Squire. He has discussed this question of war in the eleventh of his Cambridge Lectures on Social Morality, published in 1869, to which I would refer you. But I can tell you a little incident, trivial in itself, yet perhaps interesting when told of a great man. No one shared more eagerly than did Maurice in the outbreak of enthusiasm with which the war was hailed at first. When I ventured to doubt the righteousness of the war, he declared, with indignation, that only the Spirit of God could stir up and maintain such a national enthusiasm as the English people were then showing. I suppose we agreed to differ, and not to argue. I do not think I asked him what he thought of that to me pathetic account of the regiments of Russian conscripts having hardly arrived at the seat of war from very distant parts of the empire when, at two o'clock in the morning of that cold day of November, all the church bells of Sevastopol rang out, and these men, having received the sac-

rament, went to die for their Czar in the lines of Inkerman. But after the war was over, I was breakfasting with Maurice, and there met a man who told the story of the Balaclava charge as he had lately heard it from one of the officers in it. He said the cursing and swearing of the troopers as they rode into and out of the Russian battery were awful. And I guessed what thoughts might be passing through my friend's mind when he said, with that quiet and almost sad seriousness which so often characterized his words and manner, "I am afraid many things in that war happened differently from what we supposed," or words to that effect.

Foster. I should have thought, as I now think, of Uncle Toby and his account of our soldiers in Flanders. I think, too, of the tear of the recording angel. The poor fellows were doing their duty, and their profane swearing did not mean much more than any other form of battle shout. I do not recollect the mention of shouting in modern stories of battles, but soldiers do shout in a charge, do they not?

Squire. Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, told a cousin of mine, Charles Buller, that it was the British shout which carried the day in our great battles; nothing could withstand it. Of course, the shout is the man; he utters what is in him. I remember that Marshal MacMahon, when comparing the soldiers of different nations, said, "The English do not understand campaigning, but they are the best on the day of battle." We have wandered far, however, and I do not wish you to think that when my dear old friend and I met, either in this house or in his own, our talk was of nothing but soldiers. With him as with Tennyson, he would always

"turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God";

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor;

How gain in life, as life advances,
 Valor and charity more and more."

Foster. Yet there is something of the soldier's desire for action implied in the poet's description in those words; and I can fancy that with Maurice the heart of the man of thought would always warm to the man of action.

Squire. Yes; Maurice must have understood how Luther — with whom he had, indeed, many points of likeness — felt when he was going into the Diet of Worms, and the old soldier, Georg von Freundsberg, called out to him, "Monk, monk, you have before you such a day's work as neither I nor our bravest captains have seen in our hardest fought battles. But if your cause is just, go forward boldly; God will not forsake you." Maurice wrote two books which will live, for they are full of learning, thought, and genius, — *The Kingdom of Christ*, and *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*; but he expressed the temper of his whole life when he once said to me that a man might bring greater honor to his name by writing a great book, — I think he instanced Gibbon, — yet that he believed more real work was done in the world by having a part in, and writing on, the actual controversies of the day in which men were taking a practical interest. And though it was after he said this that he wrote the two books I have mentioned, you may see by the number, and still more by the subjects, of the many volumes of his collected works how fully he carried out through his life the principles he had laid down for himself.

Foster. Is Dickinson's portrait like him?

Squire. I think so, but it is difficult to know how far I may be reading into it my own recollections of the man himself. There it is, and you may try it by my description. His face was very fine and delicate in feature; the expression was saintly, though not quite the ascetic saintliness which characterizes some of the portraits of great men of

the Roman Catholic Church; it was rather tinged with the sweet, homely humorousness which you see in Cranach's portrait of Luther. The eyes were bright and piercing, and the mouth was firm and compressed. The whole expression of the face was energetic, almost aggressive, and yet kind and gentle: it was the look of a man who had a message to give, and who was resolved to give it; but the resoluteness had more of self-sacrifice than of self-assertion in it.

Foster. You spoke of a humorous expression. Was he a humorist?

Squire. You could not be long in his company without seeing how strong his sense of humor was; but, like every man of humor who is wise and better than a humorist, he kept his love of humor within the limits of becoming mirth; nay, within limits which were habitually serious, often almost to sadness.

Foster. He had a fine voice, had he not?

Squire. A grand, deep voice, well fitted to pour out the volume of thought and feeling behind it. Bunsen said to hear him read the prayers at Lincoln's Inn, where he was chaplain, was in itself to hear a sermon; and some one else said, still more expressively, that he prayed the prayers. I remember the outspoken delight of one of the cottagers as we came out of the church here when Maurice had been preaching. It reminded me of the story of the learned Pococke, of which he (Maurice) was fond: that when a friend, visiting him at his country parish, asked one of the villagers how they liked their new parson, the answer was, "He is not much of a Latiner, but he tells us what we poor folks want to know about God and Jesus Christ."

Foster. Nullum tetegit quod non ornavit, — would you say that of his conversation generally?

Squire. He was shy and retiring, — a lamb among the lions, as a lady described him at a great party of Mrs.

Charles Buller's. He was free from the foible of omniscience attributed to one of his countless contemporaries, and far above the vanity of the good talker. But no one could listen to him for five minutes without perceiving that no ordinary man was speaking. In serious controversy and with his pen in his hand he hit very hard. I used to tell him that he reminded me of a story of his own, how, when he was a young curate, he stopped in the High Street in Leamington to remonstrate with a man who was belaboring his donkey furiously, when the man replied in an appealing voice, "Why is he so stupid, then?"

Foster. What does Tennyson refer to in those lines at the beginning of his *Invitation*, about giving the fiend his due, and the anathemas of college councils?

Squire. You will find the whole story in Colonel Maurice's admirable life of

his father; but it was, shortly, this: Maurice denounced the irreligious spirit of the so-called religious newspapers, and they retaliated by not only denouncing him, but also warning the authorities of King's College that they had better dismiss him from his professorship of divinity in that college. A packed council was convened, a lately published essay in which the professor had "given the fiend his due" was made the pretext, and Maurice was dismissed, in the face of the clearest evidence that he had maintained nothing contrary to the acknowledged doctrines of the English Church. Maurice was one of the very few men whom I have known as lovers of justice for its own sake; yet he got little justice himself on that occasion. But the rain is over; let us take a walk, and leave Jim to keep his paws warm at the fire.

Edward Strachey.

THE PILGRIM IN DEVON.

No region short of Arcadia was ever blessed with historian more enthusiastic than Charles Kingsley at once became whenever he touched upon Devonshire, her charms or her story; then was his pen dipped in illuminating colors, and he traced the outline of her beauties on a page that must endure until the memory of Devon lads no longer thrills the romance-loving heart. When guidebooks wax eloquent over this fair county, and dry historic mention broadens into a sweep of verbal imagery, then are the paragraphs hedged between telltale quotation marks, and a footnote points to Kingsley as the source of such just laudation. His sympathy was perfect; the light of his genius seems to brighten every golden thread in the fabric of Devon's story; and the traveler interested in Kingsley's haunts can scarcely do

better than to visit them with *Westward Ho!* and the *Prose Idylls* in hand, as poetic guidebooks. Unlike many a memorable spot, this has a beauty that is all its own, and holds a peculiar power over the human spirit. Not only do the pages of its history rouse the heart to quicker pulsations by their review of the days when there were giants, but even the face of nature, seems here significant. Devonshire may be "relaxing," as the neighbors of Bow Bells declare, with fine and almost depreciatory inflections, but nevertheless every breath within its borders inevitably exhilarates all who love a hero. The English Midlands spread out into a fair garden, beautified by the hand of man, and gaining grace from his necessities. Devonshire is all warm luxuriance, rolling waste, and stormy breaker. Its moorland wastes

spread on and on, clothed only by coarse grass, heath, and furze; but its clefts and chasms are enriched by a marvelous fern growth, and cooled by clear mountain streams holding a multitude of fish in their limpid shallows. Dartmoor, like Salisbury Plain, is one of nature's high altars, to be approached with reverence and dread. A broad expanse, waste and wonderful, it lies like a sea caught in commotion and fixed in everlasting repose. The touch of cultivation has never disturbed its bosom, yet is it a storehouse of varied wealth. The antiquary may ponder long, unsatisfied, over its gigantic mounds and rocky remains, the fisherman fill his creel from its waters, and countless sheep nibble the unfenced pasturage; but he whom it most delights is the pilgrim who fares along its ways, mindless of aught save shifting cloud beauties and the outlines of its billowing hills. What treasure-house of form and color can match the English sky? Taken at its sunniest, here arches no crystal vault of blue, but one diversified by an ever-changeable pageant made from sunlit feather-down and clouds the color of a dove's gray wing, — glorified, nevertheless, by sapphire intervals. Such a procession of airy loveliness awakens a wondrous sympathy in Dartmoor below. Over its tors sweep the shadows, chased by a light that turns the heather to rose, and transforms the coarse grass to a fabric of warm yellow. One hollow lies scowling in darkness; and lo! beside it a hill smiles, and then laughs outright under a golden shaft of sun.

My own course over the moor led from the little village of Chagford to Tavistock, thence to seek Plymouth; and when I set foot in that historic town, I felt Kingsley's kindly grasp tighten upon my hand. "Come," he seemed to say; "here was set the tiny stage whereon great parts were played, as if only Olympus were auditor and judge. Come, and keep reverent silence; read, and remember!"

Plymouth is a town born for the perpetual flaunting of England's glory. It sits in well-defended pride, looking calmly over the waves which are Britannia's own, and saying in every line of wall and fortress, "Behold my impregnable strength!" Should you, on arriving there, confide to some inhabitant your desire for a pleasant walk, he will say, substantially, although not perhaps in the eccentric diction of one kindly woman, "Oh, the 'O, my lady, — you must go to the 'O!" Half a mile from the station brings one to this Hoe, or highest part of the esplanade and pleasure-grounds bordering the water, and themselves locked in a wonder of stone outworks and coping. Straight across the sound to the south runs the breakwater, binding the waves in such beneficent yet stony fetters that they lie tranquil and hospitable before the incoming mariner. Fourteen miles out stands the Eddystone Lighthouse, on the site of an earlier triumph of engineering, at whose firmness even its great projector, Smeaton, may have wondered, as, morning after morning, he climbed the Hoe, to exult as he found the tower still piercing the sunrise mists. The tale of the Eddystone Light has been one of varied tragedy. The first lighthouse erected there was washed away, and the second burned. Smeaton's stood the shock of wind and water for over a century, and then, having been removed on account of its insecure base, and replaced by the present structure, was set up on the green-carpeted Hoe, a perpetually honored pensioner. Companioned by it, and overlooking fortress and waves, stands, counterfeited in bronze, the hero of the deep, the scourge of Spain, Sir Francis Drake, about whose memory clings to-day a legendary glory, which, recited by old Devon dames at the hour when the thoughts of kid and old woman turn homeward, brings a parlous creeping along the spine even in such as are able to summon also that expression known

in the older novels as "a skeptical smile." Who can wonder, after reading Drake's exploits, that Spain held him to be no man, but devil? He had a soul perpetually drunken with belief in self and a passionate love of action; he was one of those who do, not the things they can, but what they will; and more than all, like Napoleon in his happier days, he had a star! His actual doings read like fairy tales; but better than them all do I love the folk-lore indicating his place in the common mind, that afterglow sure to depict a vanished sunset more faithfully than painter's brush or poet's pen. Was she not a prudent dame, the Spanish favorite who refused to join a water-party with Philip of Spain, even at the risk of offending her sovereign, because she feared "El Draque," that water dragon who, by force of his magic arts, might be anywhere at a moment's notice, — now in Europe, now in Prester John's dominions? It was he who brought water down into Plymouth from clear mountain sources, by the simple process of obtaining a grant from the queen, and the good will of certain influential persons through whose grounds it must run. But did such commonplace means suffice for the popular imagination? Not in the least. Sir Francis mounted his great black horse and rode up into Dartmoor. There he found a spring, by Sheep's Tor. He beckoned, it followed, and, as he galloped down into Plymouth town, the stream, a docile Jill, came tumbling after.

"And fine would have been the Diversion," says a worthy chronicler, "when the Water was brought somewhere near the Town, to have seen how the Mayor and his Brethren, in their Formalities, went out to meet it, and bid it welcome hither; and that being thus met, they all returned together, the Gentlemen of the Corporation accompanied with Sir Francis Drake, walked before, and the Stream followed after into the Town, where it has continued to do ever since."

Though some give Sir Francis the

mere credit of taking a contract for the waterworks, which had been previously planned by others, he is never forgotten in his capacity of Plymouth's cup-bearer. One loving custom of the town is its annual survey of the watercourse, amply described in a programme of the ceremony, dated July, 1891, — a bit of paper which, as it lies in the hand, sets one to dreaming of that heroic past with which it forms a solid link.

"At the Head Weir," says this quaint and delightful memorial, "the party being assembled, a Goblet filled with pure Water taken from the Weir by the Surveyor is handed by him to the Chairman of the Water Committee, who presents the same to the Mayor, and requests him to drink thereof, 'To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake,' and passing the Cup from one to the other each drinks and repeats the same words. Another Goblet, being filled with Wine, is then presented by the Chamberlain to the Mayor, who drinks to the Toast — 'May the Descendants of him who brought us Water never want Wine.' Passing the Cup as before."

Then followed "Ye Fyshinge Feast," provided with trout taken from the stream, and concluded by toasts to the royal family, the mayor, and water committee, and topped by one imperishable custom. For "before separating," says the programme, "'Ye Lovynge Cuppe' will be passed in pledge of 'Unity and Prosperity' to the Town of Plymouth." United may it stand, and as prosperous as if Sir Francis yet reigned, its living dictator!

The story of Drake's marital influence is well suited to his reputed temperament and generalship. His second wife was Elizabeth Sydenham, of Combe Sydenham, Somerset; and before leaving her in the temporary widowhood entailed by one of his voyages, he threatened her with dire consequences should her fealty waver. Months stretched on in a weary chain, and the lady, believing him to be

dead, reluctantly accepted another suitor. But just as they were setting forth to church, in the midst of a violent thunderstorm, a ball of iron, a foot in diameter, fell hot on the pavement and rolled between the astonished pair. As the impartial student of history will at once believe, the wronged husband had taken aim from the antipodes, and as usual hit his mark. "It is the token from Drake!" exclaimed the unwilling bride. "He is alive! I will not go to church." Nor did she, and Drake himself soon appeared to requite her readiness in taking a hint. Some, indeed, say that the incident occurred while the two were merely plighted lovers, but I tell the tale as 't was told to me within the Devonshire borders. Historians may be cheerfully allowed to have it otherwise, but even their dictum is far less to be desired than the warm if distorted memories of an auld wife's brain.

One bit of gossip the worshipers of Sir Francis would fain consign to the lists of fiction, though it is set down by sober John Prince in his *Worthies of Devon*. It seems that, like many a lesser soul, the admiral was at one time bitten by the fever of ancestry, and borrowed, to speak in mildness, a coat of arms belonging to Sir Bernard Drake, head of an elder branch of the name, from whose line his own descent could not be traced. Sir Bernard naturally resented the presence of this uninvited guest on his family tree, and one day, when the feud had waxed fiery hot, within the verge of the court he gave Sir Francis a box on the ear. Thereupon, Elizabeth, jealous for her favorite as only a woman can be, bestowed upon Sir Francis a vainglorious coat of arms, all his own, indicating symbolically his dominion over the world of waters, and at the same time cunningly flouting the elder line; for in the rigging of the ship adorning the crest was a vivern, copied from the crest of Sir Bernard, but ignominiously hung by the heels. Nevertheless, one is inclined to

think Sir Bernard had the best of the matter in his neat retort that "though her Majesty could give Sir Francis a nobler coat than his, she could not give him an antienter one."

Kingsley's vivid description of Plymouth as it was in 1588, when the Invincible Armada undertook the demolition of Protestant Christendom, is well rounded, in his portraiture of the men who were gathered in the town to await the arch enemy, by the picture of "a short, sturdy, plainly dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up with keen gray eyes into the face of each speaker. His cap is in his hands, so that you can see the bullet head of crisp, brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man, yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him, for his name is Francis Drake."

And there on Plymouth Hoe was he playing at bowls when a sailor hurriedly put in shore, to say that the enemy had been sighted. The English, from lord high admiral to common sailor, were tired of waiting. They had grown uneasy over conflicting rumors and Elizabeth's weathercock advance and withdrawal, and even the leaders sorely needed the solace of that match on the green. Yet when the great word broke upon the ear of Drake, what did he reply? That he would play out his game, since there would afterwards be time enough and to spare for beating the Spaniard. But who would attempt repeating the after story which many have told so well? Suffice it for us to recall the folk-version of the first scene in the grand drama, wherein the winds of heaven and the heroism of earth played antiphonal parts. When the Spanish fleet appeared,

say Plymouth dames, Sir Francis quietly called for a billet of wood and an axe. The stick he proceeded to chop into small pieces, which, as he threw them into the water, speedily became men-of-war; and these Devonian dragon's teeth (fraternal and beneficent, unlike the crop of old!) fell upon the enemy of Gloriana the Great, and straightway destroyed him.

At the right of the Hoe, a wilderness of greenery overlooking the sea, lies Mount Edgumbe, wisely selected by the leader of the Armada for his own share of the spoils. He had an eye for beauty, this Medina Sidonia; and even at this late day, with all our sympathies enlisted on the winning side, we can but feel "the pity of it" that even so insolent an invader should thus have "loved a dream," though we smile, perforce, over old Fuller's ironical remark that "the bear was not yet killed, and Medina Sidonia might have caught a great cold, had he no other clothes to wear than the skin thereof." It is easy to picture the delight with which the sea-wearied eyes of the Spanish mariners must have rested on this royal spot. Sheer above the dimpling water rise mountainous cliffs, crowned with a noble growth of trees, and carpeted with sweet under-
verdure. Mount Edgumbe Park, where the public is permitted to wander on specified days, is a miracle of beauty. Tracts of woodland alternate with garden beds rich in color. Laurel and holly reflect the day in their shining leaves, and a wondrous giant hypericum stars the ground with bloom. The great estate is traversed by broad walks and winding paths, apparently due not to design, but to the errant will of some wanderer; and now and again, in skirting the cliff, you may look down into the summer sea, over the greenly wooded Drake's Island in the harbor. At happy intervals are lodge and cottage, where you may order delectable tea and plum-cake for sixpence, or ham and eggs (the bulwark of England's greatness) for

another silver trifle. And if the sky, such of it as you can see through the treetops, smile upon you, and the typical sight-seer be not omnipresent, you will take the little boat again for Plymouth quay, after a dreamy half-day in the park, more alive than ever to England's beauty and Medina Sidonia's taste in real estate.

Were one to attempt a summary of Plymouth's notable days and names, one would find an American tourist's stay within its gates all too short for dwelling fitly upon associations of such magnitude. From that port set sail, in its golden days, an "infinite swarm of expeditions." Drake put forth from its harbor to circumnavigate the globe. Sir John Hawkins made it the initial point of his dark but masterful career. Sir Walter Raleigh's fleet set sail thence for the settlement of Virginia, and hither he returned, broken-hearted, from his last fatal expedition in quest of the golden city of Manoa. Sir Humphrey Gilbert went thence to Newfoundland, a voyage destined to stretch on into that other, infinite journey, illumined by the burning words, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." From Plymouth, also, embarked, in 1620, those pilgrims who had left Holland for a bleaker but more desired haven. Quaint and dry are the early chronicles of the town, denoting a race of tough fibre, fit associates for the mariners whose names do so burn and flash upon the page. These were men who stood no more upon ceremony than old "Frankie Drake," and who could give and take such missiles of dry humor as might at the present day be considered both dangerous and deadly in their effect on friendly intercourse. Some of the stories connected with the early mayors recall the candor once prevailing in the pit of the English theatres. Shipley, being meek by nature and deportment, was popularly called "Sheep-ley," and evidently took no offense thereat. Farcy, who would have the

world know that he was "gentleman born," struck the town clerk for not calling him "your Worship," and so was dubbed thereafter "Worshipful Farcy" by all the Plymouth *gamins*, perhaps even with the concurrence of their tough-hided fathers. Yogge, who was blamed for belittling his office by bearing his meat home from market, returned with sturdy good wit, "It's a poor horse that won't carry its own provender!" But of all the legends connected with these robust city fathers, none better illustrates their humor and bluntness of speech than a true tale of Mayor Dirnford, who, in 1455, in church "on his opening day," had a fit of apoplexy. No such slight incident, however, could really disturb his Worship. He came out of it with dignity, as from a recognized part of the services, and at dinner ate Michaelmas goose, saying grimly that the fit had given him an appetite.

Of the beauty and strength of Plymouth at the present day it would be difficult to say too much. It includes within its jurisdiction the sister towns of Stonehouse and Devonport, all three bearing the patent marks of military design and occupation. Look into the Catwater and Hamoaze, estuaries of the Plym and Tamar, twin rivers of Plymouth, and you shall find men-of-war and humble merchant vessels. Go to Devonport, and there you may seek the dockyards, enticingly open to such foreigners as are favored by the gods and the admiralty. Though the days have long passed when seafaring heroes trod the streets, Plymouth will disclose many a quaint corner to such as are patient as well as curious: witness, at least, the Barbican, where one who fears not sea slime and good-natured chaff may meet the fishing population at dawn; and also the eccentric auction which is distinguished by the falling of every bid. What lover of the past could be misled by a garnished exterior? Yet if there be one thus "fond and foolish," let him in

Plymouth seek out that square where so many stately buildings are congregated, and, ignoring their carven freshness, enter old St. Andrew's Church. For there were the people at service, three hundred years ago, when a salute told the news that Sir Francis Drake had returned from the seas which "were a prison for so large a spirit," and drew forth men, women, and children to meet the victorious hero.

Another bit of earth where the loyal heart beats at thought of Kingsley and olden days is Clovelly, jewel dropped in a cleft of the rock, happy human nest builded close by the sea. The approach to this oddest corner of creation, past vestiges of a Roman encampment, gives no hint of the beauties on which the eye is presently to feed. The coach stops, apparently in a gentleman's park devoted to utilitarian ends; and leaving care behind, in the shape of baggage, the traveler must thereupon take to his feet down a steep, rock-paved road, where all tourists fare alike, be they clad in frieze or gold. Suddenly, at a turn of the way, appears Clovelly Street, descending sharply in low, broad stairs laid with cobblestones. No carriage has ever profaned this stony staircase; only the tiny hoofs of donkeys go clattering up and down. Nedly patiently toils under sacks of coal (trying meanwhile, with gentle insistence, to "scrunch" the unwary traveler against the neighboring wall), or drags about sledges piled high with trunk and portmanteau, whose name here is legion. Flanking this declivitous way runs, on either side, a row of cottages, immaculate in whitewash, and adorned by fuchsia shrubs and geraniums. Halfway down stands the New Inn, its sign swinging across the street, — a little old-fashioned house, resplendent in old china, and kept in perpetual commotion by the influx of hungry excursionists, who come by boat and coach to flood the tiny village with admiring exclamations.

The quaintness of Clovelly is not all its charm ; it wears, too, that of a wondrous beauty and delight. Lying as it does in an earth-cleft stretching down to the sea, it is fostered and overlooked by towering wooded cliffs, and, secure in humble contentment and sweetness of life, seems nowise inferior in merit to such natural pomp and magnificence. The little street wanders, in its progress to the water ; once, perhaps twice, it boldly marches through the walls of a house (itself spanned by an archway above), and then, after threading strange nooks and corners, where fishy smells mingle with the smoke which is Clovelly's natural breath, ends at the little harbor, — that harbor where, as Kingsley says, in the season of herring fishing, so many boats set forth with song and prayer, some never to return. One scene, he tells us, would come upon him again and again : of “ the old bay darkened with the gray coldness of the waterspouts stalking across the waves before the northern gales ; and the tiny herring boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling wastes of spray behind them ; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone the dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fullness of strength and courage.”

Kingsley's father was rector of Clovelly during six of those years when the sensitive lad must have been very delicately responsive to new impressions. Under the mysterious spell of sea and cliff, he conned the pages of England's naval history, learning it, as one might say, through the heart rather than the mind ; for here did he catch the spirit of

those men who made it glow and burn. From Devon air, her sunshine, waves, and rocks, rather than Hakluyt's Chronicles, was born his fiery sympathy with that heroic race who peopled the deep three hundred years ago. “ Now,” said he to his wife, on her first visit to Clovelly, “ now that you have seen the dear old paradise, you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you.” His very spirit permeates the place ; his name is there a household word.

“ Did you know Mr. Kingsley ? ” I asked a woman, beautiful with health, and bearing the dignity of a sturdy character, the wife of a “ master mariner,” to whom a humble stone was erected in Clovelly churchyard. Evidently, that manner of speech was too familiar as concerned a beneficent household deity. “ We all saw him very often,” she said, with gravity. “ As soon as he came on his visits, he was in and out of every house, as welcome as a bit of sunlight on a wet day, and asking how was this one, and how was that, and had the lads got home from sea ? Ah, we loved Mr. Kingsley ! ”

His happiest vacations were spent here, sometimes as a guest at Clovelly Court, and again in lodgings in a fuchsia-decked house on Clovelly Street. Thence he sailed to Lundy, or wherever a fisherman's lot might lead him, delighting his keen eyes and reverent soul with God's wonders dredged up from the deep. “ I cannot believe my eyes,” was his home-satisfied cry, on settling into a welcoming nest. “ The same place, the pavement, the dear old smells, the dear old handsome faces again ! ”

The people who fill the picturesque village houses are of a noble and dignified type. Clovelly women are tall and shapely, the men bear in face and carriage unmistakable marks of thought and feeling, and the children are marvels of dark-eyed beauty. With such simplicity and directness does the body seem to give expression to the soul that one may

read here, in face and demeanor, the story of a fine and striving race. Life to these men is little more or less than a daily struggle with the treacherous sea. So constantly are they brought face to face with danger that minor griefs are no longer present to remembrance, and the desire of eternal life has become all in all. Such men were their dead-and-gone ancestors, who fought the Armada, and went, "grim or jocund," in quest of the "golden South Americas;" such, in endurance and rigid purpose, was Salvation Yeo, of Westward Ho! who was born in Clovelly Street, in the year 1526, where his "father exercised the mystery of a barber surgeon and a preacher of the people since called Anabaptists." One noticeable circumstance, strange and pregnant, is that Clovelly has no young men. They are all at sea, serving their apprenticeship, to come home for the innocent kisses of a dozen joyous women waiting on the quay, or to furnish new cause for the old ache, throbbing for the wanderer who may not return.

Clovelly may be approached through the Hobby Drive, a way of marvelous beauty skirting the top of the cliff, guarded by towering trees, and bordered with a lush undergrowth of ferns. From time to time in his course, the traveler will come upon a natural window in the leafy walls, an airy space, whence he may overlook the blue sea, seek Lundy's outline, severely simple, and in the distance the shadowy coast of Wales; and finally shall he receive the crowning vision of Clovelly herself, far below his eyrie, nestling in her flowery gorge, and drowsily indifferent to sea or wind. This road, a veritable fairy progress, belongs to Clovelly Court, where, in the sixteenth century, lived the Carys, one of whom figures so prominently among Kingsley's giants of action. They held it till the eighteenth century, when their branch of the family died out. And where now shall we seek a trace of the gallant Will who was

one of that noble Brotherhood of the Rose, founded by Frank Leigh, worthy favorite of the Virgin Queen? Only Kingsley can rehearse his mimic history, though, if the trace of one of his forbears be cheering to the eye, the traveler may climb the height to the little church, to find a Cary's name in enduring brass. Another point of pilgrimage on the estate is Gallantry Bower, a steep cliff rising four hundred feet out of the sea, and commanding Hartland Point, Bideford Bay, and, stretching ever outward like a weird finger, Morte Point, where so many ships have gone down,—barren and dreadful Morte, which of all places on earth "God made last, and the devil will take first." Gallantry Bower, as Amyas says, is so named when one is on land, though you "always call it White Cliff when you see it from the seaboard." It has its appropriate legend, for here, in a lonely tower, lived the fair lady of a Norman lord. She had a fine vantage point for surveying the world around, this victim of soft durance! Peace to her dust,—peace equal in measure to the skyful of beauty whereon she daily looked!

To go into lodgings at Clovelly is to invite a possibility of becoming soon interknit with the life of its kindly people. In an angle of the stairlike street, almost overhanging the quay, stands a bench serving as council ground for the village fathers. There, usually at twilight, when the boats have come in and nets are drying, sits a row of grizzled mariners discussing the state—of the world, think you? Nay, of the universe itself. One bit of quaint philosophy, overheard during such a twilight symposium, has lingered in my ears, to sweeten many a tough morsel of experience. "Well," said one of these weatherworn sea-dogs, in the tone of those who have drawn their own conclusions from the inexplicable drama called Life, "human nature's looking up a bit; that's the only comfort." And is human nature

looking up even a bit, Clovelly sailor, more familiar with the deep than with human countenance, and unpolluted with the grime of great cities? It may be so, for out of the lips of men unspotted from the world come often truths more crystalline than those of science or statistics. In the village is sold a photograph of Clovelly mariners, and one face, a humorous, droll physiognomy, at once strikes the attention. "And who is this?" I asked the sympathetic dealer. "Oh, that is poor old Captain Folly," said she, with a tear in her voice. "He died, the other day. You must have been here." Yes, we were there in our lodgings at the head of the street, when Captain Folly was borne past by his brother mariners in their Sunday best; wearing also the becoming gravity of those who think gently and seriously of death, not during the one hour when it disturbs them at their avocations, but as children recognize the night as the inevitable foil of day. A solemn hymn was sung, strong voices sustaining its burden, and up the street to the little church was carried the old man whose journey was finished, and who slept, wrapped in honor and full of days, beneath the flag spread reverently upon his coffin.

Midway down the street stands — or stood — another old man, whose race is not soon to be run, judging from his apparent ability to keep feebleness and sorrow at bay. He is crippled, and waits at the domestic receipt of custom, ready to retail village gossip, and readier still to dispose, in a very self-respecting manner, of the forthcoming shilling or sixpence. He is a trifle more cynical than many of his brother mariners, this aged man, the daily implication of whose life is, "A penny, if you please," yet he furnishes savor and spice in a godly community.

But in order to find one's self actually near the heart of this simple folk, it is the part of the reflective traveler to attend chapel on Sunday, and not the

church. Such a service, once sought out and followed, is never to be forgotten. A rough hall in an obscure corner jutting from the street, bare and uninteresting as the old country schoolhouse, is filled with worshippers, who at entrance and departure make a mighty clattering on the uncarpeted floor, and whose heart of religious love raises their hymn-singing to a resounding if strident chorus. What lover of human expression would not study reverently the faces in that lowly chapel? Every eye fixed upon the preacher, — a man who had somewhat to say, a sermon full of hard and loving common sense, — their earnestness bespoke sheep worthy the guidance of a faithful shepherd; not such as feed in grassy vales, but accustomed to stony ways and mountain fastnesses, to storm and night. One old man, whose every look and gesture was of the sea, emphasized the prayers, from point to point, with sonorous "amens." His soul drank of the waters of life, said the recurrent response, and this was his thanksgiving.

Eleven miles from Clovelly lies Lundy, from the southeast edge of which rises the Shutter Rock, terrible dramatic centre of the tragedy so marvelously described in Westward Ho! when, at the end of Amyas Leigh's sixteen days' chase of the Spaniard, the wind a destroying angel, and lightnings and thunder the messengers of an avenging heaven, Don Guzman's ship was cast upon the rocks. What traveler so painstaking as to seek out Lundy will not remember at the south that cliff overhanging the shoreless cove and deep, dark sea, where blind Amyas sat and drank in his vision of the Spanish galleon, and her men "all lying round her, asleep until the judgment day"?

"Don Guzman he never heeded, but sat still and drank his wine. Then he took a locket from his bosom; and I heard him speak, Will, and he said, 'Here's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her, Señors all.' Then

he spoke to me, Will, and called me, right up through the oar-weed and the sea: 'We have had a fair quarrel, Señor, and it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me, so your honor takes no stain.' And I answered, 'We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, and not we.' Then he said, 'I have sinned, and I am punished.' And I said, 'And, Señor, so am I.' Then he held out his hand to me, Cary, and I stooped to take it, and I woke."

Lundy, in the days before steam had rendered traveling "as easy as lying," was so inaccessible as to provoke the remark that the difficulty of getting there was exceeded only by the difficulty of getting away. Indeed, it is said that the clergymen of five or six coast parishes once made an excursion thither, and were detained on the island over two Sundays, to the exceeding dismay of their waiting congregations, — an enforced season of retirement which, it is hoped, the reverend gentlemen employed for the good of their souls. The island is one of that brood of earth pygmies born to mightiness of garb and history. Its granite and slate defenses present an impregnable front to the Atlantic, and surging currents rage about it with a strength and fury to be surpassed only at Land's End. But once within its rocky gates, more smiling beauties greet the eye, for its vegetation is rich in that coloring which is the benison of sea air. Here heather and furze glow in rose and gold, the royal foxglove stands stately tall, and sedum blesses the earth with bloom. Lundy has had a checkered history, ever painted in gloomy and glaring hues. It can boast remains of a primeval population, in flint and pottery, but few will care to trace its history further than the day of Sir Jordan de Moresco, its earliest recorded lord, who, in the reign of Henry II., lived there a turbulent and piratical life, undaunted by king or peer, though his bit of land was

declared forfeit to the crown. Of good old stuff were the Morescos, and they fought a valiant fight against law and order until 1242, when William of that name was seized and hanged in London town. Thereafter, Lundy became a favorite resort for pirates, and was captured in turn by French, Spanish, and even Turkish privateers. Seek its pages to-day, and you will read the tamer sequel to so bold a story: a few houses cluster at the landing-cove, a lighthouse crowns the plateau above; the scene is one of quietude, broken only by the turmoil of nature. On the upper plain lie also the ruins of an ancient fortress known as Moresco's Castle, forever tainted by the blot of having sheltered a dastardly refugee, Sir Lewis Stukely, Vice-Admiral of Devonshire, and kinsman of Sir Walter Raleigh, who through his means came to the headsman's block. By this Judas-like deed, Stukely earned the royal favor, but irretrievably lost that of his peers; and being vigorously insulted by old Lord Howard of Effingham, he ran whining to James and made complaint. "What should I do with him?" queried James. "Hang him? On my sawl, mon, if I hung all that spoke ill of thee, all the trees in the island were too few!" But Stukely was to learn that treachery to a friend and defection from a royal master are two different offenses; for when, within a year, he was caught debasing the coin of the realm, there was nothing for it but flight before the winds of wrath. Into Devonshire, hot-foot, he hurried, and there he was resolutely boycotted; his own denied him, and the common people would give him "neither fire nor water." Again was he swept on by fate and furies to Lundy, and, seeking refuge in the old Moresco Castle, died there, "cursing God and man."

Not far from Clovelly lies Portledge, now the seat of the Pine-Coffins, and in Amyas Leigh's time the residence of that Will Coffin who made one among

the lovers of Rose Salterne. The most prominent member of the old Coffin family figures boldly among Prince's Worthies of Devon, and his life presents a pretty bit of incident which could scarcely be told more vividly than in Prince's own diction, quaint and clear. This Sir William Coffin married, in the reign of Henry VIII., Lady Mannors of Derbyshire; "and residing, as is likely with her on her Dowry in those Parts, he was chosen Knight of that Shire in the Parliament which began A. 21 K. Henry VIII., 1529: In his way to which, there happened a remarkable Accident, not unworthy the relating, especially for the good Law it occasioned: Passing by a Church-yard, he saw a multitude of People standing Idle; he enquired into the Cause thereof: Who reply'd, They had brought a Corse thither to be buried; but the Priest refused to do his Office unless they first delivered him the Poor Man's Cow, the only Quick goods he left, for a Mortuary. Sir William sent for the Priest, and required him to do his Office to the Dead: Who peremptorily refused it, unless he had his Mortuary first. Whereupon he caused the Priest to be put into the poor Man's Grave, and Earth to be thrown in upon him; and he still persisting in his Refusal, there was still more earth thrown in, until the obstinate Priest was either altogether or well-nigh suffocated." This little drama led to an act of Parliament absolutely fixing the amount of mortuaries, and specifying the place of payment, so that no poor man was thereafter likely to be denied his last rites and resting-place. "All which," as Prince begs us to "make a note of," "Confirms the Observation, That Evil Manners are often the Parent of Good Laws."

It were a pert and presumptuous pen which would attempt a description of Bideford after Kingsley has ticketed it with missal script, and laid it away for all time, in library records, as "the little

white town . . . which slopes upwards from its broad tide-river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt-marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell." But the traveler who arrives there with the beginning of Westward Ho! warm in the memory will recall that, in the year 1575, Amyas Leigh, wandering home from school along the quay, by the taverns that lined the High Street, met there two men telling strange tales of the gold and gems of the New World, and the marvelous adventures attendant on their quest. These were Mr. John Oxenham, of whose family Devonshire traditions contain curious mention, and Salvation Yeo. That the latter was a true Devonshire name "the bricks are alive to this day to testify;" for in Bideford town I saw it, not many months ago, on a prosaic and humble signboard. But though syllables may defy the lapse of time, the ancient taverns are gone, and the High Street is a busy course of trade. Even the old church, where Amyas and his brother mariners gave thanks after their wonderful voyage with Drake, has given place to a new one. Only the muddy Torridge flows daily in and out, alternating in yellow flats and dimpling water, and Bideford bridge stands proud and firm in the very outlines it wore when the lad Amyas begged of Salvation Yeo his carven horn. So old is this historic bridge that no man knoweth the date of its building. The most ancient ex-

isting seal of Bideford borough, dating from the fourteenth century, bears its portrait; therefore must it have been alive and in good and honorable standing at that day. Its origin, like that of all truly self-respecting structures in Great Britain, is supernatural. It is recorded that the river was long ago crossed by a ford so dangerous that no stones could be laid there with any hope of permanence. Finally, however, the parish priest was told in a dream that a stone had been moved to a desirable spot in the stream, and there should the bridge be built. So this holy medium of communication 'twixt Heaven and Bideford, Sir Richard Gomard, or Gurney, revealed his vision to the bishop, who was pleased to "send forth indulgences and licenses" in order to enlist the good offices of his flock. They, obedient souls, gave abundantly, each according to his means. Many contributed money; the rich gave lands and the labor of their workmen, and the poor cheerfully offered the work of their hands, some for a week, and others, more prosperous or more zealous, for a month. That the succeeding bishops had the bridge's welfare in mind is indicated by the fact that announcement was made not only from the cathedral church of Exeter, but throughout the diocese of Devonshire and Cornwall, that those who would promote and encourage this work "should participate in all spiritual blessings forever." No wonder that the bridge became so rich as to hold its head high, and bear itself with the dignity of a landed proprietor, becoming, first and last, "an inspired bridge, a soul-saving bridge, an alms-giving bridge, an educational bridge, a sentient bridge, and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge."

It was to the Grenvilles that Bideford owed its early prosperity. The first Grenville of Bideford was a cousin of the Conqueror; but the bright star of that heroic family remains Sir Richard, whose prowess is sung by every chanter

of Devon's fame, and who departed this life in a swiftly-traced but ever-during track of glory. For in the *Revenge*, off Flores, with a hundred and twenty men, he fought the Spanish fleet of fifty sail and ten thousand men, from three in the afternoon till daybreak next morning. But when, in that fury of battle, more than a thousand of the enemy were slain, while the *Revenge* lost but forty, when his boat was riddled through and through, and he himself was wounded, he would fain have blown up the vessel, and was forced to surrender only through want of ammunition. Three days after, he died of his wounds, saying in Spanish, that his captors might understand and know themselves defied to the last, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country and his queen, for honor and religion."

Such was Richard Grenville, who walks through Westward Ho! and the pages of less poetic history "a wise and gallant gentleman, lovely to all good men, awful to all bad men: in whose presence none dare say or do a mean or a ribald thing; whom brave men left, feeling themselves nerved to do their duty better, while cowards slipped away, as bats and owls before the sun." Well is he remembered as "the great Sir Richard, the pride of North Devon."

Kingsley's authority has been questioned for making Bideford one of England's chief ports in the sixteenth century, though its halcyon days, beginning under Elizabeth, rapidly brightened, until its commerce with America and Newfoundland became exceeding great. French and Spanish privateers found Bideford ships such rich booty that they seized them in the very offing of the Taw and Torridge, and ironically named the spot "Golden Bay." But such flourishing of commerce is a thing of the past, for now the shipping trade of the Torridge is conducted mainly at the

neighboring town of Appledore. Burrough, in Northam, where Kingsley fixed the home of Amyas Leigh, has been for centuries the seat of a family of the name of Leigh, two of whom were seafaring men, and one, in Elizabeth's time, "Chief Pilot of England." A member of a luckless expedition to the Arctic seas in the sixteenth century, he daringly continued his voyage, even though a companion ship was separated from him by wind and weather. On he sailed into the north, the region of perpetual night, and, most undaunted of pioneers, entered the White Sea, naming the North Cape by the way. Again, in an insignificant vessel, with a tiny crew, he sailed triumphantly to a point within the Kara Sea "beyond which," says Prince, "no navigator went until our own day." Truly, Amyas, the giant, came of a goodly race, and one whose traditions bound him to heroic deeds.

Near the mouth of the Torridge lies a delightfully clean little town, a seaside resort of some pretension. This is Westward Ho, born of the great book which yearly peoples the region with visitors. Though the town is modern, even amazingly so among such surroundings, its near neighbor is as old as — what? Let geology tell us. I had almost said, in the ignorant enthusiasm of the unscientific pilgrim, "as old as Adam." This neighbor is the Pebble Ridge, whose moaning told poor Mrs. Leigh, three miles away in Bideford town, that the sea and winds were rapidly rising, and that her boy, on his way to Ireland, would not sleep that night. The Ridge is simply a wide beach heaped with pebbles, the smallest larger than the fist, and on the day of my pilgrimage lying at rest beside a calm sea and under a smiling sky. But it is easily to be guessed that when the demons of air and water strive together, these missiles of the deep,

wet with ocean spume, are cast mightily upon one another, until they rattle like the fetters of giants captive. Behind them lie Northam Burrows, broad, smiling expanses clothed with coarse grass, and delightful to the British golfer, who there amuses himself as religiously as the Armada captains played at skittles on the Hoe. Is it beyond possibility that, in our own "empty day," some game of golf may be historic?

When and where shall the pilgrim content himself? Shall he follow the uttermost traces of those he would fain have known, and, knowing, would have revered, even when the present fails to copy fair the past? If he elect to do so, then may he seek Freshwater at Clovelly, where "Irish ffoxes came out of rocks," to lose his brush of self-sufficiency, despoiled by giant Amyas; yet here he will find but slender trickling of the stream of clear water, and slight reminder, in the peaceful scene, of such shy quarry. He may religiously visit Marsland Mouth, where lived Lucy Passmore, the "white witch," to find it a Devonshire combe, full of every-day contentment; or he may traverse Dartmoor, and put the finger of fancy on the very spot where Salvation Yeo slew the king of the Gubbings. Time and enthusiasm must direct him, but he can scarcely be disappointed in any Devonian quest, even where he looks for castle or hovel, and finds not one stone left upon another; for always and everywhere are the changeful sky, warm cliffs, and smiling or tempestuous sea; everywhere his hope will be set in the gold of trefoil or the rose of heather. Devonshire herself has not waxed old nor faded, and in holding her warm hand and gazing into her true eyes he may comfort himself with the certainty that even so was she in those yesterdays made for the building of great epics.

Alice Brown.

THE BEAUPORT LOUP-GAROU.

OCTOBER dusk was bleak on the St. Lawrence, an east wind feeling along the river's surface and rocking the vessels of Sir William Phips on tawny rollers. It was the second night that his fleet sat there inactive. During that day a small ship had approached Beauport landing; but it stuck fast in the mud and became a mark for gathering Canadians until the tide rose and floated it off. At this hour all the habitants about Beauport except one, and even the Huron Indians of Lorette, were safe inside the fort walls. Cattle were driven and sheltered inland. Not a child's voice could be heard in the parish of Beauport, and not a woman's face looked through windows fronting the road leading up toward Montmorenci. Juchereau de Saint-Denis, the seignior of Beauport, had taken his tenants with him as soon as the New England invaders pushed into Quebec Basin. Only one man of the muster hid himself and stayed behind, and he was too old for military service. His seignior might lament him, but there was no woman to do so. Gaspard had not stepped off his farm for years. The priest visited him there, humoring a bent which seemed as inelastic as a vow. He had not seen the ceremonial of high mass in the cathedral of Upper Town since he was a young man.

Gaspard's farm was fifteen feet wide and a mile long. It was one of several strips lying between the St. Charles River and those heights east of Beauport which rise to Montmorenci Falls. He had his front on the greater stream, and his inland boundary among woods skirting the mountain. He raised his food and the tobacco he smoked, and braided his summer hats of straw and knitted his winter caps of wool. One suit of well-filled woolen clothes should have lasted a habitant a lifetime. But Gaspard had been unlucky.

He lost all his family by smallpox, and the priest made him burn his clothes, and ruinously fit himself with new. There was no use in putting savings in the stocking any longer, however; the children were gone. He could only buy masses for them. He lived alone, the neighbors taking that loving interest in him which French Canadians bestow on one another.

More than once Gaspard thought he would leave his farm and go into the world. When Frontenac returned to take the paralyzed province in hand, and fight Iroquois, and repair the mistakes of the last governor, Gaspard put on his best moccasins and the red tasseled sash he wore only at Christmas. "Gaspard is going to the fort," ran along the whole row of Beauport houses. His neighbors waited for him. They all carried their guns and powder for the purpose of firing salutes to Frontenac. It was a grand day. But when Gaspard stepped out with the rest, his countenance fell. He could not tell what ailed him. His friends coaxed and pulled him; they gave him a little brandy. He sat down, and they were obliged to leave him, or miss the cannonading and fireworks themselves. From his own river front Gaspard saw the old lion's ship come to port, and, in unformed sentences, he reasoned then that a man need not leave his place to take part in the world.

Frontenac had not been back a month, and here was the New England colony of Massachusetts swarming against New France. "They may carry me away from my hearth feet first," thought Gaspard, "but I am not to be scared away from it."

Every night, before putting the bar across his door, the old habitant went out to survey the two ends of the earth typified by the road crossing his strip

of farm. These were usually good moments for him. He did not groan, as at dawn, that there were no children to relieve him of labor. A noble landscape lifted on either hand from the hollow of Beauport. The ascending road went on to the little chapel of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, which for thirty years had been considered a shrine in New France. The left hand road forded the St. Charles and climbed the long slope to Quebec rock.

Gaspard loved the sounds which made home so satisfying at autumn dusk. Faint and far off he thought he could hear the lowing of his cow and calf. To remember they were exiled gave him the pang of the unusual. He was just chilled through, and therefore as ready for his own hearth as a long journey could have made him, when a gray thing loped past in the flinty dust, showing him sudden awful eyes and tongue of red fire.

Gaspard clapped the house door to behind him and put up the bar. He was not afraid of Phips and the fleet, of battle or night attack, but the terror which walked in the darkness of sorcerers' times abjectly bowed his old legs.

"O good Ste. Anne, pray for us!" he whispered, using an invocation familiar to his lips. "If loup-garous are abroad, also, what is to become of this unhappy land?"

There was a rattling knock on his door. It might be made by the hilt of a sword; or did a loup-garou ever clatter paw against man's dwelling? Gaspard climbed on his bed.

"Father Gaspard! Father Gaspard! Are you within?"

"Who is there?"

"Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène. Don't you know my voice?"

"My master Sainte-Hélène, are you alone?"

"Quite alone, except for my horse tied to your apple-tree. Let me in."

The command was not to be slighted. Gaspard got down and admitted his visitor. More than once had Sainte-

Hélène come to this hearth. He appreciated the large fire, and sat down on a chair with heavy legs which were joined by bars resting on the floor.

"My hands tingle. The dust on these flint roads is cold."

"But Monsieur Sainte-Hélène never walked with his hands in the dust," protested Gaspard. The erect figure, bright with all the military finery of that period, checked even his superstition by imposing another kind of awe.

"The New England men expect to make us bite it yet," responded Sainte-Hélène. "Saint-Denis is anxious about you, old man. Why don't you go to the fort?"

"I will go to-morrow," promised Gaspard, relaxing sheepishly from terror. "These New Englanders have not yet landed, and one's own bed is very comfortable in the cool nights."

"I am used to sleeping anywhere."

"Yes, monsieur, for you are young."

"It would make you young again, Gaspard, to see Count Frontenac. I wish all New France had seen him yesterday when he defied Phips and sent the envoy back to the fleet. The officer was sweating; our mischievous fellows had blinded him at the water's edge, and dragged him, to the damage of his shins, over all the barricades of Mountain Street. He took breath and courage when they turned him loose before the governor, — though the sight of Frontenac startled him, — and handed over the letter of his commandant requiring the surrender of Quebec."

"My faith, Monsieur Sainte-Hélène, did the governor blow him out of the room?"

"The man offered his open watch, demanding an answer within the hour. The governor said, 'I do not need so much time. Go back at once to your master and tell him I will answer this insolent message by the mouths of my cannon.'"

"By all the saints, that was a good word!" swore Gaspard, slapping his

knee with his wool cap. "Neither the Iroquois nor the Bostonnais will run over us, now that the old governor is back. You heard him say it, monsieur?"

"I heard him, yes; for all his officers stood by. La Hontan was there, too, and that pet of La Hontan's, Baron de Saint-Castin's half-breed son, of Pentegoet."

The martial note in the officer's voice sunk to contempt. Gaspard was diverted from the governor to recognize, with the speechless perception of an untrained mind, that jealousy which men established in the world have of very young men. The male instinct of predominance is fierce even in saints. Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène, though of the purest stock in New France, had no prejudice against a half-breed.

"How is Mademoiselle Clementine?" inquired Gaspard, arriving at the question in natural sequence. "You will see her oftener now than when you had to ride from the fort."

The veins looked black in his visitor's face. "Ask the little Saint-Castin. Boys stand under windows and talk to women now. Men have to be reconnoitring the enemy."

"Monsieur Anselm de Saint-Castin is the son of a good fighter," observed Gaspard. "It is said the New England men hate his very name."

"Anselm de Saint-Castin is barely eighteen years old."

"It is the age of Mademoiselle Clementine."

The old habitant drew his three-legged stool to the hearth corner, and took the liberty of sitting down as the talk was prolonged. He noticed the leaden color which comes of extreme weariness and depression dulling Sainte-Hélène's usually dark and rosy skin. Gaspard had heard that this young man was quickest afoot, readiest with his weapon, most untiring in the dance, and keenest for adventure of all the eight brothers in his noble family. He had done the French arms credit in the expedition to

Hudson Bay and many another brush with their enemies. The fire was burning high and clear, lighting rafters and their curious brown tassels of smoked meat, and making the crucifix over the bed shine out the whitest spot in a smoke-stained room.

"Father Gaspard," inquired Sainte-Hélène suddenly, "did you ever hear of such a thing as a loup-garou?"

The old habitant felt terror returning with cold feet up his back, and crowding its blackness upon him through the windows. Yet as he rolled his eyes at the questioner he felt piqued at such ignorance of his natural claims.

"Was I not born on the island of Orleans, monsieur?"

Everybody knew that the island of Orleans had been from the time of its discovery the abode of loups-garous, sorcerers, and all those uncanny cattle that run in the twilights of the world. The western point of its wooded ridge, which parts the St. Lawrence for twenty-two miles, from Beauport to Beaupré, lay opposite Gaspard's door.

"Oh, you were born on the island of Orleans?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered Gaspard, with the pride we take in distinction of any kind.

"But you came to live in Beauport parish."

"Does a goat turn to a pig, monsieur, because you carry it to the north shore?"

"Perhaps so: everything changes."

Sainte-Hélène leaned forward, resting his arms on the arms of the chair. He wrinkled his eyelids around central points of fire.

"What is a loup-garou?"

"Does monsieur not know? Monsieur Sainte-Hélène surely knows that a loup-garou is a man-wolf."

"A man-wolf," mused the soldier.

"But when a person is so afflicted, is he a man or is he a wolf?"

"It is not an affliction, monsieur; it is sorcery."

"I think you are right. Then the wretched man-wolf is past being prayed for?"

"If one should repent" —

"I don't repent anything," returned Sainte-Hélène; and Gaspard's jaw relaxed, and he had the feeling of pin-feathers in his hair. "Is he a man or is he a wolf?" repeated the questioner.

"The loup-garou is a man, but he takes the form of a wolf."

"Not all the time?"

"No, monsieur, not all the time."

"Of course not."

Gaspard experienced with us all this paradox: that the older we grow, the more visible becomes the unseen. In childhood the external senses are sharp; but maturity fuses flesh and spirit. He wished for a priest, desiring to feel the arm of the Church around him. It was late October, — a time which might be called the yearly Sabbath of loup-garous.

"And what must a loup-garou do with himself?" pursued Sainte-Hélène. "I should take to the woods, and sit and lick my chaps, and bless my hide that I was for the time no longer a man."

"Saints! monsieur, he goes on a chase. He runs with his tongue lolled out, and his eyes red as blood."

"What color are my eyes, Gaspard?"

The old Frenchman sputtered, "Monsieur, they are very black."

Sainte-Hélène drew his hand across them.

"It must be your firelight that is so red. I have been seeing as through a glass of claret ever since I came in."

Gaspard moved further into the corner, the stool legs scraping the floor. Though every hair on his body crawled with superstition, he could not suspect Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène. Yet the familiar face altered strangely while he looked at it: the nose sunk with sudden emaciation, and the jaws lengthened to a gaunt muzzle. There was a crouching forward of the shoulders, as if the man

were about to drop on his hands and feet. Gaspard had once fallen down unconscious in haying time; and this recalled to him the breaking up and shimmering apart of a solid landscape. The deep cleft mouth parted, lifting first at the corners and showing teeth, then widening to the utterance of a low howl.

Gaspard tumbled over the stool, and, seizing it by a leg, held it between himself and Sainte-Hélène.

"What is the matter, Gaspard?" exclaimed the officer, clattering his scabbard against the chair as he rose, his lace and plumes and ribbons stirring anew. Many a woman in the province had not as fine and sensitive a face as the one confronting the old habitant.

Gaspard stood back against the wall, holding the stool with its legs bristling towards Sainte-Hélène. He shook from head to foot.

"Have I done anything to frighten you? What is the matter with me, Gaspard, that people should treat me as they do? It is unbearable! I take the hardest work, the most dangerous posts; and they are against me — against me."

The soldier lifted his clenched fists, and turned his back on the old man. The fire showed every curve of his magnificent stature. Wind, diving into the chimney, strove against the sides for freedom, and startled the silence with its hollow rumble.

"I forded the St. Charles when the tide was rising, to take you back with me to the fort. I see you dread the New Englanders less than you do me. She told her father she feared you were ill. But every one is well," said Sainte-Hélène, lowering his arms and making for the door. And it sounded like an accusation against the world.

He was scarcely outside in the wind, though still holding the door, when Gaspard was ready to put up the bar.

"Good-night, old man."

"Good-night, monsieur, good-night, good-night!" called Gaspard, with qua-

vering dispatch. He pushed the door, but Sainte-Hélène looked around its edge. Again the officer's face had changed, pinched by the wind, and his eyes were full of mocking laughter.

"I will say this for a loup-garou, Father Gaspard: a loup-garou may have a harder time in this world than the other beasts, but he is no coward; he can make a good death."

Ashes spun out over the floor, and smoke rolled up around the joists, as Sainte-Hélène shut himself into the darkness. Not satisfied with barring the door, the old habitant pushed his chest against it. To this he added the chair and stool, and barricaded it further with his night's supply of firewood.

"Would I go over the ford of the St. Charles with him?" Gaspard hoarsely whispered as he crossed himself. "If the New England men were burning my house, I would not go. And how can a loup-garou get over that water? The St. Charles is blessed; I am certain it is blessed. Yet he talked about fording it like any Christian."

The old habitant was not clear in his mind what should be done, except that it was no business of his to meddle with one of Frontenac's great officers and a noble of New France. But as a measure of safety for himself he took down his bottle of holy water, hanging on the wall for emergencies, and sprinkled every part of his dwelling.

Next morning, however, when the misty autumn light was on the hills, promising a clear day and penetrating sunshine, as soon as he awoke he felt ashamed of the barricade, and climbed out of bed to remove it.

"The time has at last come when I am obliged to go to the fort," thought Gaspard, groaning. "Governor Frontenac will not permit any sorcery in his presence. The New England men might do me no harm, but I cannot again face a loup-garou."

He dressed himself accordingly, and,

taking his gathered coin from its hiding-place, wrapped every piece separately in a bit of rag, slid it into his deep pocket, and sewed the pocket up. Then he cut off enough bacon to toast on the raked-out coals for his breakfast, and hid the rest under the floor. There was no fastening on the outside of Gaspard's house. He was obliged to latch the door, and leave it at the mercy of the enemy.

Nothing was stirring in the frosted world. He could not yet see the citadel clearly, or the heights of Levis; but the ascent to Montmorenci bristled with naked trees, and in the stillness he could hear the roar of the falls. Gaspard ambled along his belt of ground to take a last look. It was like a patchwork quilt: a square of wheat stubble showed here, and a few yards of brown prostrate peavines showed there; his hayfield was less than a stone's throw long; and his garden beds, in triangles and sections of all shapes, filled the interstices of more ambitious crops.

He had nearly reached the limit of the farm, and entered his neck of woods, when the breathing of a cow trying to nip some comfort from the frosty sod delighted his ear. The pretty milker was there, with her calf at her side. Gaspard stroked and patted them. Though the New Englanders should seize them for beef, he could not regret they were wending home again. That invisible cord binding him to his own place, which had wrenched his vitals as it stretched, now drew him back like fate. He worked several hours to make his truants a concealing corral of hay and stakes and straw and stumps, at a place where a hill spring threaded across his land, and then returned between his own boundaries to the house again.

The homesick zest of one who has traveled made his lips and unshaven chin protrude, as he smelled the good interior. There was the wooden crane. There was his wife's old wheel. There was the sacred row of children's snow-

shoes, which the priest had spared from burning. One really had to leave home to find out what home was.

But a great hubbub was beginning in Phips's fleet. Fifes were screaming, drums were beating, and shouts were lifted and answered by hearty voices. After their long deliberation, the New Englanders had agreed upon some plan of attack. Gaspard went down to his landing, and watched boatload follow boatload, until the river was swarming with little craft pulling directly for Beauport. He looked uneasily toward Quebec. The old lion in the citadel hardly waited for Phips to shift position, but sent the first shot booming out to meet him. The New England cannon answered, and soon Quebec height and Levis palisades rumbled prodigious thunder, and the whole day was black with smoke and streaked with fire.

Gaspard took his gun, and trotted along his farm to the cover of the trees. He had learned to fight in the Indian fashion; and Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène fought the same way. Before the boatloads of New Englanders had all waded through tidal mud, and ranged themselves by companies on the bank, Sainte-Hélène, who had been dispatched by Frontenac at the first drumbeat on the river, appeared, ready to check them, from the woods of Beauport. He had, besides three hundred sharpshooters, the Lorette Hurons and the muster of Beauport militia, all men with homes to save.

The New Englanders charged them, a solid force, driving the light-footed bush fighters. But it was like driving the wind, which turns, and at some unexpected quarter is always ready for you again.

This long-range fighting went on until nightfall, when the English commander, finding that his tormentors had disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared in the morning, tried to draw his men together at the St. Charles ford, where he expected some small vessels would be

sent to help him across. He made a night camp here, without any provisions.

Gaspard's house was dark, like the deserted Beauport homes all that night; yet one watching might have seen smoke issuing from his chimney toward the stars. The weary New England men did not forage through these places, nor seek shelter in them. It was impossible to know where Indians and Frenchmen did not lie in ambush. On the other side of the blankets which muffled Gaspard's windows, however, firelight shone with its usual ruddiness, showing the seignior of Beauport prostrate on his old tenant's bed. Juchereau de Saint-Denis was wounded, and La Hontan, who was with the skirmishers, and Gaspard had brought him in the dark down to the farmhouse as the nearest hospital. Baron La Hontan was skillful in surgery; most men had need to be in those days. He took the keys, and groped into the seignior's house for the linen chest, and provided lint and bandages, and brought cordials from the cellar; making his patient as comfortable as a wounded man who was a veteran in years could be made in the first fever and thirst of suffering. La Hontan knew the woods, and crept away before dawn to a hidden bivouac of Hurons and militia; wiry and venturesome in his age as he had been in his youth. But Saint-Denis lay helpless and partially delirious in Gaspard's house all Thursday, while the bombardment of Quebec made the earth tremble, and the New England ships were being splintered by Frontenac's cannon; while Sainte-Hélène and his brother themselves manned the two batteries of Lower Town, aiming twenty-four-pound balls directly against the fleet; while they cut the cross of St. George from the flagstaff of the admiral, and Frenchmen above them in the citadel rent the sky with joy; while the fleet, ship by ship, with shattered masts and leaking hulls, drew off from the fight, some of them leaving cable and anchor, and drifting almost in pieces; while the

land force, discouraged, sick, and hungry, waited for the promised help which never came.

Thursday night was so cold that the St. Charles was skimmed with ice, and hoar frost lay white on the fields. But Saint-Denis was in the fire of fever, and Gaspard, slipping like a thief, continually brought him fresh water from the spring.

He lay there on Friday, while the land force, refreshed by half rations sent from the almost wrecked fleet, made a last stand, fighting hotly as they were repulsed from New France. It was twilight on Friday when Sainte-Hélène was carried into Gaspard's house and laid on the floor. Gaspard felt emboldened to take the blankets from a window and roll them up to place under the soldier's head. Many Beauport people were even then returning to their homes. The land force did not reëmbark until the next night, and the invaders did not entirely withdraw for four days; but Quebec was already yielding up its refugees. A disabled foe — though a brave and stubborn one — who had his ships to repair, if he would not sink in them, was no longer to be greatly dreaded.

At first the dusk room was packed with Hurons and Montreal men. This young seignior Sainte-Hélène was one of the best leaders of his time. They were indignant that the enemy's last scattering shots had picked him off. The surgeon and La Hontan put all his followers out of the door, — he was scarcely conscious that they stood by him, — and left, beside his brother Longueuil, only one young man who had helped carry him in.

Saint-Denis, on the bed, saw him with the swimming eyes of fever. The seignior of Beauport had hoped to have Sainte-Hélène for his son-in-law. His little Clementine, the child of his old age, — it was after all a fortunate thing that she was shut for safety in Quebec, while her father depended for care on Gas-

pard. Saint-Denis tried to see Sainte-Hélène's face; but the surgeon's helpers constantly balked him, stooping and rising and reaching for things. And presently a face he was not expecting to see grew on the air before him.

Clementine's foot had always made a light click, like a sheep's on a naked floor. But Saint-Denis did not hear her enter. She touched her cheek to her father's. It was smooth and cold from the October air. Clementine's hair hung in large pale ringlets; for she was an ashen maid, gray-toned and subdued; the roughest wind never ruffled her smoothness. She made her father know that she had come with Beauport women and men from Quebec, as soon as any were allowed to leave the fort to escort her. She leaned against the bed, soft as a fleece, yielding her head to her father's painful fondling. There was no heroism in Clementine; but her snug domestic ways made him happy in his house.

"Sainte-Hélène is wounded," observed Saint-Denis.

She cast a glance of fright over her shoulder.

"Did you not see him when you came in?"

"I saw some one; but it is to you that I have been wishing to come since Wednesday night."

"I shall get well; they tell me it is not so bad with me. But how is it with Sainte-Hélène?"

"I do not know, father."

"Where is young Saint-Castin? Ask him."

"He is helping the surgeon, father."

"Poor child, how she trembles! I would thou hadst stayed in the fort, for these sights are unfit for women. New France can as ill spare him as we can, Clementine. Was that his groan?"

She cowered closer to the bed, and answered, "I do not know."

Saint-Denis tried to sit up in bed, but was obliged to resign himself, with a gasp, to the straw pillows.

Night pressed against the unblinded window. A stir, not made by the wind, was heard at the door, and Frontenac, and Frontenac's Récollet confessor, and Sainte-Hélène's two brothers from the citadel came into the room. The governor of New France was imposing in presence. Perhaps there was no other officer in the province to whom he would have galloped in such haste from Quebec. It was a tidal moment in his affairs, and Frontenac knew the value of such moments better than most men. But Sainte-Hélène did not know the governor was there. The Récollet father fell on his knees and at once began his office.

Longueuil sat down on Gaspard's stool and covered his face against the wall. He had been hurt by a spent bullet, and one arm needed bandaging, but he said nothing about it, though the surgeon was now at liberty, standing and looking at a patient for whom nothing could be done. The sterner brothers watched, also, silent, as Normans taught themselves to be in trouble. The sons of Charles Le Moyne carried his name and the lilies of France from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Anselm de Saint-Castin had fought two days alongside the man who lay dying. The boy had an ardent face, like his father's. He was sorry, with the skin-deep commiseration of youth for those who fall, whose falling thins the crowded ranks of competition. But he was not for a moment unconscious of the girl hiding her head against her father from the sight of death. The hope of one man forever springing beside the grave of another must work sadness in God. Yet Sainte-Hélène did not know any young supplanter was there. He did not miss or care for the fickle vanity of applause; he did not torment himself with the spectres of the mind, or feel himself shrinking with the littleness of jealousy; he did not hunger for a love that was not in the world, or waste a Titan's passion on a human ewe any more. For him,

the aching and bewilderment, exaltations and self-distrusts, animal gladness and subjection to the elements, were done.

Clementine's father beckoned to the boy, and put her in his care.

"Take her home to the women," Saint-Denis whispered. "She is not used to war and such sights as these. And bid some of the older ones stay with her."

Anselm and Clementine went out, their hands just touching as he led her in wide avoidance of the figure on the floor. Sainte-Hélène did not know the boy and girl left him, for starlight, for silence together, treading the silvered earth in one cadenced step, as he awaited that moment when the solitary spirit finds its utmost loneliness.

Gaspard also went out. When the governor sat in his armchair, and his seignior lay on the bed, and Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène was stretched that way on the floor, it could hardly be decent for an old habitant to stand by, even cap in hand. Yet he could scarcely take his eyes from the familiar face as it changed in phosphorescent light. The features lifted themselves with firm nobility, expressing an archangel's beauty. Sainte-Hélène's lips parted, and above the patter of the reciting Récollet the watchers were startled by one note like the sigh of a wind-harp.

The Montreal militia, the Lorette Hurons, and Beauport men were still thronging about, overflowing laterally upon the other farms. They demanded word of the young seignior, hushing their voices. Some of them had gone into Gaspard's milk cave and handed out stale milk for their own and their neighbors' refreshment. A group were sitting on the crisp ground, with a lantern in their midst, playing some game; their heads and shoulders moving with an alacrity objectless to observers, so closely was the light hemmed in.

Gaspard reached his gateway with the certainty of custom. He looked off at both ends of the world. The starlit

stretch of road was almost as deserted as when Quebec shut in the inhabitants of Beauport. From the direction of Montmorenci he saw a gray thing come loping down, showing eyes and tongue of red fire. He screamed an old man's scream, pointing to it, and the cry of "Loup-garou!" brought all Beauport men to their feet. The flints clicked. It was a time of alarms. Two shots were fired together, and an under officer sprung across the fence of a neighboring farm to take command of the threatened action.

The camp of sturdy New Englanders on the St. Charles was hid by a swell in the land. At the outcry, those Frenchmen around the lantern parted company, some recoiling backwards, and others scrambling to seize their guns. But one caught up the lantern, and ran to the struggling beast in the road.

Gaspard pushed into the gathering crowd, and craned himself to see the thing, also. He saw a gaunt dog, searching yet from face to face for some lost idol, and beating the flinty world with a last thump of propitiation.

Frontenac opened the door and stood upon the doorstep. His head almost reached the overhanging straw thatch.

"What is the alarm, my men?"

"Your excellency," the subaltern an-

swered, "it was nothing but a dog. It came down from Montmorenci, and some of the men shot it."

"Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène," declared Frontenac, lowering his plumed hat, "has just died for New France."

Gaspard stayed out on his river front until he felt half frozen. The old habitation had not been so disturbed and uncomfortable since his family died of smallpox. Phips's vessels lay near the point of Orleans Island, a few portholes lighting their mass of gloom, while two red lanterns aloft burned like baleful eyes at the lost coast of Canada. Nothing else showed on the river. The distant wall of Levis palisades could be discerned, and Quebec stood a mighty crown, its gems all sparkling. Behind Gaspard, Beauport was alive. The siege was virtually over, and he had not set foot off his farm during Phips's invasion of New France. He did not mind sleeping on the floor, with his heels to the fire. But there were displacements and changes and sorrows which he did mind.

"However," muttered the old man, and it was some comfort to the vague aching in his breast to formulate one fact as solid as the heights around, "it is certain that there are loups-garous."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

TWO MODERN CLASSICISTS IN MUSIC.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THAT Franz's uncompromising classicism should have left him more and more solitary and out of touch with other musicians of his time was unavoidable; this introduced into his life an element of sadness that was still further darkened by his physical infirmity, gradually approaching total deafness. To find that the spirit of the time is not with

him, to be more and more forgotten and ignored as old age advances, is sad for any man of genius; but to find all hands raised against him in a matter not his own, but which he with unselfish reverence has most at heart, — that infuses a drop of bitterness into the cup such as few men could bear to taste. Here are two letters by Franz, the first of

which I will quote entire, for it seems to me the most completely tragic I have ever read. These letters were in reply to my asking him, at the instance of the president of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, if he would not write additional accompaniments to Bach's great B minor Mass for that society. He had already written his score to Handel's Messiah especially for the Handel and Haydn, and the president empowered me to promise him far greater pecuniary recompense for a similar score to the Mass than the society had been able to offer him for the Messiah. Franz's first reply was as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. APTHORP, — Honorable to me as the task you propose is, I unfortunately cannot accept it. To jot down note-heads with painfully cramped fingers is in itself one of the things at the very thought of which my hair stands on end; when to this is added a wholly destroyed head (*ein völlig destruirter Kopf*), that makes precise thinking impossible, then would it be sheer presumption to undertake a labor that demands the whole man! For the amplifications to the B minor Mass, it is not merely a question of restoring a congruous style, but, what means far more, of a fruitful and devoted absorption in the poetic essence of this composition; a working-out of the figured bass according to the rules of the craft fails utterly to hit the mark. My reconstructive labors, in so far as Seb. Bach is concerned, have struck out into paths that try to do justice to both demands; as a dead-tired man, I must now leave it to my colleagues whether they will condescend to follow me. That no working by pattern, such as the modern historical party ask for, will suffice here is abundantly proved by the bunglings of the "artists" who let themselves be guided

¹ Franz here seems to have overlooked the fact that I had not written him about a "bad organ-part," but about a "bad organ" (the

by those pedantic fools; and to oppose more fitting forms for the B minor Mass to the above-mentioned bunglings was something for which I had neither incitement nor inclination, at a time when my additional accompaniments were bespattered with mud. Now, at last, people's eyes seem to be opened to the disconsolate quality of those machine-made articles (*jener Machwerke*); for in the course of the last several years I have been asked at least a dozen times about additional accompaniments to the B minor Mass. Of course I could give no other information than that contained in the above lines. To be sure, thirty years ago — my ears had not yet refused me their service at that time — the work was performed under my direction with an accompaniment to the first three numbers, the Credo, the Sanctus, and the Osanna, such as the extremest necessity demanded; but the forms were not ready for the press, and consisted only of fragments of parts, — all else was left for further elaboration. Even to-day I can remember the mystic sounds in the Incarnatus that dropped down over the voice-parts like a veil from the clouds! *Tempi passati!*

Be so kind as to communicate these lines to the president of the Handel and Haydn Society, to whom I permit myself to give the advice — in the interests of the B minor Mass, you understand — rather to give up the performance than to put it through with a "bad" organ-part¹ that can only injure the wondrous work.

What on earth has become of your article on Dresel?

Your

ROB. FRANZ.

HALLE, May 27, '92.

On my communicating this letter to the president of the Handel and Haydn Society, he begged me to write once more,

doleful instrument now in the Boston Music Hall), upon which no organ-part of any description whatever could be effective.

and ask if the fragmentary parts mentioned therein could not be found and forwarded to Boston, as certainly half a loaf was better than no bread. Franz answered the second time thus:—

MY DEAR MR. APTHORP,— I am very sorry to be able to give you no information to correspond to the wishes of the president of the Handel and Haydn Society. Our performance of the B minor Mass came at a time when I was *in initiiis* of my labors on additional accompaniments, and I could not turn out anything artistically complete. If I remember aright, little pieces of music-paper with the most necessary additions were inserted in the respective orchestral parts; what has become of them, Heaven knows! If the gentlemen are absolutely bent on repeating the wonderful work, then I agree with your opinion to have it performed rather *without* additions than with defective ones. In the former case, one can at least *imagine* what may still be wanting, whereas a working-out according to the ideas of the historians will only result in bunglings that will obliterate the outlines of the original parts themselves. A little while ago I saw some samples of various organ-parts

¹ This was in response to an account I had given him of an experience of mine in Paris. The Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire had given some wonderfully fine performances of the B minor Mass, almost the only blot on which was the utterly unsatisfactory organ-part. I subsequently ventilated my feelings about this organ-part to M. Jules Garcin, the conductor of the society, to which he replied: "I don't blame you in the least; for we were all dissatisfied. But this is how it was: You know we are extremely careful to do everything as correctly as possible at the Conservatoire, so we were particularly anxious to do the B minor Mass according to the best traditions. We therefore sent to Germany for an organ-part, there being none written out in the score; but when it came, we found it so bad that we had to hand it over to M. Guilmant to revise it and make it even harmonically correct!" Remembering Franz's disgust at a copy of the Breitkopf & Härtel edition of Frederick the Great's flute sonatas being sent

to Bach's church compositions, of which one was ever worse than another; the most wretched of all, however, came from the high and mighty society in —! ¹

[Here follows a passage on another subject, too personal for present publication. The letter ends:]

Of the splendor of your "Indian summer" I have often read with rapture in the writings of Charles Sealsfield. If one could only see it, too!

With the fairest greetings,

Your ROB. FRANZ.

HALLE, October 7, 1892.²

That Dresel sympathized completely with all Franz's feelings on the additional-accompaniments question need not be said again. He was one of the most ardent champions of Franz's scores to Bach's and Handel's works, made himself a masterly pianoforte score from his score to the Messiah,³ and showed in his own pianoforte accompaniments to many of the airs from Handel's oratorios and Italian operas how entire this agreement was.⁴ He, too, had that wondrous insight of genius into the essence of another's genius, and depended on it unreservedly. I remember his saying, one day, "It does not seem to occur to

to Paris, and thus exposed to the scrutiny of French musicians, I wrote him this story.

² This, the last letter I ever received from Franz, was written little more than a fortnight before his death, October 24, 1892.

³ The only thoroughly excellent pianoforte score of the Messiah in existence. But this is too faint praise, considering the quality of the others published.

⁴ If any of my readers would have a realizing sense, by actual experiment, of the world-wide difference between the sort of work Franz and Dresel demanded and that asked for by the "historical" party, I would beg them to compare Dresel's pianoforte accompaniment to the favorite Sleep air in Handel's *Semele* with that which runs along the bottom of the pages in the edition of the German Handel Society published by Breitkopf & Härtel. If they do not then see how far the inanity of the one falls short of the wondrous grace of the other, then are they past praying for!

the idiots who object to Handel's scores being filled out orchestrally that it is an argument of some weight that a man like Mozart thought it a proper thing to do! Why, Mozart's opinion of what is right to do for Handel is worth that of a hundred thousand professors of musical history!"

In like manner, he said of the various editions of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord, with their mutually irreconcilable readings of certain passages, that, of all the editions ever published, the one edited by Karl Czerny almost invariably contained the best version. He was at the time engaged in preparing a new issue of the work together with Franz, and had all the different versions of disputed passages at his fingers' ends. In making their selections from these different versions, both he and Franz allowed themselves to be guided by their artistic judgment alone, regardless of all external evidence touching the authenticity or spuriousness of any of them; in short, they chose only those that were best and most like Bach. And in speaking of Czerny's edition, Dresel suggested that its excellence might not be owing to any special musical perspicacity or carefulness in research on Czerny's part, but that, as Czerny was a pupil of Beethoven, his manuscript might very likely have passed under Beethoven's eye, and "Beethoven's opinion on such a matter would necessarily be of inestimable value." In the same way, he thoroughly agreed with Franz in denying the authenticity of the St. Luke Passion.

"I know very well," said he, "that the score is undeniably in Bach's autograph, — it is his handwriting: all the experts agree on that point. But when Bach students like Mendelssohn and Franz unhesitatingly assert, after a careful examination of the work, that it is morally impossible that Bach ever *composed* it, that it swarms with whoppers (*Schnitzer*), such as we find in no other work by Bach written at any period in

his life, you may be sure that their opinion is the right one. The fact that it is in Bach's own hand goes for nothing; he may have copied it, as he copied off many another thing. To pit such evidence as that and the mere knowledge that Bach did write a St. Luke Passion of some sort against the testimony of men like Mendelssohn and Franz is sheer insanity."

I do not know whether Franz was ever accused of inconsistency, as Dresel certainly was often enough; that both of them should have been accused of "narrowness" was not unnatural, — not unnatural, but intrinsically false. But men of very determined principles have been called narrow before. It may be that Dresel showed the scope of his musical appreciation more fully to those who knew him well than to people in general; he was by no means what one would call a guarded man in his conversation, and would often flare out with the most violent opinions on very slight provocation; but he was exceedingly careful about the influence he might exert upon others, and would think twice before expressing likings or dislikings — especially the former — where there was a chance of his being misunderstood. For several years after his first coming to Boston he was set on a sort of artistic tripod in certain circles, and made the object of no little hero-worship; his word was law. He was never in the least thrown off his balance by adulation, but he did take what was really serious in his position very seriously. He felt that he could exert a salutary musical influence upon his surroundings, and took great pains to do or say nothing that might interfere with the particular influence he wished to exert. He thus often gave a somewhat false impression as to what his feelings regarding certain composers really were; considering it needless to dwell upon the better side of men whose popularity was firmly established, and whose influence upon the public in gen-

eral he thought none of the best. I remember that, at the time when he used to play the pianoforte a good deal, both in public and at friends' houses, he was fond of playing one little piece, the name of the composer of which he kept a profound secret. No one could ever find out from him who wrote that piece. Years afterwards, when I reminded him, one day, of his whim for making a secret of the composer, and hinted that he might have written the little trifle himself, he laughingly answered:—

"Oh, no, it was no false modesty; I didn't write it. The thing is really charming; it was one of those happy accidents that sometimes happen to a thoroughly fourth-rate man. The man who wrote it was not in the least worthy of it. There was no need of letting people know his name and unsettling their ideas about him, which were in the main quite correct."

It was a counterpart of Rossini's "E troppo buono per questo c—" when he stole some other composer's aria and put it into one of his own operas. During the earlier part of Dresel's life in Boston, Italian opera, with Grisi, Mario, and others of the now vanished gods, was all the rage, and he deemed its influence upon the musical public rather debilitating. He accordingly did not give its devotees any encouragement, which led most people to imagine that he thoroughly abominated the whole business, and would have been glad to exterminate it, root and branch. But that was far enough from being his real feeling. In later years, he admitted to me that he had often played Bellini's "Casta diva," arranged by himself as a pianoforte nocturne.

"Not in public," said he, "nor to any one in private,—that sort of thing needed no 'booming' from me at the time,—but to myself, as a study in phrasing. The melody is divinely beautiful. You can see that Bellini did not have to rack his brains to find his second phrase, but

that it grew right out of the first by the Heaven-sent impulse. Then that change to D minor is exquisite, a real stroke of genius!"

Another time he was glancing through the *Ingemisco* in Verdi's Requiem with me. His brow grew darker and darker, and at last, pointing with his finger to a certain passage, he cried out in utter disgust:—

"There! look at that! That is what we used to call, in Germany, regularly dirty (*schmutzig*) writing; it blackens the page without saying anything. The man wrote those middle-parts, not because he wanted to, but because he could not think of any other way of getting out of the scrape. But look here!" turning back to the beginning of the Requiem. "Where in heaven did Verdi find that C-sharp minor chord on '*et lux*'? That is one of the most impressive effects I know of anywhere! Aha! the old boy knew what he was about that time. He meant that, every note of it."

One Sunday afternoon I went up to him in the picture gallery of the St. Botolph Club, just after the first movement of Grieg's string quartet had been played, and asked him, jokingly, what he thought of that for a piece of modern writing. He made no answer, but looked unutterable things.

"Never mind," said I, still in fun, "wait till you hear the Romanza; that is something different."

I took a seat beside him, and the quartet of players began the Romanza. Much to my surprise, he whispered, after the first three or four phrases,—

"H'm! yes; that shows talent, that shows real invention. I do not like it; I very much dislike it; but it does show genuine talent; the man has something to say."

"It is graceful, at all events," I answered.

"Graceful? No, I do not call that graceful; it is too strained. It has a certain seductiveness, if you will; but

God help the man who needs wax in his ears for such a siren!"

The whole Wagnerian movement was naturally profoundly antipathetic to him, although he perfectly appreciated that there was that in it, and more especially in Wagner himself, which made pooh-poohing out of place. But Wagner's musical individuality was as distasteful to him as his style. Yet one morning, shortly after his return from a rather long stay in Europe, I met him at the Tremont Street corner of the Common, and, after the first greetings were over, said to him, —

"So I hear you've been to Bayreuth and heard Parsifal."

"Yes, I have heard Parsifal. I did not want to go, but they insisted so that I should be a fool not to that I gave in and went." Then, going on very seriously, almost reverently, "It was one of the most tremendous experiences of my life! There is a unity in the whole thing; it is enormously impressive; and it is all noble (*edel*) and on a very high intellectual and poetic plane. I am not speaking of the music, but of the whole impression. As for the music, you do not think about it at the time; you hear it, as Wagner says, 'consciously unconsciously.' Ah, Wagner was talking no nonsense when he invented that phrase, '*bewusstvoll unbewusst*;' and it only adds to the general impressiveness. To be sure, after you get home and to bed, you become conscious of having heard a great many very disagreeable things, which you try hard to forget. In the whole three acts I found only one really beautiful musical idea, that first phrase of the flower-girls, — '*Komm! komm! holder Knab!*' That is one of those phrases that take hold of you to the marrow of your bones, — one of those phrases such as only Wagner could write. But it comes to nothing, it is not worked out; what follows it is absolutely weak."

His experience with Parsifal did not

breed any such enthusiasm in Dresel as inspired Franz, in 1852, to dedicate a book of songs "to the Composer of Lohengrin;" in reality it did nothing to change his estimate of Wagner as a composer. After 1852, the year in which Lohengrin was first brought out in Weimar by Liszt, it did not take Franz long to get over his Wagner enthusiasm; and to their dying day both he and Dresel were strong anti-Wagnerites. It is somewhat curious, however, that, of all anti-Wagnerians who have been at performances of the Bayreuth master's music-dramas, Franz and Dresel should have been the ones who listened to them most in the way that Wagner himself wished them to be listened to, — giving themselves up unreservedly to the first total impression without listening critically to the music as such.

Dresel's "purism" was as thorough-going as possible, the more so that it was well past the self-conscious stage, — if indeed it had ever been through it, — and was functionally a part and parcel of his whole artistic nature. His demands on nobility of expression in music were to the full as exacting as those he made on purity of form. I have already quoted his "God help the man who needs wax in his ears for such a siren!" in relation to the Romanza in Grieg's quartet; in a similar spirit, I once heard him say of Grieg's favorite song, "*Ich liebe dich!*" that the expression was too overdone and ignoble, and that "a man who loved so would crack ribs"!

There was not the faintest tinge of the pedant in him; there was no merely "academic" side to his artistic bent. His æsthetic principles were so purely the outcome of his own nature that they lay in his consciousness in the condition of spontaneous instincts, — instincts which it might be worth his while logically to account for, it is true, but still retaining all their vitality and immediateness. For the letter of the law he cared less than nothing; the spirit was

all in all to him. One day he showed me a volume of Chopin's nocturnes, on the margin of a page of which was pasted a little slip of music-paper with a measure of music in writing.

"Look at the leading of those middle-parts," said he. "I once heard Saint-Saëns play that measure so, and got him to write it out for me; since then I have often played it so, too. It was a happy inspiration of Saint-Saëns's: it is Chopin through and through, Chopin all over; Chopin himself would have accepted it, if he had heard it!"

I suggested that that sort of thing might be a dangerous precedent; to which he replied:—

"I am not going to make a precedent of it, nor let anybody else make one, either. I have showed it only to you, and you do not play the pianoforte to people. Then, if any one should happen to catch me at it, and complain of my taking liberties with Chopin, I could answer back that at least I have never been guilty of playing that misprint D-sharp *acciaccatura* in the second measure of the Romanza in the E minor concerto, that is in all but the very latest editions, and has been played by pianist after pianist all over the world. I never made Chopin write such abominable harmony as that D-sharp in the right hand makes against the D-sharp in the bass. The thing ought plainly enough to be a B-natural, and nobody but a duffer could have taken it for anything else."

For a man of his naturally strong feelings and uncompromising views, he was remarkably free from prejudice. For instance, although he would never admit that Berlioz was a great nor even a good harmonist, in spite of all his subtlety, he one day pointed out to me a passage in Weber's *Invitation à la Valse* in which he showed that Weber had written a very bad bass, and then showed me how Berlioz "had perceived, and very properly corrected, the error" in his orchestral transcription of the piece.

Most men with Dresel's dislike for Berlioz and admiration for Weber would have cried out against the former's "van-dalism." With all his cool regard for the fashionable Italian opera composers, — I have already mentioned his practising "Casta diva" as a pianoforte nocturne, — he would go into raptures over certain things of Rossini's; he had a special admiration for the overture to *Guillaume Tell* and the first act of the *Barbiere*. I remember his saying one day, about the opening "Piano, pianissimo!" scene, that it showed genius of the first water; "Mozart himself could not have written it better. Then the orchestration, that bassoon doubling the first violins in the octave, with its suggestion of darkness, is simply masterly."

During the earlier years of his life in Boston, it was only his intimate friends who associated him especially with Bach and Handel; to the musical public he stood much more as the champion of Chopin and Schumann, and of Robert Franz's songs. In those days, when he was still prominently before the public as a pianist, he used to play Chopin a great deal; he was also extremely fond of playing Liszt's transcriptions of Franz and Schubert songs, and that of Weber's *Schlummerlied*. In fact, he was generally accepted as a champion of the then "modern-romantic" school, but still with strong leanings toward the classics. He was rather chary about playing Bach or Handel in public, since the cultivation of a popular taste and appreciation for these masters was the object nearest his heart, and he saw how important it was not to excite any antipathy to them in the beginning; he knew he had a hard task before him, and was very circumspect about what experiments he made.

If the charge of "narrowness" so often brought against Dresel was really unfounded, this was not quite the case with the charge of "inconsistency." In truth, he often *seemed* the most inconsistent

man imaginable. But, in the last analysis, this inconsistency of his was more apparent than real. He would say one thing one day, and another diametrically opposite the next, and generally with a violence and frankness that left nothing to be desired. In his playing, and later in his conducting, he would take the same thing at a very different tempo on different occasions. He was no believer in the modern school of "emotional performance" and "rhythmic freedom;" he said repeatedly that a certain stability and unity of tempo was an essential part of that unity of form which all true music should have. But, as Franz said of him, he was an extremely "subjective" man, of very strong feelings and high-strung nerves, and could not help following the impulse of the moment. Although a man of wide intellectual scope, thoroughly logical in his cast of mind, and able to look at things from various points of view, as a rule he took only one point of view at a time, and for the moment that was the only one that existed for him. It was this, more than anything else, which gave him the appearance of inconsistency; and it took a long and intimate acquaintance with him to appreciate that this inconsistency with himself was only superficial, after all. For there was really a fine harmony underlying all he said and did; his seemingly irreconcilable and contradictory utterances were but momentary expressions of different sides of one and the same firmly convinced and unswervingly true individuality. He was a far more spherically developed nature than all but a few of his friends gave him credit for being, and saw clearly enough that the whole truth was never on any one side; but in his conversation he almost always gave voice to the truth that lay uppermost in his mind at the time. Sometimes he would make his friends stare. I shall never forget the impression made by one of his outbreaks at a meeting of the programme committee of the Harvard Mu-

sical Association at the time of the old symphony concerts. There had been a good deal of discussion about putting I now forget what composition on the programme, when Dresel suddenly sprang up and said:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me remind you of the fact that, in making up these programmes, we should not consult only our own personal taste in the matter. If I consulted only my own pleasure, I should have no Beethoven, no Bach, no Mozart, no Schubert, no Schumann, no Handel, no Haydn, no Mendelssohn, nor Weber, nor Cherubini; but only Wagner and Berlioz and Raff and Liszt and Goldmark and Rubinstein and all the rest of them. But that would be a questionable education for our audiences, and we really must consider that."

Almost every one present thought he was joking, and his speech was greeted with a hearty laugh; but I heard him murmur, half to himself and half to me, as he turned away:—

"That rubbishy idea of taking *pleasure* in hearing the same old things played year after year in the same old way! I can imagine no more infernal bore—except listening to the *whole* of a Bach suite at a sitting."

He was really in earnest, or a good deal more than half in earnest; only those who heard him failed to detect what the real mainspring of his speech was. It is perfectly true that he did take pleasure in hearing new music, in knowing what was going on in the musical world, and getting new emotions. He was fond of hearing things that "had a go to them;" and I remember his frantically applauding a performance of Liszt's second rhapsody (the "young ladies' seminary" rhapsody) by Thomas's orchestra,—muttering the while, "Do you think I had not rather hear that than the fifth symphony all washed out with sentimentality?" To be sure, the performance of the fifth symphony

that evening had been rather lackadaisical.

But his enjoyment of the new music was *à fleur de peau*, a sort of superficial tickling; he had no sympathy with it nor its ideals. He strongly deplored anything like artistic omnivorousness in any one. He used to speak of Liszt as "absolutely a musical ostrich," who could digest anything. He spoke of Ferdinand Hiller's "having not entirely secret yearnings for the Italian siren," for which "Mendelssohn scolded him roundly, often enough." "Where things are irreconcilable, you must take one side or the other," he would say, "or else you lose all artistic spinal column, and become a mollusk." In speaking of the modern schools, he once said: "I find no lack of talent in these new lights, sometimes I even find hints at genius; but what seems to be utterly dead and gone is all real mastery. Of course I object to the things they do, but I should not object half so strongly, and sometimes I should not object at all, if they only did them better. Look here!" darting across the room, and taking up a volume of Bach's organ preludes (Choralvorspiele). "Look at this closing cadence, with its audacious transition through a distant key. Mr. Gounod and Mr. Bizet could not do finer than that! But old Bach did it well; there is some hang-together and reason in it; and it is divinely beautiful. The old boy knew it, too, perfectly well; for see, he has written '*adagiosissimo*' over it!"

After all, it was in talking about the great classic masters that Dresel showed himself thoroughly at his best; then his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he would ransack three languages for glowing terms and striking similes. Yet, in the hottest blaze of his enthusiasm over these congenial themes, he would never for a moment lose his balance; even in argument and discussion he kept his head and heels to perfection. One day, when he was pointing out to me some particu-

lar beauty in the seventh symphony, I mentioned having just heard a certain lecturer call Beethoven "*the greatest composer of all time.*"

"Now, what foolish talk that is!" cried Dresel, — "*the greatest composer!*" He was the greatest in the symphony, in the sonata, and in the string quartet; but in Music's house there are many mansions. Bach and Handel did far greater work than he in oratorio and church music; where is he on the organ, compared with Bach? And with all his great pianoforte sonatas, he never wrote the Well-Tempered Clavichord, which is a work of a certain importance in its way. Then Mozart was a greater opera-writer than he, and surely Schubert pretty well knocked him out in song-writing. *The greatest composer!* Will you please tell me who *is* THE greatest composer?"

Upon the whole, it was in speaking of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert that the sureness of his mental and emotional balance showed itself most unmistakably, and that his expression of opinion was least swayed by the mood of the moment. Not that his expression was less downright and violent, but that one found less apparent inconsistency in it. He ill brooked contradiction, especially on the subject nearest his heart, and anything touching the honor of his favorite composers would call forth the frankest and bluntest remarks from him. A certain musician once showed him arrangements for two pianofortes of Bach's concertos for three clavichords and strings that he had just added to his library, asking him if he knew these arrangements. "Yes," answered Dresel; "they are the most outrageous pieces of butchery ever committed."

His criticisms on musical doings in other fields, particularly on musical performances, were seldom so downright; but his caustic sarcasm would be none the less biting. Coming out one afternoon from a pianoforte recital given by

a certain young woman, I asked him what he thought of the pianist's future prospects.

"Ah, the beautiful young creature!" said he. "Her prospects, who knows? She plays with so much feeling, — such very wrong notes, and holds them so lovingly! . . . Whew!"

Another time I was looking over the score of a new symphony with him at a rehearsal. At a certain strenuous passage he began under his breath: —

"*Miaou! miaou!* we shall have to get another *mise en scène* for the concert; we ought to have a roof, with a ridgepole and some chimneys."

Later in the same symphony the repeated recurrence of a certain hornphrase elicited from him: —

"It seems to me as if Mr. —," naming the composer, "must find that very beautiful!"

Yet it was owing to an impetuous temper and an almost too ardent faith in his convictions that he sometimes gave offense, rather than to any innate want of tact. Very undiplomatic and wholly transparent he certainly was, and the truth — or what he saw as truth — took so fierce a hold upon him that he often seemed to see nothing else. His mind worked unswervingly toward one point, and in expressing himself earnestly, at times even violently, he forgot personal considerations; but no one could be more surprised and grieved than he when he found he had hurt any one's feelings, or had been thought to bear personal ill will. On the other hand, his tact in musical matters was often wonderful: the way in which he, when conducting rehearsals, coaxed his chorus to conquer difficulties and managed every singer who came under his influence was simply perfect. Singers felt they were doing their very best with him; he never let them for a moment feel overtired, dissatisfied, or discouraged, and was as careful that everything they sang should be effective for them and those who

heard them as he was that it should be good. To bore people, to be socially or musically tedious, was for him an idea full of horror; he would really suffer at having what he thought a tiresomely put-together programme ascribed to him as his work.

Dresel was a firm believer in the conscious power of genius, and scouted the idea that the process of artistic creation goes on without the creator's understanding it. He would often say that the really great things were always written, not by any happy accident, but distinctly on purpose, and with a perfect knowledge on the writer's part of how and why they were great. He emphatically denied that a truly great genius was at the mercy of his inspiration; affirming, on the contrary, that a man was master of his inspiration in direct proportion with the greatness of his genius. "It is the little men who now and then do fine things by accident, and without knowing how they do them; the true masters always know what they are about."

As a pianist, Dresel was one of the most inspiring players I ever listened to. He was seldom at his best in public, being essentially what Berlioz called "an artist of the drawing-room." His extreme nervousness, his insatiate self-criticism, his exalted idea of an artist's responsibility, all militated against his being in good form on public occasions for which he had gone through a long course of preparation. On such occasions he was too frequently what athletes call "stale," — overtrained, with his nervous irritability in excess over his self-command. In this respect he was very like Adolf Henselt, who gave up playing in public early in his long artistic career. Dresel's best playing was done in private, when asked to play on the spur of the moment, — better still when he offered to play of his own accord. Then his playing would reach the very acme of inspiring beauty and vital force.

For true genius at white heat, yet controlled by the finest artistic sense of measure, I have never heard his best playing surpassed by any of the greatest pianists. Rubinstein himself could not outbid the afflatus with which Dresel would play at times. He had an incisiveness and brilliancy of tone, a vigor of accent, that carried everything before them. If his playing lacked any fine quality, it was perhaps that of *suavity*; as somebody once said of him, he played as if the keys were red-hot. Like Gottschalk, he had the peculiar power of producing a brilliant, ringing quality of tone even in the softest pianissimo. But his career as a concert pianist belongs to the first half of his life.

Dresel's musical influence upon those who came in contact with him was of the finest. To be sure, the circle of those who came under it grew more and more restricted as he grew older. Perhaps he himself unconsciously contracted it. He had lived to see Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin well installed in their normal position in the estimation of the Boston musical public; Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven had always been held in honor; and the only field for musical propagandism left him was to encourage the cult of Bach and Handel. To preach Bach and Handel in Boston — or anywhere else, for matter of that — was to preach to few listeners. Handel, to be sure, had long been popular in Boston; at least the Messiah, Samson, Israel in Egypt, and some few of his other oratorios had been; but Dresel's ideas of doing full justice to the works of the great master differed widely from the current traditional ones, and his attempts to propagate them were, oftener than not, resented by people who thought that years of routine had taught them all they needed to know about Handel, and the general public were loath to welcome any influence that should disturb them in their old habits. With Bach, again, Dresel's work of propagandism was more

difficult still; there was no popular interest in Bach of any sort, and what people did hear of him did not particularly attract them. In fact, music lovers in general felt more and more like letting Dresel have his Bach and Handel to himself, and not bothering their own heads about the two old masters. Dresel became more and more exclusively associated with them in people's minds, as a man who cared for little or nothing else in music, and was consequently more and more looked upon as one whose mental bias made him out of touch with the present musical world at large. His well-known opposition not only to Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, but to Raff, Rubinstein, Goldmark, Brahms, and others of the newer schools, only increased the distrust with which most people regarded his opinions. In a word, he preached more and more in the desert, and fewer and fewer music lovers were inclined to listen to him.

It was during only the last few years of his life that a happy circumstance enabled him once more to exert directly the influence he had always been most anxious to exert, — upon a small circle, it is true, but where it could bring forth some good fruit, and not be wholly wasted. This was the formation of the Bach Club: a choir of picked singers, many of them professional, who met at his house every Monday evening during the winter to practice choruses by Bach and Handel under his direction, accompanied by himself on the pianoforte, with a firmer background of tone supplied by a small pipe-organ he had had built in his music-room, which was played on these occasions by competent organists. Sometimes whole cantatas would be rehearsed, recitatives, arias, and all, — for some of the best singers in the city were members of the club. Twice or three times in the winter some twenty or thirty musical friends would be invited to hear a "performance;" and the musical influence of the club thus extended to a

larger circle. Although the scheme did not include any sort of orchestra, the conditions for musical effect were peculiarly and exceptionally fine: that small and carefully drilled chorus, singing in a room where the volume and vitality of tone suffered nothing from evaporation, the generally fine quality of the individual voices, — on this point Dresel was exceedingly fastidious, — and the contagious, masterly vigor with which the pianoforte accompaniments were played, together with the firm bass of the organ pedals, all united to make these performances, especially of the things by Bach, overwhelmingly impressive. All who had the good luck to be present at these gala evenings of the Bach Club could count them among the high tides of their musical experience. The best part of the influence was upon the singers themselves. Few of them joined the club with great expectations of enjoyment, and many were induced to come at first more because they were invited than for any other reason. But the overmastering charm of Dresel's personality, his communicative enthusiasm, and the new insight he gave them into the unaccustomed music held them fast. I have never spoken with a member of the club, no matter how slight his previous interest in Bach may have been, who did not count these evenings at Dresel's house as the most valuable and inspiring fact in his artistic education. The influence was doubtless upon a small circle; but it was of the very best imaginable, and an intelligent nucleus is always worth cultivating. Here were at least twenty-four or thirty singers who had been led on to find Bach and Handel not merely interesting and instructive, but a genuine source of musical enthusiasm and excitement. That was surely worth while.

And it may well be doubted whether any very fruitful influence, of just the right sort, could have been exerted in favor of a Bach and Handel propaganda in any other way. These great masters, notably Bach, were essentially musical aristocrats; they may be taken as supreme examples of what Franz wrote in one of his letters to me: —

"Art, as the noblest blossom of every age, is in its very nature aristocratic through and through, and must therefore not deport itself democratically in those of its achievements that aim at being monumental."

A Bach and Handel propaganda, especially nowadays, can hope to be truly and rightly efficient only in small circles; happy the propagandist of this high cult if he can get a few willing listeners to heed him and try to understand his teaching! In this way a nucleus of intelligent enthusiasm may be formed, and that nucleus may perhaps grow with time. Other hope of initiating the world into the higher and more sacred mysteries of Bach's and Handel's art there seems at present to be none.

Here we have, to my mind, the most valuable part of the life-work of both Franz and Dresel, — the work they did toward promoting a right understanding of the genius and works of Bach and Handel; sweeping away, as far as they were able, the accumulated rubbish of ever deteriorating tradition and routine stupidity under which the art legacy of these two supreme masters had lain half hidden for generations, and bringing its true worth and significance to the light of day. Their best work was to "exclude trash, and let what was genuine come into its rights." And of all men of their day, they were the best fitted for the task.

William F. Apthorp.

CATHOLICITY IN MUSICAL TASTE.

IN the early years of our century, two German musicians were busy developing their respective and widely different gifts. Each genius was in advance of his day, and neither was very well able to comprehend his contemporary. One was at his best upon the stage, where he could take the written words of his librettists and make them more eloquent in the language of sound. It was in the concert-room that the other stood supreme, using this sound-language to express all that lies beyond reach of the written word. Both men were pioneers, steadily penetrating into solitudes of art never entered before; but the trails they cut lay wide apart, and so they discovered different countries. To-day, we can travel, for our enjoyment, to either we choose, as one goes to the seaside, and at some other time seeks the hills. But Beethoven and Weber could not do this. They followed different roads without turning aside, inevitably so compelled by their unlike natures; neither could have adopted the other's course without doing violence to his own instinct; without, in fact, abandoning the goal he was seeking. If one bears this wide divergence of aim in mind, the fundamental failure of the two men to appreciate each other becomes its necessary consequence, instead of an apparent sign of jealousy or enmity or narrowness. The dramatic composer finds the symphony writer confused, obscure, his later works a straining search for novelty, a bewildering chaos. He says: "My ideas are so opposite to Beethoven's that I cannot imagine it possible we should ever meet. . . . I, of course, cannot lay claim to the genius of Beethoven." It is further recorded of Weber that, upon hearing the seventh symphony, he exclaimed that Beethoven was now ready for the madhouse. Ten years later, Beethoven, far sunk in the depths

of his vast explorations, pronounced Euryanthe a mere collection of diminished sevenths, — chords which may be recalled by remembering that one of them accompanies Mephistopheles as he laughs at the end of his serenade in Gounod's *Faust*.

These unjust, blind criticisms do not describe the symphony or the opera; they merely indicate how wide apart the two composers had journeyed. They could no longer discern each other. Beethoven respected Weber for *Der Freischütz*, and Weber could admire Beethoven's earlier compositions; but this was because, at those points, neither man had struck off far from the traveled road.

That these two great artists should not have seen the meaning and value of each other's work is not an isolated and accidental fact in the history of music; it is a significant symptom which reappears at once when we come to Brahms and Wagner. Setting aside any personal qualities which might have made the men enemies had they been, not musicians, but doctors, or attorneys, or merely men of leisure at the same club, they stood as the commanders in chief of two hostile camps in art, and they inherited their quarrel much as vendettas descend. They were bitter about each other's productions, and their lieutenants have been still more so. We find the chief henchman of Brahms, a clever and venomous person by the name of Hanslick, praising his master's new symphony with such heat that his criticism loses its fibre, and melts into silliness; while, on the other hand, he finds the first act of *Die Meistersinger* to be a wilderness, containing nothing but some rather happily devised stanzas for the hero. If we enter the enemy's camp, there is Liszt telling a French pilgrim that "Wagner has performed a new miracle, *Parsifal*;" while as to Brahms,

he informs a pianist, who was apologizing for playing badly a sonata by that composer, that she had played it "quite well enough for a dish of macaroni like that." "Ready for the madhouse" and "dish of macaroni" are chips from the same musical block; and after such anecdotes, it is pleasant to remember that, upon Wagner's death, Brahms sent a wreath to his tomb, and said, "After all, he was a master." The symphony writer had a respect for the dramatic musician, even if he could not sympathize with his compositions; and in that simple speech and act concerning his great contemporary, Brahms shows the same nobility and breadth which radiate from his music.

It is interesting to have known three generations of a family, or to get any other perspective of heredity, and note the likenesses between sire and son or daughter; not only how the nose of the old man who fought at Monmouth Court House may be seen in his portrait on the wall and on the face of the young woman who is giving you a cup of tea a century later, but also how the college boy writes a hand very similar to that of his ancestor in the letter lying before you, dated 1790. More interesting still are the coincidences of temperament, character, and intellect between grandfather and grandson, freakishly dislocated by the influence of an intervening strain of blood. But most interesting of all are the cases where there is no relationship in the ordinary sense; where blood has had nothing to do with it, but where art is the subtle medium through which the man who writes or paints or composes in one generation derives his faith and his methods from a long-dead predecessor, whose works alone survive to reveal his nature, hopes, and aims, and mark the kinship. Such lineal descendants are common enough in every art, and it is only necessary to take pains, and see the permanent reality of traits beneath the transient fashions of dress,

for us to recognize members of the same stock.

Brahms is Beethoven's descendant, and the family likeness is patent. Both men have written vocal music, one has even left an opera; but how often is Fidelio performed, compared with several of its author's concert works? He is so much more identified with instrumental music that when we speak of "the" second or third symphony we mean Beethoven's, and not that of any of the half dozen other distinguished composers who have also written at least three symphonies. And the descendant has adopted his ancestor's models. The faith and methods of Brahms are the same as Beethoven's; his great work, too, is in symphonies, sonatas, quartets, and kindred forms, all expressing in the language of music those things which lie beyond reach of the spoken word. If we could imagine a gallery of musicians' portraits where the character of their music regulated their features, we should see Brahms retaining Beethoven's likeness, and suiting only his costume to the fashion of his time. He has not written even one opera; and as Beethoven condemned Euryanthe, so he condemns Wagner. On the other hand, this direct descendant of Weber tried the symphony, and abandoned it, as his ancestor did; but as *Der Freischütz* once won its way, so now *Lohengrin* and *Die Meistersinger* have swept the world.

From these two couples of distinguished opponents in the musical art of the early and late nineteenth century, we could continue with Haydn and Glück, and, proceeding backward along the parallel courses of musical development, trace the great men of each line, and their Montague-Capulet attitude, until we reached the town of Florence, three hundred years ago. We need not make this alarming excursion, deeply interesting though it would be to expose and discuss the feud from its beginning, the dissensions between the various Tybals and Romeos, and what the matter was. At

the bottom it has always been the same : the fight lies between polyphonic, subjective, and absolute music on the one hand, and monodic, objective, and relative music on the other hand. These are dreary and ambiguous words, though convenient for doctors to disagree in. "Polyphonic," for example, gives no hint of its application in piano music, where it describes the compositions of Schumann, but not those of Chopin ; nor would you, on the face of it, suspect this learned word of classifying the innocent gambols of *Three Blind Mice* as contrasted with the equally innocent *Home, Sweet Home*, which, like Chopin, is monodic. Again, if you tell an educated but not musical man that the sixth symphony is mainly objective and relative, but that the seventh is subjective and absolute, he will scarcely feel sure what you mean, until you say that the former is about things that may also be described in words, in the language of speech, such as birds and brooks, while the latter deals with that mysterious part of human nature for which music seems to be the only direct vehicle of expression.

Three Blind Mice and *Home, Sweet Home* have been chosen as types, because these humble lyrics have been with us since the nursery ; and in pausing to think each one over, we see at once the very real difference in their construction. In the former, three singers begin, one after the other, to sing the same tune. It is like a handicap, only they do not race, but keep the same distance apart, as they cover the same circular course. Each sings the tune and words independently of his predecessor and follower, and their blending, though a collision of three sets of words and three sets of notes, is musically coherent. If you listen to the total effect, the words are incomprehensible, because, since the last singer began before the first had finished, each is at a different stage ; but you can single out any one, and follow the thread of his discourse from the beginning of the verse

and tune to their end. This species of music may also be compared with a rope, which, if untwisted, divides into a set of complete independent strands.

Home, Sweet Home is plainly different. Only one melody is going at once ; and if it be silent, the instrumental or vocal accompaniment will fall meaningless as a sentence without a subject.

Here, then, are the two types whose upholders have quarreled, and they include all music, whether serious or light. A waltz, Schubert's *Erl King*, Handel's *Largo*, and Siegfried are on the *Home, Sweet Home* principle, monodic ; while Offenbach's brigands, entering as beggars and asking for bread in Latin, sing a chorus that is burlesque polyphonic ; and to this class of music belong Bach's fugues, and any symphony. No matter how long and elaborate a musical work may be, either *Three Blind Mice* or *Home, Sweet Home* contains in its primitive architecture the principles on which the more stately edifice is built. Just as blank verse is better for Hamlet than rhyme would be, so the polyphonic composers maintain, and rightly, that their style is necessary to express adequately the greatest and deepest musical conceptions, — those which other languages fail to touch. Their opponents are generally aiming at something quite different, — to express and intensify ideas already suggested by some other art. They have found monodic music better for this purpose. This controversy definitely began when Peri, in 1597, wrote an opera called *Dafne*, and intentionally disregarded polyphonic rules, thereby instantly scandalizing every one who believed in Palestrina. Monteverde followed his example. His operas took two cities captive ; but since he had conspicuously failed in polyphonic music, the polyphonists concluded he could not write music at all. Since then, each side has been extravagant in its denial of the other's right to exist, down to Brahms and Wagner.

Such is the main controversy ; and when divested of technical words its nature shows clear enough. But why it should be, for what reasons these composers could not find room in the world for each other, requires further analysis.

There seem to be two reasons. Musical art was born when all other arts were old. Humanity had been producing and understanding perfect sculpture for centuries before the year 1600, and by that time there was little left to discover in painting, poetry, or prose. But it took Western thought and civilization till then to render human apprehension sufficiently subtle to discover or understand the language of sound. It may be that other languages still more subtle are in store for us when we are ready for them. However that may be, all the music we listen to has been written since 1600, and consequently the field for exploration has been so vast that men have lost sight of one another in it. That is one reason ; the second is still more cogent. The musician is the only artist whose vehicle of expression is not external to himself. The world provides the others with objects, animate and inanimate, and events and thoughts, which they record by using shapes or colors like those they see around them, or words which they hear. The painter expresses what he has to say by representing a tree or a face ; but the melodies and harmonies of a Beethoven or a Wagner lie wholly within the man. By your sense of sight you may see around you the raw material that suggested any picture ; but what sense shows you the material that went to make a symphony ? There is absolutely nothing outside for the musician to listen to and imitate when he is composing ; his whole fabric, raw material and finished work, emanates not only from the invisible, but from the inaudible. This unique source of music, isolating it among all arts, is so extraordinary and lies so far beyond research that no one has succeeded in doing more than

point out the fact. Hence, since the musician must so dive into himself, — and the greater and newer his work, the deeper the plunge, — it is most natural that from his own depths he should find it more difficult to understand a different sort of musician than it is for one painter or poet to understand another

Hugo says that music is to poetry what reverie is to thought ; Pascal says that the heart has reasons which Reason does not know ; and it is Richter, I think, who bids Music depart, for she speaks to him of things which are not as if they had existence somewhere. These several remarks bound as precisely as can be done the absolute domain of music.

Every art, I take it, is chief holder of some territory, but I can think of none except music that is sole proprietor of a region which no other art can enter. Nature and the human face belong to painting, but sculpture has a share in one, and poetry in both. And so you may go on, finding the arts overlapping each other, Paolo and Francesca represented now on canvas and now by the orchestra, till you come to a symphony such as the seventh, — and who shall say what that is about ? Its subject cannot be named, yet its eloquence is at once perfectly definite and entirely inexpressible. No dictionary contains its nouns and adjectives ; the heart has reasons which Reason does not know, and music a language no tongue can translate. This “absolute” music has a grammar, a syntax, and a rhetoric of its own, which are as essential to its production as the rules of drawing and perspective are to painting. But directly a musician comes out of his exclusive territory, and enters the realm of painting or poetry, these rules either partially or totally cease to apply. When Schubert unites with Goethe to tell us of Gretchen at her spinning-wheel, he abandons the style of his symphony in C because it would swamp the song. He becomes monodic, and in his accompaniment even

imitates the whirring of the wheel. Here we are quite in the middle of that "relative" music so denounced by the other party. Yet who would lose *Gretchen am Spinnrade* because it is written in a style that cannot express the profoundest depths of music?

The steps from what may be called bed-rock nature up into grand opera are direct and easily traced, and such a song as this is one of them. Every race has its battle songs, love songs, death songs, where words and music have sprung from the national heart. Their brief strains contain the universal; the single blow they strike goes home to all mankind. It is difficult to argue away any such spontaneous beauty by calling it monodic or objective. The words seem to fall a little outside of common sense. The only difference between these folk songs and the poems of Goethe or Uhland set by Schubert or Schumann is, that in the latter we know the authors' names. Deliberate lyric art at its highest can sometimes pass for a folk song. These songs often contain a drama; and from such a song as the *Erl King* the step to the stage is logical and immediate. The personages shall speak for themselves, instead of a narrator speaking for all; and the only aim of the musician remains what it has been from the first, dramatic truth. Like Schubert in his *Gretchen* or his *Erl King*, the composer in his opera pays no attention to the rules that govern and limit a symphony, but varies his melody and harmony with the varying tone of word and situation; stringing new ideas along as they become appropriate, and, to speak roughly, following the Home, Sweet Home method because that of Three Blind Mice would in a very few minutes divorce him utterly from his drama. *Don Juan* opens with the comic complaint of an overworked servant; a murder follows almost at once. Mozart has to break the laws of strict polyphonic development which would compel him

to continue his comic music, or at any rate soon to return to it.

The theoretical justification for each form of music has now been stated. One is better for revealing that world which no other art can bring before us; the other best expresses dramatic truth. But in art, as well as elsewhere, we can prove the pudding in the usual manner, and leave the theorist intelligently firing into the air his blank cartridges. And as symphony and opera have both had their audiences ever since they were invented, their lives are probably not in danger, even though Beethoven be ready for the madhouse, and *Euryanthe* is a collection of diminished sevenths.

For the service all these great men have done us, by providing hours of delight and refreshment forever, we could easily forgive them their lack of catholicity, even if this had not been the necessary consequence of the circumstances attending musical creation; but there is no such excuse for the rest of the musical world, the world of critics and of concert and opera goers. Yet the babel that goes on among them is portentous. Not only must the symphony and the opera be mutually exclusive forms of enjoyment, but also German and Italian, and old and new. These little people are perpetually taking sides, as if for them, too, art was life, and did not permit you to serve two masters. "I cannot listen to *Trovatore*, because I appreciate *Tristan* so acutely;" or, "Give me Mozart and Haydn, but remove Brahms and all such new-fangled dreariness."

Now, to a Beethoven art must indeed be life, and the Scripture rule about two masters cannot apply too solemnly; he is the august inhabitant of his lonely world. But for his audience, ourselves, what presumption to pretend or assume that art is our life; being at best nothing but appreciators, to pose as creators! We step aside from business, sport, society, family,—the regions where we really live,—to listen for a parenthetical hour to

music, and then complacently announce, not a preference, but a creed. "There is no god but Wagner, and I am his prophet!" Ridicule is a swift and searching Nemesis. Why the citizens, male and female, are not found out when they lay this humbug so bare to their neighbors would pass comprehension; only the neighbors are so busy exclaiming, "There is no god but Schumann," or somebody else, that they lack the leisure to take notice. It does not seem to occur to the evangelists of polyphony or monody, or of Verdi against Wagner, that Shakespeare and Homer, Goethe and Molière, are not mutually exclusive tastes; that the lovers of music, with other intelligent people, enjoy the drama, the novel, the lyric; yet their musical attitude is akin to the position that we cannot like *Waverley* because we admire *Paradise Lost*. For, you see, one is in blank verse, but the other is in prose, and breaks all the laws of iambic pentameter.

Thus is the spirit lost in the letter. Yet if catholicity exists in literary taste, why should it not in music? Is it not a pity that three quarters of those who enjoy poetry and prose, tragedy and comedy, a sonnet by Wordsworth and a story by Mark Twain, should not have an equivalently broad musical appreciation, and add just so much more enjoyment to their lives? If I believe that the *Götterdämmerung* is the sublimest height tragic opera has attained, I can still be happy on another night with *Fra Diavolo* or *La Sonnambula*; and Haydn delights me in

spite of my admiration for Brahms. But so many go to the concert hall to gather figs of thistles!

The reason for all this is the fact that, to most listeners who would be thought music lovers, music is really alien, and they do not meet it as they meet literature. They know that a drama or a poem expresses human things, but they do not know that a symphony does, too. Music is a phenomenon to them, the fourth dimension of space. The man who has a real affinity for it; to whom it is not an exotic, or a rare, strange object, to be approached with respect because fashion says so, but is a mother tongue, a matter of course, received and understood, or not understood, just as he understands a remark, or requests the remark to be repeated that he may take it in, — such a man strikes no attitudes about this or that composer or kind of composition. Heavy or light, symphony or opera, Italian, French, German, or English, he stands ready to enjoy anything that comes, *if it be good of its kind*. That is all he demands.

Some day such listeners will be more numerous than they are at present. It has been easy for a long time to buy books and read them. But concerts and other means of growing familiar with music have been very scarce until recently. Also, a thousand people know how to read where one can play the piano. These considerations make the lack of catholicity in musical taste natural; but what a pity!

Owen Wister.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

X.

THE season seemed full of menace to the troglodytes of the Lost Time mine. The work went on about the still as

hitherto, but with added precaution — various and vain, for the limits of their ingenuity had already been reached — and with a heavy sense of presage. The old moods that had prevailed here were

gone, whether of brag and bluster, or wild hilarity, or jocose horse-play, or the leisurely and languid spinning of yarns to help the hour to pass. Even the industry of old Zeb Copley, the veteran of the force, was mitigated by sudden long pauses and a disposition to hearken fearfully for unaccustomed noises, and by eager and earnest urgency that the work should be premitted for a time. The youngest moonshiner of all felt it a dreary world to look at with sober eyes, and, despite his morose abstinence and surly staidness, a less discerning judgment than Taft's might have foreseen the brevity of this enforced drought, and the danger of a relapse, with all his reminiscences at his thick tongue's end, were he free to fare about the world without. Espey's vacant place was ever significant of the reason for it, and Larrabee would sit for hours brooding over the untoward chances of his own fortunes; his gloomy eyes on the ever-glinting line of light playing through the furnace door, his motionless pipe full only of dead ashes in his heedless hand.

"Ye air a toler'ble dangersome neighbor," Taft remarked one day; for the complication of the mistaken identity had come to his ears during a sortie from his stronghold, and the threats of the deputy sheriff against the supposed Jasper Larrabee coupled with his suspicions as to moonshining.

Larrabee looked up fiercely. "Move, then, ef ye don't like yer neighbor."

He was like a fox run to earth; he had no further resource. His one idea of dealing with the law was by evasion and subterfuge and concealment. He had no remote expectation of justification. By a series of deceptions he had persuaded his mother to go on an immediate visit to a bedridden great-aunt who lived in an adjoining county. The horse she rode belonged to a neighbor of the aged relative, who chanced to be in this locality, and who was taking home with him a led horse, a recent purchase. Jas-

per himself was to go after her in the indefinite period when the corn should be laid by and her own horse at leisure. The infant conqueror of the rickets went with her, mounted behind her, his chubby arms stretched at their utmost length clasping her gaunt waist, and with as unchastened a vainglory and pride in the earnest of this great journey and the envious wonderment of the other children as if his bourn were the north pole. Thus Mrs. Larrabee set out, with the grim-visaged neighbor of the aunt in advance, and with a frisky, dapper colt — already *en rapport* with the pilgrim youth by reason of mutual juvenility, irresponsibility, and frivolity — kicking up his admired heels in the rear. And Henrietta Timson reigned in her stead under the queer little sylvan roof that seemed no more made with hands than the cups of a triple acorn.

Thus it was that Jasper Larrabee was roofless for the nonce, save for the strata of the Lost Time mine.

That Lorenzo Taft would fain be rid of him he saw grimly enough, and this he grimly refused to heed. He had incurred the suspicion of moonshining by reason of Espey's choosing to wear his name for an hour or so. He had incurred it through no fault of his own. The infringement of the law was common to them all, and involved a danger which they should share.

At all events, there would be nobody to answer for harboring the fugitive, should Espey's true identity become known to the law, and Rodolphus Ross find his way again to the little house on its airy perch. Taft had thought it wise that Larrabee, already tainted with suspicion in the mind of the officer of the law, and so a source of great danger, should follow Espey to parts unknown. But the world, to the unlodged of earth, is doubtless of aspect like the face of the waters to the dove when first loosed from the ark, without foothold or friendly sign.

Larrabee replied even to the innuendo:—

“Go whar? An’ leave you-uns a-cuddled down hyar so snug in the groun’ that the devil hisse’f will sca’cely nose ye out on the Jedgmint Day? Naw, sir. I see nuthin’ but resk fur me on all sides, but less hyar ’n ennywhars. I hev stood in ez much danger ez enny of ye. I hev tuk my sheer o’ the resk ’thout wingin’, but I won’t be kicked out like a stray dog an’ gin up ter the law ’kase you-uns air ’feared ’Dolphus Ross ’lows I be a moonshiner. He can’t find or hear o’ me hyar. I got ez much right hyar ez you-uns, ’Renzo Taft. I own my sheer in the business, an’ hyar I be goin’ ter bide.”

The other two moonshiners, Copley and young Dan Sykes, regarded him askance and with sullen eyes. This minority might seem to be fraught with no small danger. His chief fear lest Espey should be overtaken, and the details of his refuge with the Larrabees be elicited, involving himself and his mother as accessories to the crime, he never mentioned. It so absorbed his thoughts, however, that for a time he did not observe a symptom of the serious antagonism of his *confrères*.

A shaft hard by the still-room, if such the nook where the apparatus was worked might be called, which was sunk into the very deepest limits of the mine, came near relieving them of their perplexity on this score, one day. Larrabee’s foot slipped in the rotting refuse of pomace on the verge while he was handling the bags of grain, and as he came heavily to the floor, barely saving himself, he saw like a flash a sudden irradiation of hope on the flushed, foolish face of the boy, a keen expectation in Taft’s eyes, and even in the old drudge’s wooden wrinkles a sort of disappointed resignation as he scrambled to his feet, that daunted him more than the immediate danger.

His precious book he read no more by the light of the furnace flicker, after this.

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Not that he now brooded over his cares, but his watchfulness never flagged. Whether the accident suggested the idea to Taft, or whether it were the flimsy fiction of the inimical atmosphere and his own alert apprehensiveness, Larrabee thought that he was given several opportunities to take leave inadvertently of the world. Once, in cleaning a pistol said to be unloaded, the ball in the last chamber whizzed sharply by his head. Again and again he was set to handle the heavy bags of grain on the slippery verge of the shaft. After a time a new cause of alarm was developed. Despite his crafty vigilance in his determination to remain at all hazards, he did not notice, until it became very marked, their unwillingness that he should leave the still at all, and Taft’s expertness in disallowing every pretext. The truth dawned upon him at last, with its most valid reason. Although they would be glad were he to quit the country, yet, since his permanent absence could not be compassed, any chance excursion into the Cove or neighborhood was fraught with danger, as he might be seen, identified as Larrabee, and followed by the man who had spotted him as a moonshiner to Taft’s house, where, spending days and nights, the mystery would soon be unfolded.

Larrabee came upon this discovery with a suffocating sense as of a prisoner. Instantly he was possessed by a wild urgency for the outer air and the freedom beyond that seemed as if its own impetus might break through the barriers of a thousand feet of the solid ground. He almost felt the wind blow in the strength of his keen desire; and when he set himself instantly to compass his deliverance, eagerness outran tact in his first demonstration.

“Hello, ’Renzo,” he said in a cheerful, incidental voice, strikingly at variance with the gruff tones that had of late served him in the absolutely essential colloquies between them touching the work.

Taft's keen senses instantaneously apprehended the difference. He glanced around with a quick eye, lit by the feeble white gleam of the lantern in his hand, for he had but just emerged from the tunnel. He did not simulate. He looked as he felt, interrogative, expectant, as he sat down on the side of a barrel without pausing to extinguish the lantern. Its pallid glow suffused his florid face and yellow beard, and brought out the tint and effect of translucency in his blue eyes. They were fixed steadily on Larrabee, who was suddenly out of countenance. He had intended a more casual disclosure of his project than the impending interview permitted, — a sort of unpremeditated announcement of his determination, as of being free to do as he would. He felt that his face had changed, and he knew that the change was noted. A new rush of alarm seemed to surge through his nerves. For, guarded as Taft evidently was, he too had betrayed somewhat the importance which he attached to the plans, even the words, of his employee, or his partner, or his prisoner, as Larrabee might be variously regarded. It daunted Larrabee: the latent ferocity that lurked in Taft's character, repudiated in his burly good comradeship of manner and in his florid face, — save for a certain beaklike outline of the nose that gave a rapacious, cruel intimation, — was instinctively known to the young mountaineer, who was not skilled in the craft of a knowledge of his kind, and had no habit of analysis. He somehow flinched to be made anew so definitely aware that he was a factor, and a troublesome one, in Taft's schemes. He felt no match for the elder tactician. He wished he had gone long before, when the moonshiner sought so openly to be rid of him. At all events, he would go now, and without chicanery or subterfuge. He blurted out his plan, which he had intended to trench upon with great care and circumspection, and which

should have appeared a natural evolution and outcome of the conversation.

"'Renzo,'" he said, with a distinct abatement of his former genial inflections, but still with a pliable, amiable tone, — and for his life he could not suppress an intonation of appeal, — "'Renzo, I'm a-studyin' 'bout takin' yer advice. Ye air old'n me an' hev got mo' 'speriance an' " —

"What advice?" Taft interrupted succinctly. The sentence seemed very short in his big, mellow, sonorous voice; it was like a key struck inadvertently on some great organ; the heavy vibrations in themselves seemed to promise continuity.

"'Bout goin' out'n the Cove. I been studyin' it all out, an' I 'low 't would be safer fur all consarned ef I war ter cut an' run."

Taft remained silent. His illumined eyes were glassy and fixed; somehow, the absorbed, introspective thought seemed to eliminate their expression.

"Jes' cl'ar out," said Larrabee, as if in explanation; he could not repress the manner of asking a permission, although he raged inwardly at himself.

"'Whar'bouts?" Taft's great voice boomed out once more as it were inadvertently.

"'Ter Buncombe County in ole Car'liny, whar I got some kinfolks a-livin'," said Larrabee. "That 's what I war a-studyin' 'bout," he added, still striving for a more incidental effect.

The furnace door was open, for the fire was low, the still but just emptied, and the work intermitted for the nonce. The bed of red coals filled the place with a dull glow. In its dreamy light he saw suddenly the broad, flabby face of Dan Sykes, the youngest of the moonshiners, distorted with silent mirth, like the face of a caricature. He sat upon a billet of wood in a lowly attitude, frog-like with his upturned head which was supported by his two hands, his elbows resting on his knees drawn high under

his chin. His distended grin of evident delight in Taft's answer showed that it was not unexpected.

"Why, law, Jasper," exclaimed Taft, — but the unctuous tone would not mix with the lie of the intent, and floated in its midst like oil on water, — "I could n't make out *now*, jes' *now*, 'thout you-uns. I be short-handed now, 'count o' Espey, an' I got word ter-day from the cross-roads fur two barrels o' corn juice quick ez it kin be got thar. Yer kin in Buncombe," — his eye twinkled, for he suspected the kin in Buncombe to be of that airy folk known only to dreams and deceits, — "they 'll keep. Ye 'll hev jes' ter put off goin' fur a leetle spell, — bein' so short-handed, ye know."

"What air they aimin' ter pay fur them bar'ls?" demanded Larrabee calmly.

Thus he drew the conversation aside to the commercial aspects of the situation, as if he acquiesced in Taft's view, and recurred to his proposition no more. He controlled his voice, but his heart sunk like lead. He had not dreamed but that they would be glad to let him go if he quitted the region. He had not even feared that this resource was in jeopardy. He could not imagine the turn of events which must needs preclude his flight abroad, as well as his familiar appearance in his wonted haunts about the Cove. He cursed his fatuity again and again that he had not escaped when he could. What were the dangers of the world at large in comparison with the mysterious menace that environed him here? He dwelt continuously on these thoughts for a time, and it was only gradually, and chiefly by reason of Sykes's leering grin and secretly gleeful eye, that he became aware that this Benjamin amongst them had been specially deputed to watch him. In the days of his own terrors of the world without he had ceased to go out for his meals or to sleep. He subsisted on "snacks" which Taft fetched down from his own table, —

which abstraction caused no surprise to his small housekeeper, for Miss Cornelia Taft had long since exhausted her capacities for astonishment at any prodigies of food consumption on the part of her father, who took such big bites in comparison with old Mrs. Jiniway's custom, — and he slept at broken intervals, as his uneasy thoughts permitted, on the empty meal sacks in the shadow of the piles of barrels. This life continued now of necessity as formerly of choice. Larrabee's apparent acquiescence, he had a vague idea, surprised and perturbed the others. They were evidently prepared for resistance and harsh measures. They had lost their balance in some sort; their attitude was like that of one who makes ready for a running leap, and stops short of the jump. Thus, their unsteady, balked surprise bore scant relation to their persistent, unchanged purpose, for their watch upon him was not for one moment relaxed. Even in the network of wrinkles about the sunken eyes of the elder distiller a sort of staggered, dumfounded suspicion expressed itself, in conjunction with an observant heed of Larrabee's every movement which hitherto would not have been allowed to absorb so much of the attention he was wont to bestow on the still.

At first the discovery came near to breaking down Larrabee's reserve of endurance. His heart thumped so loudly, so heavily, that he sometimes thought they must hear its treacherous clamors as he sat and smoked in the dull red glow, assuming a calm and somnolent, satisfied aspect. Occasionally, with that terrible sense of the key turned, the door closed, the realization of restricted liberty, so overwhelming to the free habit of the mountaineer and the woodsman, with a charter to wander as wide as the wilderness, the blood would surge to his head, the copper boilers spin round and round, his companions slowly wheel about in that dim space of shadow and light; and he thought he lost consciousness at

these times. But always when he came to himself he was sitting as before, calmly smoking in his wonted place, seeming a trifle disposed to shirk his work, perchance; and latterly he had begun to drink heavily, as it were upon the sly. He could not have said how the idea had come to him: it was not gradual; the scheme was full fledged in an instant. He knew that his every movement was under surveillance, and that he was under the special guard of the young drunkard, who had been longer sober now, perhaps, than for many a month. Dan Sykes watched with glistening eyes Larrabee's furtive hand reaching for the jug of whiskey, the trick of the hasty swallow aside, and presently Larrabee had a companion in his covert potations. He trembled lest the young fellow's scanty powers of self-restraint should not be adequate to conceal long enough to serve his plan the swift ravages of drink in his recent abstinence. He seemed insatiable and frantically keen of thirst, and the necessity of concealing his indulgence from Taft, who had evidently sent forth some fiat against it, developed an almost incredible deftness of craft. On the day that the liquor was barreled and removed, he had been drinking almost without cessation. His share in the work was scant, his duties as guard serving in substitution. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps because of the absorption in the enterprise, neither of the two elder moonshiners noticed his condition; and indeed he had become singularly skilled in assuming a sort of veneer of sobriety. It passed muster in this instance.

Taft got away early in the night with his load, taking note, apparently, of nothing beyond some extra hazard of the enterprise, as Larrabee gathered from the caution with which he loaded his revolvers and his frequent conferences aside with Copley, who enjoyed his special confidence, being his near kinsman as well as coadjutor. The barrels were to be concealed in the wagon under bags of fea-

thers, dried fruit, ginseng, and other strictly rural commodities of barter. Two barrels of innocent and saccharine sorghum found themselves, too, in the unholy company of those barrels that the still had furnished forth. It was somewhat difficult to make out the load. Copley was eager for it to be off, notwithstanding, but Taft persisted until all the probabilities had been satisfied. There was much passing back and forth in the tunnel; through its long lengths Larrabee could hear the commotion in the room beneath the store. When the preparations were completed at last, he knew as well as if he had seen it how the great white canvas-covered wagon looked, standing with its two stanch mules before the door of the store, under the early dusky night sky and the burly overhanging purple heights; the yellow light streaming out from the open door upon it, and all the cheerful bustle of departure rife as it were in the very air. Taft came back at the last moment for his coat. As he swung himself alertly into it, and crushed his big hat down on his big yellow head, he had all the breezy impetus of one who is about to start on a pleasant and successful journey.

"All loaded!" he cried cheerfully. "A kentry merchant a-goin' ter buy goods can't be too keerful—oughter take along all the gear he kin ter trade—ha! ha! ha! Good-by! Be good!"

And thus he strode out with his light, elastic tread. Larrabee listened as it beat on the dirt path, and then to the echoes that duplicated its progress, till it ceased to sound.

Somehow the void about the circle was not without melancholy intimations, the normal incident of departure, whether it be regretted or cause for gratulation. Perhaps because of the sudden disordered quiet and loneliness in the quitted scene, the unoccupied mind must always needs reach forward into the unknown journeyings, meeting in speculation the varied events denied to

the home-abiding. Larrabee sat still for a time in the low red glow of the furnace fire, exchanging now and again an incidental comment with his companions on the subject of the journey and its chances. The intervals of silence grew longer; the shadows gathered and deepened; the younger man's head occasionally nodded grotesquely in sleep, but more than once, as Larrabee was about to rise to his feet, he saw in the obscurity the large bloodshot eyes open and fixed soberly upon him. He had waited long: long for the certainty that Taft would not return on some forgotten errand; long for the drunken sleep that must needs overcome the inimical vigilance of the young moonshiner. He could wait no longer. With an abrupt, shrill cry like that of a savage panther, he flung himself upon his elder companion. Copley was a man of powerful physique, and his every muscle was developed by the heavy labor in which it was exercised. In his undiminished strength his age gave no advantage to his adversary, whose slight bulk he might have flung from him with a single arm but for the surprise and suddenness of the attack in which he was borne to the ground. All Larrabee's strength hardly sufficed to hold him there for a moment. There was a fierce struggle; a pistol ball whizzed by Larrabee's head, and the narrow precincts were filled with the echoes and with Copley's hoarse calls upon Sykes for help. The young fellow rose in response, stupidly echoing the cries of his own name, took one tottering step forward, and fell like a log, flabby, nerveless, helpless on the floor. Larrabee wondered afterward that it could all be so quickly done. It was by virtue of surprise, desperation, sleight of hand, deftness, and quickness rather than by strength or courage. A meal bag served as a gag, and a rope, used in transporting the heavy barrels up the steep incline to the store, to pinion the arms and shackle the feet. Larrabee was almost exhausted

by the capture of the first prisoner, and it was perhaps auspicious for his freedom that the young drunkard, beyond an ill-directed blow or two, could make no resistance. The rope was made fast around the solid masonry of the furnace; and as Larrabee contemplated his work he felt sure that the two prisoners, one yet vainly struggling, the other already sleeping the sleep of the very drunk, would find no means of deliverance till Taft's return the next day.

Again and again in his durance Larrabee had prefigured how swift would be his flight along the tunnel to the free outer air. Now he feebly plodded, and trembled, and faltered, and again went groping along the densely black way, essaying to keep a straight line, but feeling himself continually touching the wall, now on the right, and again on the left, in his zigzag course. Once he paused with an alert start. A sound of human voices had struck his ear, and at the merest possibility that his escape was not complete, certain, every flaccid, exhausted muscle was tense again. He lifted up his head, hardly breathing, that he might listen, but heard only the uncontrolled motion of his own heart plunging like an unruly horse. All else was silent in the black stillness of the deeps of the earth, save for the slight purling of the thread of a stream which farther on intersected the tunnel. No stir, no sound from the still-room, his late prison-house, where his jailers lay bound hand and foot; and yet he had thought he heard voices — human voices — words — he could almost have sworn it. And suddenly the sound came again. This time he recognized it, — louder than its custom, more distinct, for he had heard it before, — the sound of the strange, unexplained voices that at long intervals were wont to reverberate along the tunnel of the Lost Time mine, and that were accounted by the moonshiners echoes from their own wrangles or mirth or talk as they toiled. He was certain that it

did not come now from the still; his fear that his work had been slack, and that his comrades were liberated, was without foundation, but an earthly rational fear is a wonderful exorcist of a ghostly terror. Otherwise, when he thought of it afterward, he felt that he must have been struck dead with the horror of it, when he suddenly heard, close at hand, the sound dulled by the dense medium of the earth, a word of command, as it were, in a queer, strained, false-ringing voice, and then the regular strokes of a pick cleaving the earth with a workmanlike steadiness and precision. His blood ran cold; for his credulity harbored no doubts. It was the sound of the drowned miners, lost in the flooded shafts, still vainly digging the graves that the niggard earth denied them. The thought mended his speed; he flew like a shuttlecock from side to side of the narrow passage, where he could but grope, for the lack of a lantern; and although he often put forth his hands expecting to touch the boards of the partition at the further end, he thrust into his palms a score of the hairy splinters of the reverse side of the rude puncheons long before he could have reasonably expected to reach his goal. He observed none of the precautions and silence common to the moonshiners in their exits from the still; and indeed the feat was hardly expected to be attempted in the dense darkness. He dropped one of the boards, and the deep, cavernous, clamorous echo coming up from the hollow vaults below almost unnerved him, as it resounded again and again. He had lost control of his nerves. He stumbled over the empty boxes and barrels in the room beneath the store, tumbled up the ladder, and as he clambered from the door beneath the counter he realized for the first time that the room was built, as were many in the meaner cabins of the region, without a window, depending on the door for ventilation and light. This

was a matter of precaution with Taft, and being a not uncommon feature in the district occasioned no surprise; but Larrabee's heart sunk as he remembered that it was Taft's cautious habit to lock the door when he himself was not in the store. Feeling that the bars were in place against the battens, he was apprised that it had been thus secured by the worthies down at the still, and perchance the key was now in Copley's pocket. His only resource would be to retrace his way, all the toil and risk of his escape to be repeated. But no, the bolt turned in his hand, and as he stepped into the passage without his eyes were dazzled almost to blindness by a tallow dip blazing in the hand of little Cornelia Taft, summoned by the noise to investigate its source. Behind her, looking over her head, was Joe's round, careless, plump face. Larrabee was little less staggered by the monition that there might be other persons at hand in the house than by the expression of Cornelia's prim, disapproving, unfriendly, intelligent little countenance. The next instant he cared for neither; a salient change in the aspect of the house claimed his attention. The open passage between the two rooms had been boarded up, and a stout door fitted in, barred and bolted, on which gleamed a strong new lock. There was no key visible. He gazed at the lock with greedy eyes, silent, till the girl's question had been twice repeated.

"Me—doin' hyar? Oh, I been doin' some work fur yer dad," he said, more at ease, for he had seen her occasionally as he came and went, presumably in the character of customer, and he detected recognition in her calm and non-committal countenance. "I got shut up in thar,—mought hev been noddin',—an' I war feared the door war locked." He advanced upon the outer door.

"Ye can't git out'n that one," said the little girl coolly; "hit's locked on the outside, an' dad hev gonod away ter the cross-roads with the key in his pocket."

Larrabee's first impulse was to try his strength to burst it open, and once more that salutary monition of the probable presence of others in the house controlled him. He turned toward the door of the opposite room, partly to settle this doubt, and partly to discover — it had never before occurred to him to notice — whether it had a window. The room was vacant, and his eager eyes ranged the walls in vain for an aperture.

"It's like a trap," he muttered, as he sank exhausted into a chair. "What ails yo ter lock up the house an' make with the key, an' leave you-uns in s' by yers'fs?" he demanded.

The two children had followed him into the room. Joe stood by the door, holding by the frame, swaying back and forth, attempting some distortion of attitude impossible to the human configuration; but the little girl had seated herself staidly in a chair opposite, and showed herself not averse to conversation.

"'Kase thar be sech a lot o' strange, idle folks in the Cove," said the prim Miss Cornelia, with an expression of strong disapprobation.

Larrabee could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. It was indeed like a new world, the familiar Cove, so long he had been shut out of it.

"What folks?" he asked succinctly.

"Them ez hev been building the new hotel," said Sis. "Them, in course."

"What they doin' now? Ain't they buildin'?" he hazarded tentatively.

"Naw," — the small Cornelia Taft pursed up her lips contemptuously, — "jes' a-roamin' round the Cove in gangs, a-foolin' an' a-idlin', an', my sakes, a-drinkin' whiskey, thick ez bees!"

A new light was breaking in on Larrabee. Taft had at first desired that he should leave the Cove, — slip away quietly; now, since it was infested with a troop of scattered workmen, apparently out of a job, all of whom had doubtless spent an idle hour agape over the story

of the supposed Jasper Larrabee, the last nine days' wonder of the Cove, — the facetious freak of the pretended arrest, the miraculous escape of the fall from the cliffs, the mysterious disappearance, the suspicion of moonshining, and the threatened vengeance of the deputy sheriff, — it was scarcely probable that he could get away without exciting notice which might lead to recognition, pursuit, and arrest. He was safer at the still, — this he himself admitted now, — far safer in the depths of the earth; except, indeed, for Taft and his fellows.

"Did you-uns see the fire?" demanded Joe suddenly, still writhing and twisting against the door frame. "I did!" in triumph.

"Ye would n't ef I hed n't a-woke ye up," said Sis, with acerbity. "I 'low ye did n't see much nohows, bein' so sleepy-headed."

Larrabee sat looking in surprise from one to the other, his questions anticipated by their eager relish of the subject.

"Dad never seen nuthin'!" cried the boy triumphantly.

"Dad would n't b'lieve thar war a fire till he went an' viewed the cinders of the hotel," said the girl.

The hotel! A sudden suspicion smote Larrabee, a recollection of the threat to burn the building which had originated amongst the moonshiners before a stone was laid in mortar or a timber lifted. He did the craft injustice in this instance; Taft and his confrères had no part in the conflagration. But with Espey out of control, and Larrabee touched with the suspicion of moonshining, a chance word might fix upon the distillers this far more serious crime known to them both to have already been broached here. There was much reason for his detention, — too much. He must be going, and that shortly.

"I wonder ye all ain't feared o' burnin' up in hyar, locked up," he said suddenly, the catastrophe seeming to render

the danger of fire more imminent, although he knew it to be the habit of the country folk to lock small children in when convenient to leave home without them.

The little girl's thin lip curled.

"Ef we-uns hain't got no mo' sense 'n ter set the house or ouse'fs afire, I reckon we'd be wuth ez much roasted ez raw," she replied.

"Dad, he locked the door so we-uns kin tell them stragglers ez he be gone, an' they can't git in ter trade fur drink," put in Joe.

Larrabee said nothing more. He knew full well that the children were not so alone as they seemed, since old Copley was wont to be back and forth to the store, in Taft's absence, often enough to be at hand should he be required to suppress any disturbance; and being a near relative, he had a personal interest in their safety. Miss Cornelia Taft was a fine combination of her father's shrewdness and her grandmother's preciseness. As Larrabee felt her small discerning eyes studying him, he became conscious that he was looking about wildly and with manifest anxiety as to his next step. He made an effort to allay her dawning curiosity.

"Things look powerful nice an' cle'n up in hyar," he remarked casually.

He was unprepared for the effect of his words. If Miss Cornelia Taft had a soul, it was expressed in her housewifely instincts. In a dozen frantic and funny juvenile misconceptions the precepts brought from Mrs. Jiniway's domicile were put into practice here. The basis of them all, cleanliness and an effort for order, was plainly apparent, and Sis spent the better part of her days in seeking to impress upon Joe's unwilling mind the value of an occasional dish-washing, and the utility of wood ashes in scouring. An evil day, Joe considered it, when she came into his ragged, soapless, happy-go-lucky life; but Taft connived at their wranglings over their primi-

tive housekeeping and Joe's subjection. "Keeps Sis busy, an' lets me git on her blind side, — ef she hev got enny blind side," he added grimly.

Her pallid face flushed, her eye sparkled; she cast a glance of triumph at Joe, who had seated himself in a chair, and was twisting his bare feet in and out of the rungs in a way painful to witness, if not to experience, writhing his body to and fro, and rolling his head from side to side over the high back of the chair in a restless frivolity of motion that certainly had no family resemblance to the staid "manners" which Mrs. Jiniway's disciple exhibited.

She had entered volubly upon a detail of her exploits here in reforming Joe's misrule amongst the pots and pans and kettles.

"Dad's so 'way from home, an' Joe's so tur'ble shif'less," she complained.

The task of redding up the Augean stables was slight in comparison, one might believe, to judge from her show of horror now and then, and there was considerable difference between the size of Sis and of Hercules. She had succeeded in reaching some sense of culinary propriety in Joe, or pride, for he now and again became sufficiently still to look poutingly sullen, and to ejaculate, "'Tain't true!" "'T war n't!" and similar disaffected negations.

"I l'arnt all that whenst I lived with my granny," she concluded her exposition of the true methods of dealing with the trivet and the skillet and setting the house in order. "An' when we war done, we'd knit stockings an' tell tales."

"Tales 'bout what?" asked Larrabee, seeking to conciliate her, for he began to have a shrewd suspicion that she could aid him if she would. His interest was the more easily simulated, for he had a literary taste himself.

"Oh," she cried, with a little bounce forward, not unlike Joe's elasticity, "them in ginerel we-uns hearn the rider read, — 'bout Sam'l."

"I hev read 'bout Sam'l," said Larrabee quickly, with an air of playing willingly to her lead; and indeed she had struck him on his strong suit. "An' old Eli. Eli war an able man, but he never 'peared ter me ter hev much jedg-mint."

"I jes' *lo-o-ved* ter hear 'bout leetle Sam'l an' his mother, an' her a-bringin' him of new clothes. He wore a white shut, an' she brung him a leetle coat every year," continued Sis, with placid eyes shining with the delighted reminiscence of the little prophet's fine gear.

"Eli never could hev led the childern of Isrul through the wilderness like Moses done," said Larrabee meditatively, reverting naturally to the elder character; whereas with Sis the *personnel* of the Bible was chiefly juvenile, rarely attaining a greater height than four feet.

"Jes' ter think," she cried, "they put Moses whenst a baby in a leetle dug-out, an' anchored him 'mongst the willows under the ruver bank, an' lef' him by hisself! Don't ye know, he hollered an' hollered! An' he wondered whar all the folks war gone."

"An' Dan'l I hev read about," continued Larrabee.

"In the painters' den! Oo—oo!" The little girl shivered with a sort of enjoyment of the terror of the situation, drawing up her shoulders, and holding both hands over her mouth.

"He war n't feared. I reckon he mus' hev been a powerful hunter whenst young. I wonder ef he ever hed enny 'speriunce with wolf an' bar, an' sech?" Larrabee speculated.

"Them bars! War n't that awful, — plumb turrible!" exclaimed Sis suddenly, her scanty brows knitted as she frowningly recoiled into the back of her chair, and her small eyes grew large. "Them two bars whut eat them forty childern, — though 'tain't manners, an' it never war, ter make game o' yer elders."

"Tain't true! No two bar ever eat forty childern. They 'd hev bust!" Joe

interposed realistically. "Sis jes' made that up out'n her own head."

"It air true," protested the little Biblical student. "I hearn the rider read it myself."

"Them childern war obleeged ter be sorter sizable ter hev quit bein' bald-headed tharse'fs, ef they war able ter run an' p'int thar fingers. An' shucks! I hev been sassier 'n that a many a time, an' no bar hev eat me yit," said Joe hardily.

"Ye air savin' up fur Satan, I reckon," retorted Miss Taft, with acerbity. "I hev a heap o' trouble with this boy," she added, turning a dreary, disgusted little face toward Larrabee.

Their unity of literary interest had fostered a degree of sympathy for her. "Ye oughter go down sometimes an' set at Tems's," he suggested. "He hev got a darter an' a niece, though they air older 'n ye be."

"I don't mind old folks," said Cornelia, evidently with no idea of the gradations of age. "I be used ter granny. I wisht dad would marry one of 'em at Tems's," she added.

Larrabee glanced keenly at her.

"What ails ye, ter say that?" he asked jealously.

"I 'd like ter see a tuck took in Joe," said Sis bitterly.

She obviously spoke without further information or meaning. Larrabee rose restlessly, the interest of the literary symposium at an end.

"I wisht ye could let me out'n hyar somehows," he said, glancing uneasily about. Then, with a sudden recollection, "Ain't you-uns got a key ez would open the sto' door, what ye brung from yer granny's house? Mebbe 't would open t'other."

"Dad took it; he didn't want the sto' do' opened whenst he hed locked it."

"Hain't you-uns got no mo' keys, no kind o' keys?"

She hesitated, but he had won upon her somewhat obdurate predilections;

his acquaintance with the heroes of the tales that she had learned at her grandmother's home was a pleasing and fresh bond of interest. She divined his sympathy, and had seen his approval of the works she had wrought in the service of order and cleanliness; he saw in her little prim face that she had keys at hand, and presently she nodded brightly.

"Let's try 'em," he urged, as if the experiment had a mutual interest.

It was a bunch of two or three rusty old keys which she produced, held together with a rough leather string, but they meant liberty and life to Larrabee. He could hardly be still long enough to clean and oil them before the attempt which should be decisive. The little girl rubbed one with a will, while he busied himself with the other. She held the candle as he knelt tremulously on the floor and applied them successively to the lock. One slipped in and turned futilely all round, — too small. The other would not even enter the keyhole.

As he knelt there, the tallow dip showed a white, set face. He was remembering his comrades, bound hand and foot down at the still, and prefiguring Taft's alarm, — which was in itself formidable in its valiant disregard of all but his own safety, — his resentment and revenge, when their imprisoned estate should be discovered to him. Whatever might betide in the world without, it was death, indubitably, to remain. He rose suddenly, almost overturning the child at his elbow, starting toward the door of the store to get some implement to serve to break the lock.

"Try a file," said Sis reasonably, misunderstanding his intention.

She was still holding the candle as he came back, its white light on her precise little face and smooth hair put primly behind her ears, and a tall womanly caricature of her aped her gestures as her shadow stretched up on the new poplar weather-boarding of the partition.

Her suggestion worked like a charm.

A few moments of a sharp, rasping noise, while she set her little teeth, a second essay at the lock: the bolt slipped back as if made for the rusty old key that had worked no miracles before save that of opening old Mrs. Jiniway's "chist;" the door swung open. A glimpse of the windy night, the clouds, the tossing woods, and Sis, putting up the bars again, heard the last echo of Larrabee's swift step as he strode away.

XI.

The day fixed for processioning Kenniston's land dawned with an element of perplexity all its own to add to the troublous questions which it was expected to decide. The weather was the aptest illustration of uncertainty. The first gray light came with a rolling cloud and a dank wind sweeping along quick gusts of rain; then the sun rose, diffusive, promissory, with a great lavishness of red and yellow suffusions, a range and degree of rank, heavy color that seemed nearer to the hues of sunset than to the luminous purity and delicacy of wonted matutinal freshness. The slate-tinted clouds were massed once more, the beams failed, the wind brought the rain anew, and when it ceased at last, light mists were stealing along the heavy purple mountains, and rising from every chasm and depression; even far away amongst those vague contours, gray and dun-tinted and brown, that were like the first lifeless sketch of the dazzling azure ranges that the sunny days were wont to paint with such brilliant softness upon the fair field of the horizon, these vapors, white, soft, opaque, flocculent, could be seen. So from the furthest reaches to the nearest limits invisibility was visibly garnered.

As Kenniston, perturbed because of the weather signs, turned ever and anon in his saddle, as he rode up and up the mountain to the tryst at the Big Hollow

Boulder, he saw now the great outward bend of the mountain, with heavily wooded green slopes under the gray sky, all the coloring heightened by the impending tufty white of the masses of silent approaching vapor; the surly crags of the terrace dark with the moisture and the shadow; and the great black mass of the charred wood still sending up a slow, melancholy thread of smoke where the hotel lay in ruins. And again, looking over his shoulder to verify some half-forgotten detail of the scene, the trees twenty feet away were barely visible in the encompassing medium, so fleetly did the impalpable cloud press upon them. To him, unversed in mountain weather, the enterprise of the day seemed impracticable; and he was half surprised to see the surveyor, with his Jacob's staff and his chain-bearers, already waiting at the boundary corner. The figures of the group of men, with their horses picketed hard by, stood out against the inexpressive whiteness about them with the distinctness of sketches on otherwise blank paper. They were easily recognizable even from a distance, and Captain Lucy's slim proportions and grace of movement further served to differentiate him from the burlier forms of the others.

"Ah, colonel," called out Kenniston as he dismounted, "you here?"

It might hardly be believed by one who had experienced its causticity, but Captain Lucy's tongue was blunted of much of its capacities under his own roof-tree by the exactions of hospitality. Now he felt the franchise of the free outer air.

"I'm a mighty confidin' young critter, I know," he replied, advancing a few paces with his hands thrust in his pockets, "but this hyar man" — he nodded at the surveyor and affected to lower his voice confidentially — "hev got the name o' bein' sorter tricky, an' I 'lowed I hed better kem along like a good neighbor ter help ye some, else he mought cheat ye out'n a passel o' lan'."

The surveyor, a tall, saturnine, businesslike body, took not the slightest notice of this fling, but his two young chain-bearers grinned their appreciation, and the other men laughed outright with evident enjoyment, notably a tall, dark-eyed fellow, whom Kenniston presently recognized as the deputy sheriff, with whom he had already had some slight colloquy touching the possibly incendiary origin of the fire that had destroyed the new building. The recollection furnished him with a retort. He had flushed darkly, and his eyes were angry.

"I should n't be surprised to be ill treated in any way now in the Cove — after what *has* happened."

The laughter was checked by his tone. The men glanced at one another constrainedly. Before his coming, the event had promised to the volunteer assistants an episode of sociability affording the interchange of ideas and jocular converse, the interest of the developments sufficiently great to repay them for the hardship of the steep scramble down the mountain side. The significance of the proceeding was reasserted, and the silence was unbroken until the surveyor, busily adjusting his compass, remarked to Kenniston that he had noted one or two blazes indicating an old line, as he came up the mountain.

"Ye won't go a-nigh them blazes!" cried Captain Lucy sarcastically, waving his hand along an imaginary line. "Ye take my word fur it, ye won't see them blazes 'twixt hyar an' the mounting's foot."

Kenniston detected a covert meaning in the tone, and glanced keenly around at the speaker. But Captain Lucy's face was as enigmatically satiric as his laughter; and as Kenniston's questioning stare sought out the son, Luther turned away to avoid meeting his eyes, lowering, anxious, and it seemed somehow conscious. Conscious, too, was the hang-dog manner with which the usually bluff young mountaineer spoke to the deputy

sheriff Ross, observing that he did not see how the surveyor could get his bearings such a shut-in day as this.

The deputy sheriff had found it easily compatible with his interpretation of his duty to spare the time to assist as idle spectator at anything promising so much interest and excitement as the processioning of the Kenniston tract. For the antagonism between the disputants had already been noised abroad, and Rodolphus Ross, albeit a "peace officer" within the meaning of the statute, was not so attached to the service of the white-winged goddess that he did not cherish a lively expectation of whatever sport could be extracted from Captain Lucy's and Kenniston's belligerent idiosyncrasies. He protested now so clamorously that it might seem he feared that this unique opportunity would be wrested from him, and, assuming the rôle of a trustworthy weather prophet, maintained that whenever it rained before twelve o'clock, noon, an early clearance was the certain sequel. The discussion and the aspect of the weather diverted the general attention from Captain Lucy's singular words, and from Luther's unwillingness to proceed and surly disaffection.

But Kenniston, whose already keen observation was whetted by the appreciation of the enmity he sustained and the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen him, followed Luther's motion with an alert, apprehending eye, and hardly lost sight of him even when the mists swept between them and gave him but a distorted looming presentment of the young mountaineer; though thus caricatured, Luther never lost for a moment his uncharacteristic and already significant demeanor. Small as the group was, the figures of two or three were now and again abstracted from it, as if literally caught up in the clouds, slowly materializing again as the mists shifted. The horses hard by were sometimes invisible in the dense white medium, and anon only their heads would appear here and

there in various attitudes, like studies for a cavalry subject. So even with the Big Hollow Boulder: the corner of the lines seemed to recede, and again was near at hand, in a manner altogether inconsistent with its accepted attributes of immovability as a monument of boundary. The great felled trees, lying close by athwart the outcropping ledges of rock, — traces of the mountain tempest, — were obliterated and invisible in the encompassing whiteness. The chilly sound of the rain beating heavily below in the valley rose on the dank air, and more than once the white gauzy suffusions of the encompassing cloud were pervaded with a transient yellow glow, broad and innocuous reflections of the lightning of the storm cloud of the lower levels.

The surveyor was a tall, well-knit man of forty-five or fifty, with a square, short, grizzled beard decorating his chin, high cheek bones, a blunt nose, a far-seeing gray eye, and a quid of tobacco that seemed to render him indifferent to the joys of conversation. His high boots were drawn to the knees over his trousers, — a style affected by the rest of the party; Kenniston's correct equestrian garb being sufficiently dissimilar to give him that air of peculiarity and modishness that somehow seems so unworthy and flippant among plain and humble folk, as if they cared for better things than fashion. It made him a trifle ill at ease, and he had a sense of being out of his sphere, added to the conviction of the vicinage of enemies. He stood with his riding-whip in his hand beside the surveyor as he adjusted his instrument, conscious of sustaining the curious attention of the chain-bearers, two stalwart young fellows arrayed in brown jeans and heavy boots, amply competent for the task of carrying the chain through that rugged wilderness; conscious, too, of Captain Lucy's brilliant, laughing, handsome eyes, the doubtful, furtive glances of the others, and Luther's anxious, troubled gaze.

Suddenly, with an infinitely light, elastic effect that permeated all its vast area, the cloud began to uplift; the great grassy bald of the mountain towering above them showed its vast green dome as it were between precipitous white cliffs of still higher cloud mountains. An eagle's wing caught the sunlight as he soared above, beyond rifle range, and as he felt the rising wind his keen, exultant cry floated down to them. A tempered white glister suffused all the clouds about them; the sun was out, and as the illumined masses parted, the blue mountains afar off now glimmered with a dusky section of the quiet valley below, and again were veiled with the gleaming gauze. Between its shining folds a glittering green avenue opened out down the woods, as the surveyor, bending first to take sight, then holding his Jacob's staff stiffly before him, set out from the Big Hollow Boulder with a fair start and a long, elastic step; the two chain-bearers in file alertly followed, alternately bowing down and rising again, while the chain writhed through the grass between them like some living sinuous thing, ever and again drawn out tense and straight, and the echoes rang with the strophe and antistrophe of their sudden short cry, "Stick!" "Stuck!" "Stick!" "Stuck!"

It might seem that all the oreads of the Great Smoky were set to flight by this invasion of their sylvan haunts, so many a flitting white robe fluttered elusive among the dense shadows of the trees, gone ere you could look again; so often a glistening white arm was upflung in the deepest green jungle of the laurel. They sprang up by every shadowy cliff and lurking chasm, by every hidden spring and trickling stream, and fled with tattered white scarfs streaming in the wind behind them. All the way the rout continued as Science came down the slope, led by a compass rather than the sun or the shadow, and with her votaries to mete out the freedom of the wilds,

and the grace of the contour of the slopes, and the beauty of herbage and flowering growth, and the largess of the gracious earth, and to reduce all to an arbitrary scale, and judge it by the rod or perch or pole.

The grizzly old surveyor saw naught of this, — not even when, in advance of all the company, he threaded the sun-glinted green glade, and strode almost in the midst of a bevy of white gauze-draped fleeing figures. Nor his chain-bearers, young though they were, and presumably impressionable, — not even when they rose from their alternate genuflections, and their sudden call "Out!" resounded on the air, though they stood idle and looked about them while the surveyor paused to mark the "out." Nor Captain Lucy, as light and swift on his feet as the youngest, fierce, jaunty, with his clear, defiant eye. Nor Rodolphus Ross, finding great opportunity for mirth behind Captain Lucy's back as he scuffled along amongst the knot of spectators, keeping up as best they might, skirting the barriers that the surveyor and his chain-bearers, constrained by duty, went over, and tumbling, pulling, and struggling with one another now and then for the best and foremost place. "Look at old Cap'n Tams!" cried Ross. "Ain't he the very model of a game rooster? He ain't big, an' he ain't strong, an' he ain't heavy, but Lord! how he thinks he is!" Nor Kenneth Kenniston, beginning to pause now and again, — albeit he did not flag, despite the hard pull over the impracticable ground, for he was a man of stalwart physique and a practiced pedestrian, — to look instead at the memorandum of the calls of the title deed, which original paper the surveyor held in his hand, in doubt at first, in growing dismay, then in hot and mounting anger. At the next "out," when the surveyor set down his Jacob's staff, Kenniston strode over and tapped him somewhat imperatively on the shoulder.

"My good friend," he said, with an

evident effort at self-repression, "are you not making some mistake? You surely are not following the calls as they are set forth in these papers?"

To the professor of an exact science the suggestion of mistake is an imputation of incapacity. The claims of the quid of tobacco were disregarded for the nonce. The surveyor spoke, albeit with his mouth full, and spoke to the point:

"I reckon I know what I'm about, Mr. Kenn'ston. If you don't like the way I'm runnin' this line, run it yerse'f."

"The blazes on those trees on the side of the mountain, that you called my attention to, indicating the old line, are away over yonder on that sharp ridge." Kenniston waved his hand with the paper in it toward a high rocky crest to the left; then he fixed insistent eyes on the surveyor, and stroked his full brown whiskers mechanically with the other hand.

The surveyor followed with perplexed eyes the direction pointed out. He gave a little puzzled sniff, as if he sought to smell the line. Then he reverted to that prop of common sense, his Jacob's staff.

"D'ye want me to run the line according to the compass and the calls of the title papers, or by the old blazes scattered about in the woods on the trees?" he demanded. "You don't know whether they ever were intended to mark the line, nor who put 'em thar, nor for what. I know they ain't no kin ter the line I'm runnin' now, 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass."

Once more he took his bearings, and, holding his Jacob's staff before him, walked steadily forward into the deeps of the wilderness; the two sworn chain-bearers, who had listened with indignant, sullen brows to the wrangle and reflection on the work, again began diligently to bow down and rise up, as they ejaculated their "Stick!" "Stuck!" "Stick!" "Stuck!" — the clanking of the chain sounding loud and metallic in

the sylvan quiet. The other men, with their shadows, all pressed forward in a close squad, for the pause had given the stragglers time to gather.

Kenniston was aware that Captain Lucy carried the sympathies and good wishes of all the company, save perhaps the impartial surveyor, who would suffer himself to be influenced by nothing less just than his compass. He realized that he was looked upon as the "town man," and a rich one, desirous of wresting, by a slight technicality of the law, a very little land from a poor man who had in good faith built his house upon it. He had grown extremely bitter in his sentiment toward the people of the section because of the fire in which so much of value had perished, for he believed its origin incendiary. He was conscious of sustaining much antagonism, and he had fiercely resolved to deserve it. He had, in his first uncontrolled rush of anger, declared that he would punish somebody, — the true culprit, if possible; but *somebody* should kick his heels in jail for a while, and go to the penitentiary if might be. He did not in reality go so far in feeling as in expression, but his was not a prudent tongue. He earnestly desired success in the matter of the processioning; the scheme of the new hotel had grown very close to him; it seemed to him that one log cabin might serve the mountaineer as well as another, and that, moreover, in justice to himself, he should claim his own. He had felt sure, perfectly sure, that his deed called for the land that Captain Lucy held. For the first time, as he clambered with the rest down the rugged slopes, a doubt of this entered his mind. It made him wince from the probable result. He was not prepared to occupy the position of having sought to despoil a man, and a poor man, of his own, his very own, and then to fail. He knew that if he succeeded the countryside would wish that he had failed, and Captain Lucy would be a popular and picturesque object of commiser-

ation. But he could not endure the idea of the rejoicings in his failure. To work a hardship to another was bad, indeed, and he had never contemplated it without the salve of an ample money compensation. To seek futilely to work a hardship was far worse. Again and again he knit his brows, as he gazed at the treacherous annotations in his hand, while the interchange of glances behind him commented on his attitude and his evident state of mind. Captain Lucy, who could not have read a word of the notes, strode on, apparently indifferent to fate, the "very model of a game rooster," esteeming Kenniston's

show of anxiety the merest subterfuge; for would that monument of boundary known as the Big Hollow Boulder have become so nimbly peripatetic, despite its tons of weight, if the line run out therefrom were not to be materially altered for the betterment of the claimant at whose instance the processioning was held?

And still the chain clanked and writhed its length along the ground, and the cries "Stick!" "Stuck!" of the chain-bearers alternated as before, until the sudden call "Out!" resounded, and the surveyor paused to mark the "out" once more.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

COURTS OF CONCILIATION IN AMERICA.

LITTLE more than two years have passed since The Atlantic Monthly presented an outline of the courts of conciliation¹ in vogue in Norway and Denmark, and already the system has been transplanted to American soil. On March 10, 1893, the governor of North Dakota affixed his signature to "an act providing for the establishment of courts of conciliation, and prescribing the mode of procedure in same." This law, which is generally believed to be constitutional, will take effect next spring, when the first set of commissioners of conciliation will be elected.

Some years ago an effort was made to introduce similar tribunals in Iowa. A lawyer of ability, who had been afforded an opportunity to observe the beneficial working of such courts in the Danish West Indies, framed a bill for this purpose, which was introduced in the Iowa legislature. The measure was well received by the lawmakers, but its sweeping character and general cumbersome-

ness invited attack, and it failed to pass.

The next attempt was made in Minnesota. In 1891, a bill establishing a procedure of compulsory conciliation in all civil cases coming within the jurisdiction of the justices of the peace was introduced in the legislature at St. Paul. If it could have been brought to a vote on its merits, the measure would have passed, for it met with a very general and emphatic approval among the members of both houses. But it was strangled in committee.

Last winter, identical bills were introduced in the legislatures of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and North Dakota. In Minnesota, grain and elevator legislation consumed nearly all the time and attention of the lawmakers. In Wisconsin, the reform encountered but feeble open opposition, yet the passage of the bill was prevented. In North Dakota the measure was stubbornly fought from the beginning, but after a protracted struggle it passed both houses by overwhelming majorities, and became a law.

¹ Courts of Conciliation, The Atlantic Monthly, September, 1891.

The court of conciliation act of North Dakota provides as follows:—

“SEC. I. There shall be elected at the same time and in the same manner as the justices of the peace, in each town, incorporated village, and city, from the qualified voters thereof, four commissioners of conciliation, whose term of office shall be two years, and until their successors are duly elected and qualified. The term of commencement of their office shall be the same as that prescribed for justices of the peace.

“SEC. II. At the time of issuing the summons in any civil action begun before a justice of the peace, the justice shall issue a subpoena summoning two of the commissioners of conciliation elected for the town, village, or city where the action is brought, to appear before him at the time and place designated in the summons, which subpoena shall be served at least three days before the return day, and in the same manner as a summons is required to be served in actions in the district court. If either party fails to appear at the time designated in the summons, judgment shall be entered against the party so failing to appear, as is now provided by statute. If both parties appear, they shall then go before the justice and the two commissioners summoned, as aforesaid, and state their differences, which statements, or so much thereof as is necessary to show the issue between the parties, shall be reduced to writing by the justice and entered on his docket, and shall constitute the pleadings in the case. The parties shall then introduce such evidence as they may think proper in the order and under the restrictions prescribed by the commissioners and justice. It shall be discretionary with the justice and commissioners whether or not the witnesses shall be sworn before testifying.

“After hearing and considering all the evidence offered, it shall be the duty of the justice and commissioners, to the best of their abilities, to persuade the

parties to agree to an amicable settlement of their differences on such terms as are just and equitable. If an agreement is reached, it shall be entered by the justice on his docket in the form of a judgment of the court of said justice: Provided, that no agreement shall be entered, unless it can be put in the form of a judgment now authorized by law to be entered by justices of the peace. At the hearing herein provided for, each party must appear in person, or by an agent duly authorized in writing to appear. No attorney shall be allowed in any way to appear or act in any proceeding for either of the parties or otherwise. If at such hearing the parties are not able to agree to an amicable settlement, the case shall be adjourned for trial for such time as the justice shall designate, which shall not be less than one week, and the justice shall allow the parties such time as he may think proper in which to file amended pleadings. The action shall then proceed to trial and judgment as is now provided by law.

“SEC. III. The commissioners shall receive the same mileage and per diem as is now paid jurors. The fees of the commissioners, justice, and officer shall be included in the settlement, and paid by the party designated in the judgment. If a commissioner disobey the subpoena of the justice, he shall be proceeded against in the same manner as a juror who fails to appear when summoned.

“SEC. IV. No part of the proceedings had before the justice and commissioners shall be admitted as evidence or considered at the trial of the case, nor shall the commissioners who took part in the hearing be allowed to testify.”

As will be seen, this law is a tentative and modest measure. Its scope is confined to the narrowest limits possible, and within these limits it introduces only such changes in established modes of procedure as were considered absolutely necessary and indispensable. The cham-

pions of the reform understood perfectly well that if they attempted too much failure was inevitable. Preferring a humble victory to glorious defeat, they were content with securing the passage of any law which would put the principle of compulsory judicial conciliation to a practical test in North Dakota. They held, and with good reason, that, should the experiment prove successful, the scope of the law could be enlarged, as experience and expediency might suggest. Their aim was so to engraft the principle of conciliation upon the law of the State that the reform would appear in the nature of a growth from within rather than as an innovation from without.

Compared with the laws of Norway on the same subject, the statute of North Dakota is certainly a very unpretentious, not to say feeble enactment. The Norwegian law of 1824 is a carefully framed act of eighty-seven sections. It has been amended and improved from time to time, the latest amendment (made in 1869) materially enlarging the functions of the tribunals of conciliation. As the law now stands, these courts are statutory peacemakers in all civil cases, with some unimportant exceptions; hence a process of conciliation is, as a general thing, the first step in a civil action. If an adjustment is not reached, the commissioners of conciliation are empowered to arbitrate the controversy at the request of both parties, or to adjudicate the matter at the request of one of the parties, provided the amount involved does not exceed five hundred crowns. The development of the system in Norway clearly points to the final evolution of a thoroughly popular court of original jurisdiction in all civil cases, the aim and purpose of which will be to check the tendency to litigation, and to adjust all controversies upon the lines of the broadest equity.

From the publications of the Norwegian bureau of statistics it appears that during the year 1888—the last year

for which statistics of the civil courts have been published—103,969 civil actions were begun in Norway. Out of this number 2300 cases were dismissed by the courts of conciliation for various reasons not specified, leaving 101,669 cases to be adjusted amicably, by arbitration or by judicial decision. In 81,015 instances a conciliation was effected between the parties. As an agreement of conciliation has the force of a final judgment, more than four fifths of all civil cases were thus finally disposed of without recourse to a trial of any kind in a court of law. In addition to this number, 7886 cases in which the parties failed to reach an agreement were adjudicated by the tribunals of conciliation. Of 101,669 cases, 88,901, or nearly nine tenths of the whole number, were thus adjusted for the most part amicably, all quickly and cheaply, with but little loss of time and money, and without severing old ties of friendship and mutual good will. Some 12,600 cases, or a little more than one tenth of the whole number, were unhealable, and had to be sent up to the regular district courts of law.

It must be admitted that this is cheap and speedy justice, and it may be added that it is justice of the very best kind, because every peaceable adjustment of a controversy rests upon the voluntary sanction of the contestants. The creditor obtains satisfaction more quickly than in any other way; the debtor avoids lawyers' fees and other expenses, which otherwise would be added to the amount due; and the courts of law are relieved of a tremendous load of irksome work, and are left free to devote their attention to really important litigation, which thus may be disposed of without unnecessary delay. By stopping frivolous quarrels at their very beginning, the tribunals of conciliation ease the working of the entire system for the administration of civil justice. Their wholesome effect upon the temper and social relations of the people is obvious; they repress strife,

and teach forbearance, equity, and common sense.

The court of conciliation law of North Dakota contains only four comparatively brief sections, and is incomplete in many respects. It does not provide for permanent boards of conciliation, sitting at designated times and places, and convening upon their own authority. The parties are not summoned by the commissioners to meet before them; on the contrary, the commissioners are summoned with the parties to appear before the justice of the peace whenever an action is begun. Tribunals thus appointed are necessarily lacking in dignity and independence, and their authority and influence are weakened.

Another defect in the law is embodied in the following clause: "At the hearing herein provided for, each party must appear in person, or by an agent duly authorized in writing to appear."

It ought not to be optional with the parties to appear by an agent whenever it suits their convenience not to appear in person. A personal meeting between the parties, under conditions highly conducive to a free and frank exchange of opinions, is the corner stone of the whole system. The Norwegian law is emphatic upon this point. Sickness and very pressing business engagements are the only excuses recognized for not appearing in person. If a party is represented by an agent when personal appearance is required, he is held to be absent without cause, and must pay the costs in the district court, even if he should win the case. But this defect in the statute of North Dakota, which evidently is due to an oversight, may be easily remedied.

However limited in scope, the court of conciliation law of North Dakota is looked upon as a distinct innovation by the legal fraternity. It has even been asserted that it is the greatest innovation made upon the common law of this country since the adoption of the code. In North Dakota, courts of justices of the

peace have jurisdiction in all cases for amounts not exceeding two hundred dollars. As the State is preëminently a rural community, and is likely so to remain, the bulk of litigation comes within this limit. Hence the tribunals of conciliation will have a much wider jurisdiction than would appear from the text of the statute.

The new law was not favorably received by a majority of the lawyers; but nearly all the judges and a number of lawyers of high standing regard it as a step in the right direction. The farmers are well satisfied with it so far as it goes. The merchants were inclined to oppose it at first; but after a more thorough study of its provisions, they have wheeled around, and are prepared to give it their support. The press of the State received it with enthusiastic and all but unanimous commendation.

This friendly attitude of public opinion insures a fair trial of the new system, which is, moreover, more or less familiar to a large part of the population of the State. A far-reaching judicial reform could not be inaugurated under more favorable auspices.

Complaints of slow justice are, perhaps, not more common in the United States than in any other country. But they are much too frequent, nor can it be denied that they are well grounded. Judges are not less able than they used to be. They work as hard and are as industrious as ever, yet they are manifestly unable to keep their dockets even moderately well *à jour*. New courts are established and the number of judges is increased from time to time, but the arrears of cases grow larger instead of smaller; justice is compelled to wait with humble patience upon crowded courts, and pressing controversies grow dusty before they reach a decision.

This evil is a very serious one, especially in many large cities where it has assumed alarming proportions, and it is constantly growing worse instead of

abating. Litigation is increasing more rapidly than population or the general volume of business; hence the pressure upon the courts has a tendency to increase, also. Nor is it difficult to trace the source of the evil. Our modes and rules of civil procedure are a maze of cumbersome technicalities obstructing court business at every turn. When people were few and far between, with little to do and less to quarrel about, this system of civil procedure, so admirable in its logical architecture, undoubtedly served its purpose well; but it is utterly out of date in this age of electricity. It does not begin to meet the wants of crowded, restless modern communities, where people constantly run up against one another, and elbow one another from morn till night. The speed of life is increasing, and social and business relations are becoming more and more entangled. Everybody deals with everybody else. Legislation, in attempting to adjust itself to the constantly changing order of things, only adds to the confusion, because it grows more bulky and less skillful from year to year. While the pressure upon the courts is thus increasing from all sides, as it were, they are fettered by absurd technicalities. They get behind in their work, and justice is kept waiting. But justice delayed very frequently is justice denied.

Courts of conciliation serve the purpose of a judicial breakwater. They arrest the rising tide of litigation. They place no obstacle in the way of any citizen who seeks to obtain justice through the courts; yet, as has been shown, in Norway, nearly nine tenths of all cases arising are peaceably adjusted before these tribunals, while only one in every ten cases comes to trial. This certainly is an immense relief to the law courts. It takes away from them a very tedious and time-wasting drudgery; it keeps frivolous complaints off their dockets, and places the courts in a position for devoting their undivided attention to litigation

of importance. With such a check upon pettifoggery, annoying delays of justice are prevented; the efficiency of the courts is increased, their authority strengthened, and their dignity better maintained. The people enjoy the invaluable boon of cheap and speedy justice, while the tendency to needless litigation is repressed.

It will probably be generally admitted that the law courts stand in urgent need of relief in some shape. If courts of conciliation afford such relief, that in itself is a good reason why such tribunals ought to be generally established. They are, moreover, in perfect accord with tendencies which assert themselves with increasing emphasis in every sphere of life. To harmonize antagonistic forces, to secure coöperation between conflicting interests, to still strife, — is not this a predominating spirit of modern civilization? Tribunals of conciliation breathe this very spirit into the court-room. If strikes can be arbitrated, why cannot legal disputes be adjusted peaceably? Strikes and lawsuits are equally unprofitable to the parties directly concerned and to the public at large. As a matter of public policy, needless strife in all forms ought to be prevented so far as possible.

In passing, it may be observed that the principle of conciliation should be engrafted upon every system of public arbitration. If this were done, the most common objection to public arbitration of industrial controversies would fall to the ground, and strikes would be more effectually prevented. Strikes very frequently result from misunderstandings and prejudice. A board of conciliation and arbitration so composed as to command the respect and confidence of employers and workmen would in many instances arrest labor troubles at their inception. If the opposing parties were compelled to appear before such a body before any decisive step were taken by either side, neither would have any ex-

cuse for withholding from the other the privilege of a calm, unprejudiced discussion of their differences. Aided by the friendly counsel and advice of the board, the parties would, undoubtedly, in many instances come to a peaceable understanding; and if they could not reach an agreement, their full and open discussion of the matter would give the board a better insight into the trouble, and thus enable it to arbitrate the matter more satisfactorily to all concerned.

As is well known, a large number of able lawyers maintain a kind of private court of conciliation in their offices. Many of the foremost and most successful lawyers in the country devote their time almost exclusively to the task of keeping intending litigants out of court. Numerous controversies are adjusted in this way, without the aid of courts and judges. Most of the clients of this class of lawyers are people of intelligence and means. They prefer conciliation to litigation, because it is cheaper, quicker, and more satisfactory in every way. Now, tribunals of conciliation will give the poor, ignorant litigants the benefit of a similar mode of settlement. Lawyers who deal with the poorer classes, as a rule, are not peacemakers. Instead of discouraging litigation, they very often incite to strife by playing upon the ignorance and prejudices of their clients. Tribunals of conciliation prevent to a large extent this kind of imposition, with attendant "fleeing." They enable the poor and ignorant to protect themselves by compelling them to stop and think and to appeal to their own common sense, which, if not very keen or reliable, is a better counselor than a pettifogger looking for employment.

As stated in the previous paper, the court of conciliation is a plant of Norse growth. But it is an interesting historical fact that the principle is really of French origin. The idea is a child of the great French Revolution. The tribunals of conciliation which were estab-

lished in Denmark in 1795, and in Norway in 1797, were only an adaptation of a feature of the system of civil justice created in March, 1790, by the National Assembly of revolutionary France. In his *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, Louis Blanc gives the following outline of *L'Organisation de la Justice* by the National Assembly:—

"In conformity with the plan proposed by Thouret on behalf of the committee on the Constitution, the National Assembly created the admirable system of justices of the peace (*juges de paix*). It clothed them with the right to decide without appeal cases involving an amount not exceeding fifty *livres*. There was to be a justice of the peace for each canton, to be elected by the people (*citoyens actifs*) convened in primary assembly. His jurisdiction comprised actions concerning damages caused by man or beast to fields, fruits, or crops; usurpation of land, trees, ditches, hedges and other inclosures; undertakings for the irrigation of lands in the neighborhood; rents, indemnities claimed by tenants, wages of farm hands and other workmen, libel by word of mouth, quarrels, fights, etc. The object in establishing this system was to rid the rural districts of a veritable scourge; for these paternal magistrates substituted for the strict rigor of the written law the softness of natural equity, and by causing justice to be loved they made it respected. The justices of the peace were considered as being outside of the judicial order, strictly speaking; they were placed on the threshold of the Temple of Justice to warn intending litigants away.

"To summarize, the remarkable system of civil justice established by the National Assembly comprised a judge to conciliate the people, a tribunal to judge them, a system for revising decisions, and a supreme court as guardian of the law for the protection of the people."

The precise character and functions

of these "justices of the peace" might have been better defined by the famous historian; yet it is clear enough that these cantonal courts served as models for the tribunals of conciliation established a few years later in Denmark and Norway. Thouret was evidently familiar with the English system of justices of the peace; he adopted the name of the petty English magistrates for his cantonal courts, and it is not improbable that the suggestive name may have conveyed to his mind an idea akin to the central principles of his courts of conciliation. However this may be, the main purpose of his *juges de paix* was, not to judge, but to conciliate *les citoyens*. They were not considered an integral part of the system of civil justice. On the contrary, they were "placed on the threshold of the Temple of Justice to warn intending litigants away." Here it is clearly expressed that their chief functions were those of a peacemaker. On the other hand, they were empowered to adjudicate a multitude of controversies, and their decisions in small cases were inappealable. But in giving such decisions they were not bound by the strict letter of the law. The first duty of these magistrates, then, was to conciliate litigants. If their efforts in this direction proved unavailing, they had the power to adjudicate the question at issue. But their decisions, if subject to appeal in some instances, were in fact verdicts of arbitration rather than judicial findings.

The Danish-Norwegian reformer, in adapting the institution, substituted for a *juge de paix* two commissioners of conciliation, who were clothed with no judicial power, and whose duties were confined exclusively to efforts of conciliating litigants by inducing them to adjust their differences peaceably on just and equitable terms, — thus substituting for "the strict rigor of the written law the softness of natural equity." It is curious to observe that the Oldenburg

monarch borrowed even the preamble of his ordinance from Thouret's report. In Denmark and Norway, as in France, the object of tribunals of conciliation was expressly to rid the country districts of the scourge of petty litigation.

Meanwhile, the storm of the gigantic Revolution burst upon France. The old society fell shattered before the mighty flashes of avenging liberty, and the country trembled beneath the tread of marching hosts. The beautiful dream of Thouret paled before vistas of fire and blood; the archaic ideal of conciliation vanished during the raging storms of fierce conflicts.

But in the Scandinavian north the conditions were favorable to the growth of the tender, delicate plant. Blighted in the blazing sun of revolutionary France, it attained strength and robustness under the cooler skies of the far north. As the French Constitution of 1791 was revived in the organic law of Norway of 1814, so the most unique feature of Thouret's system of civil justice was destined to take practical shape and attain its most vigorous development in Norway. After the lapse of a century the idea has crossed the North Sea and the Atlantic. It has been embedded in the law of an American commonwealth, and has also been incorporated in the platform of the Liberal party in England, as a link in a series of reforms designed mainly to benefit the common people.

North Dakota is the most Norwegian State in the Union. Not less than one half of her population is of Norwegian birth or descent. This may account for her taking the lead in introducing the Norse system of courts of conciliation. Whether her example will be followed by other States remains to be seen. In any event, the courts of conciliation law now placed upon the statute books of North Dakota is a striking instance of the influence exerted by a body of adopted citizens upon American legislation.

Nicolay Grevstad.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THERE is one function of our public schools which ought not to be overlooked by those who desire to see things in the large, to study tendencies, and to mark movements of progress or retrogression in our civilization: that function is to furnish compensations, to redress wrongs, to restore the balance. So near does this great system, without centralization, without uniformity, come to being the free, spontaneous, and full expression of the living organism of the nation that if one watches any widespread movement in the public schools, any reform, any new departure which is not local, but sporadic all over the country, one may pretty surely see in it an indication of popular thought, and not the theory of certain zealots, or the imposition of some master hand. For, in the effort of the people to right itself, the public school is almost necessarily called upon as an instrument to effect the readjustment.

For example, the kindergarten is not merely the demonstration of a philosophical theory regarding the foundations of education: it is a practical measure to restore to large numbers of little children what has been lost out of their lives through the pressure of toil weighing more and more heavily upon the mothers of these children. Given such a reform of social conditions as shall make the humblest mother both a homemaker and one trained in the lore of childhood, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the kindergarten should shrink into smaller compass. Again, the introduction of manual training schools would have been an anachronism when every boy spent a large part of his time out of school in the handling of tools, and when the apprentice system was in vogue. So also the teaching of sewing, even of cooking, in city schools is an attempt to compensate for the loss of training at home.

In all such cases there is, indeed, a perfectly natural relation of these studies to the rounded education of the child, yet the point we make is that the assumption of the training by the public schools is in consequence of the failure, for one reason or another, of the family or the industrial society to provide for such training, as these forces once did, and may do again under changed conditions. The same may be said of what is regarded as more intimately and fundamentally a part of systematic school education. What is the meaning of that most interesting movement, now gaining great headway, by which enduring and noble literature is ousting the commonplace and ephemeral reading books from our schools? Undoubtedly a very strong impulse has been given by the reasonableness of the change as soon as the attention of teachers and others interested in education has been called to it. But aside from doctrinal arguments, the argument drawn from practical experience has been very powerful. It has been seen that there is a decay in the habit of strong reading out of school; that the child who does not find the best books in his school work does not find them in his home, and between the two misses great literature altogether. So the school comes in to redress this wrong; it even gives the child fairy tales and nursery legends, because he hears them no longer at home; it goes on step by step and initiates him into the mysteries of literature, because in a vast number of cases the school-teacher is the only priest of literature.

The incorporation of the best literature into the regular school curriculum is leading inevitably to another great advance in the enrichment of the school. Formerly, when the reading for an entire course was packed into a mechanical

series of school readers, the apparatus for reading was very simple; and as these readers had little inspiration in them, they created no want, and no want thus had to be supplied. But it is the great function of true education to create wants, and the moment books which had inspiration in them found their way into the schoolroom the want began to be felt for more books, — for books which took up the parable and went on expanding and enlarging it. Therefore schemes were framed by which the public library should be made more distinctly an adjunct of the schoolroom, and for several years the reports of the most active superintendents have abounded with lists of books advisable to be read by pupils in school.

Now, great as has been the advance in the public library system, we are still more or less under the influence of the old traditional view of the library as a storehouse of books. We have unchained books, to be sure, and the greatest public libraries in the country are, with few exceptions, lending libraries. But it is chiefly in the libraries based upon commercial considerations, like circulating libraries and those of mercantile associations, that readers are regarded as customers, and books are provided to meet the demand for a great many of the same kind all at once. In such libraries, a new and very popular book is not kept singly, but by the shelf-ful; and if ten persons want it on the same day, nine do not have to wait for the tenth to read and return it. It is plain that if all the teachers in the city are recommending a particular book to their pupils, and the public library has but one copy, it is the boy with fastest heels who will get it, and the rest may wait till he is done with it.

We have spoken of the public library, but there is another consideration which should not be overlooked. Just as the child is now doing much in the schoolroom which under other conditions would be done at home, so the poverty of the

home in the matter of books is likely to force the schools to make compensation. Indeed, the schools have hastened this movement by the widespread system of free textbooks. Once the child bought his books, and meagre as was the intellectual diet, yet the reader, the geography, the history, were his own, and often constituted the sole library possessed in his home. Now even this little supply has been cut off, and the city or town owns the books, and keeps them in use till they are worn out.

Again, therefore, we see the working of this law of compensation as a function of the public school system. The introduction into each schoolhouse of a collection of books to be borrowed and read by the children puts the pupils on the footing which children once enjoyed when a family collected books as a matter of course; and, rightly used, such school libraries will go far toward repairing the defect of homes without books. It was maintained with some sophistry, not long ago, in the *London Spectator*, that private collections of books were an anachronism; that it was as absurd for a man to buy a book when he wanted to read, with a public or lending library at hand, as to buy a horse and carriage when he wanted to drive, with a cabstand round the corner. What we believe may result from the widespread introduction of school libraries will be the ambition of one here and another there to own the best of the books he reads; and since he can borrow readily, he will naturally restrict himself in ownership to the books which he wishes to consult, or to read again and again.

It is a fact that the number of school libraries is rapidly increasing, and that the interest in them is widespread. California, Colorado, Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, and some other States are doing more or less, by direct or indirect appropriations and by legislation, to extend systems of libraries for schools. Missouri has a

"Library Day," when collections are taken for school libraries. In other States where there has been no special legislation, there are communities where collections of books are provided for the schools, and where people are making careful and intelligent studies of the growing body of good literature for young people. Publishers are studying the rapidly increasing demand for this kind of literature, and are causing teachers to be more exacting in their demands.

It is not to be supposed that this new movement is absolutely a new one. The idea of school libraries is an old one, and was long ago put into practice. It is the concerted movement and the closer relation to new methods of education that render this revival of importance.

When Wisconsin¹ was admitted to statehood in 1848, a large proportion of its most influential citizens were vigorous men, in the prime of early manhood, from central and western New York. In their schooldays libraries had been placed in nearly every school in New York. The volumes of these collections were excellent in character, and even when somewhat weighty in substance had attracted and inspired the more active-minded and ambitious young people of the schools, although they had proved too difficult to interest the smaller pupils. The influence of these men from New York led to the insertion of a clause in the constitution of Wisconsin which provides that part of the school fund income annually apportioned by the State shall be used for the purchase of a "suitable library" for each common school. In the early days of the State the school fund was small, and meagre libraries were bought. The volumes were copies of the books used in the New York libraries, but they were presented to a different public. Large numbers of Germans and Scandinavians were plotting the lands of the

new commonwealth into farms. They and their children were learning a new language, and the books of the libraries contained too many unfamiliar words. And so it came about that the expenditures for libraries gradually diminished. The simpler books soon disappeared from the libraries first purchased, and with their loss nearly all the interest in school libraries faded out.

In 1887 the teachers of the State secured a law authorizing town officers to use certain moneys for township library funds. These funds were to be used to buy township libraries which were to be sources of supply for district schools. The volumes drawn by the districts were to be collected and redistributed occasionally, in order to give each district an opportunity to use all the books belonging to the central library. The books purchased for this library were to be selected from lists prepared by the state superintendent of education.

The first libraries procured under this law contained too large a proportion of difficult books; but this proved a means of securing better selections in later years. When the town officers attempted to collect and redistribute the books, they found teachers reluctant to turn back certain volumes which had proved of daily service in the schools. This suggested the thought that enough copies of such books should be purchased to supply each school. This change proved so satisfactory that the districts are practically obtaining permanent school libraries. The unwillingness of town officers to make the rounds of the town, collecting and redistributing, has aided to bring about this result.

Recent lists of books recommended by the state department of education do not contain the titles of more than one eighth as many books as were found in the first lists. While the law has not been compulsory, it has secured the interest of Public Instruction at Madison, Wisconsin, for the interesting facts here recorded.

¹ The writer is indebted to Mr. F. A. Hutchins, Library Clerk, office of State Superintend-

introduction of libraries in more than one half of the rural schools of the State. It has induced teachers to buy more books for school and private use, and has led them to buy more intelligently. It has provided more and better libraries in the city and village schools, and has incited an active interest in the matter of supplying good reading to young people.

Such a movement as this should be followed with the closest attention, that it may not, as in earlier instances, be started with enthusiasm, and then gradually lose its impetus. We do not think this will be the history, because, as we have pointed out, the movement has a deeper relation than previous ones to the actual condition of educational methods. But in order to its success not only should teachers and superintendents take a lively interest in the libraries; there

should be a systematic endeavor to enlist the intelligent interest of pupils. That is to say, there should be a certain amount of formality in the treatment of the libraries. Regulations, not too petty, but looking toward the dignity of books, should hedge the use. The devices of larger libraries should be employed, not in the way of incumbering the administration, but of making it orderly. It would be well, indeed, if care were taken in the choice of editions, so that the scholarly treatment of books by editors and publishers should stand for value in the eyes of buyers and users. In a word, these libraries may well be made to conduce to the love of good books in good form, so that out of this movement shall spring individual regard for literature, and that educated interest in books which marks a high degree of civilization.

H. E. Scudder.

SPECTACLED SCHOOLBOYS.

ORDINARY people are in the habit of regarding with some misgivings the constantly increasing use of spectacles. In earlier days, these rather unsightly lenses were reserved mainly for old age; and it is not without sadness that the uninitiated see innocent schoolgirls and sturdy schoolboys disfigured with these appendages. We had learned to speak with some compassion of the spectacled German nation as having fallen, perhaps by excessive tobacco-smoking and overstudy, into a state of possibly hereditary debility of sight, usually associated with the "slipped pantaloon;" so that the picture of a whole schoolful of children carrying the "satchel," with "spectacles on nose," seems incongruously to mix the symbols of the extremes of the seven ages. But we must learn to correct these old-world notions.

Mr. Williamson, the president of the ophthalmological section at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, recently held at Newcastle, looks forward with hopeful satisfaction to a time when, as an evidence of increasing knowledge among the people and advancing civilization, we may ultimately reach a position in which "a man who goes about with his eyes naked will be so rare that the sight of him will almost raise a blush." The prejudice against glasses is still so strong that in some cases and in some public services a man may not wear them at work, even when they give him perfect sight. But this prejudice is lessening, and many people are inclined to think that the more men learn of the complexity of the mechanism of the eye as it is now studied and understood, and the more they recognize the

wide distribution of its various and multitudinous defects, and the accuracy with which these can, in each individual, be gauged and remedied, the more quickly it will happen that every person will have his eyes examined, tested, and reported upon early in life.

The new school of physicists and physiologists had prepared us for this. It used to be the way of the anatomist to lecture on the perfection of the eye and the hand as marvels of mechanism. These were the themes of Bell, Owen, and Acland in the days of the Bridgewater treatises. But the anatomists of the next generation began to see that there are in the human body rudimentary, vestigial, and superfluous parts — organs such as the tonsil, or the male mamma, or the cæcal appendix — to which it is difficult to assign a function; and further, that there were useless complexities observable in the comparison of the human hand with the seal's flapper, which betrayed imperfection, from the old and limited conception of design in creation. The transformations of type visible in the morphological changes of the embryo led to the recognition of developmental transitions represented in each individual of each species, which went hand in hand with the observations and deductions of Darwin; so that when physiologists such as Helmholtz came to investigate the function and construction of the eye, we were able to accept without shock their statement that the eye, wonderful optical instrument as it is, is far from being perfect, when examined in detail in the individual. In truth, the eyes of any man or child are rarely in such perfect correspondence as to be pairs in a rigidly physical sense. Nor is it other than an exception to find individuals whose eyes each possess perfectly accurate focusing power on the retina, precisely accurate curvature, vertical and horizontal, of the transparent cornea, and truly accordant and correct powers of refraction.

The methods of testing the defects of vision have, in the last two decades, been brought to a standard of accuracy and refinement previously unknown. Thus, many troubles, disabilities, and maladies hitherto suffered in patience, or treated incorrectly and in vain, are now traced to defects of the vision, and are quickly remedied by the use of appropriate glasses, concave, convex, cylindrical, or prismatic. The schoolboy's headache, the seamstress's browache, the convergent squint of childhood, so far as they are the results of faulty refraction, are beginning to be erased from the catalogue of human woes. On the other hand, many who, without sufficient relief, were wearing glasses which were either injurious or inadequate or useless for defects of the interior of the eye, for which such mechanical devices are unsuitable, now obtain complete and permanent relief in virtue of the fuller insight into the refraction and structure of the eye afforded by the ophthalmoscopic investigation by which modern science precedes, guides, and supplements the choice of glasses.

A great deal of harm is done, and still more good is left undone, by the gimlet-eyed jeweler or optician who, in ignorance, or in yet more dangerous half-knowledge, fits glasses by specious "advertisement of certain kinds of glasses superior to any others;" the man who babbles about "flints," or boasts a set of German "trial glasses" with achromatic lenses. He commonly will "fit" a customer from his trial frame with just enough accuracy to give some assistance in many cases, and some relief in others. But in many instances he will maltreat cases of disease by yielding in interested ignorance to the belief of the patient that all he requires is "a pair of spectacles," and in a large proportion — especially of children and adolescents — he will pass over all the more subtle defects which permanently affect the near and distant future of the eye as a life servant.

He does so—and this is a matter of daily observation among practicing ophthalmological physicians and surgeons—because the only complete examination of the refraction of the eye which can be made with a due appreciation of the physiological meaning, precise character, and the consequences of such defects is that made by the study through the ophthalmoscopic mirror of the interior structure of the eye, and the calculation by the same marvelously beautiful and simple instrument of the refraction of the imperfect eye.

The more general use of spectacles so often noticed nowadays, both by children and adults, is mainly the result not of any increase of eye disease or degeneration of vision, as the praisers of past times and the croakers about modern decadence delight to tell us. It is the index of the progress of a new and practical application of physical science to the relief of a widespread and very ancient series of troubles arising from defects which have always existed, but which are now far more readily tested and remedied than they were during the lives of the last and earlier generations. The science and art of examining, discerning, and treating eye diseases are now undergoing transformation. Diseases formerly incurable, such as the rapid hardening of the eyeball and destruction of the sight by glaucoma, are now curable. The early diagnosis of the varieties of cataract and its complications, and the new methods of extraction and dressing, now restore sight to at least ninety-five per hundred patients, where thirty years ago only about fifty per cent regained vision. Squints are sometimes cured in a few days by operation, which were heretofore a lifelong disfigurement and injury to vision. Other cases are more slowly arrested and remedied without operation, by glasses. Many unnecessary and distressing operations are no longer performed.

These are among the greater and more

heroic triumphs of the modern ophthalmologist; but far beyond them in their frequency and extent, and the bulk of relief afforded and happiness conferred, are the modest achievements of the physician and ophthalmoscopist who patiently investigates and judiciously corrects the habitual and often slight, but always mischievous aberrations of the vision of young and old, who, being slightly far-sighted or near-sighted, or having asymmetrical vision, are often too insufficiently aware of their defects to call for such an examination. Mr. Williamson's dictum is that every person—and in this he would include school-children—should have his eyes ophthalmoscopically examined, tested, and reported upon. The optician's test will, by those who know, be unanimously and emphatically agreed to be practically useless, and often dangerous.

Obviously, then, the proposition of the lecturer at the British Medical Association has a solid basis, and much to recommend it. It must, of course, always be a matter of judgment how far the defects are minor deficiencies of "accommodation" by the muscular system of the eye, and how much it will be wise to leave the remedy to the efflux of time, and to trust to the process exemplified by the growth of the blacksmith's arm. Those are considerations which every trained surgeon will not fail to bear in mind.

But, making all allowances and deductions, it is plain that the increase of the use of spectacles is not an evidence of race degeneration, any more than the increase of lunatic asylums is a proof, as is often rashly assumed, of the increase of lunacy, or the growth of railroads a testimony to our inability to walk, or the use of steamships of our inability to sail. All are the outcome of higher knowledge, greater consideration for the needs of humanity, and improved capability of assisting those needs. It is quite possible, therefore, that we may, in the coming

years, see an increase both in the number and the proportion of spectacled school-boys, and a decrease of "naked-eyed adults." But we shall not necessarily be going to the dogs, for all that. "Nothing like leather" is likely to be the comment on the extremely modern oculist who foretells all this, and who urges that every school-child should undergo a properly skilled testing of his or her vision as a part of the physical examination which ought generally to precede school life. But sensible people, and those most experienced in school life and teachings, will easily recognize the element of serious value in the recommendation, especially in relation to town children and to the young adult of sedentary occupation. It is far better to discover visual defects and to remedy

them at the beginning of school life than to have the child sent home after his sight has been seriously injured, as dull of vision, or unable to get through his studies, and the subject of periodical "bilious headaches," — matters nowadays of constant occurrence. Moreover, it is quite probable that the effect of such systematic visual testing of the school boy and girl would end by diminishing instead of increasing the frequency of the need of spectacles in the prime of adult life; for it is in the period of youth that suitable glasses often prove curative of defects which would otherwise become fixed or aggravated in later years. The plea for the purblind school-boy is well worth acceptance, and its importance may be admitted without involving exaggerated inference.

Ernest Hart.

AN IONIAN FRIEZE.

HORSES rampant and curbed, compactly close,
 With polished hooves that quiver from the earth,
 And mane-enfringed necks whose rondure shows
 In silhouette against the pale sky's girth.
 Beneath chaste marble jeweled of chrysolite
 A gracile girl with fillet-girdled hair
 Stands half revealed through folds of shimmering white,
 Her carmine lips wed to a silver flute,
 As though their budding beauty to transmute
 To music dying off along the air.
 In sage processional pass bearded priests,
 And acolytes with pink and boyish limbs,
 Chanting to all the gods strange bardic hymns
 Less tuned to sacrifice than fit for feasts.
 And over all, the antique light, the old
 Divine perfection, the lost art which drapes
 In fairest majesty heroic shapes
 Enwrought upon a field of beaten gold.

Francis Howard Williams.

THE HUNGRY GREEKLINGS.

A GREAT lawyer once acted as counsel to a learned man of letters, who had been drawn from the shelter of his library by an annoying bit of litigation. In his defense, the lawyer first disposed of the legal question in his usual neat and convincing way, and then went on to argue to a wondering jury that his client, as poet and scholar, was a public benefactor. Since the lawyer's eloquence was well known, this rather irrelevant defense was permitted, and became famous as literary criticism. But before he had fairly embarked in his panegyric it seems to have occurred to him that his enthusiasm for letters, including, as it happened, the study of Greek, might be the saving of his client, but could hardly fail to damage himself in the eyes of the practical business men who formed his audience: and he accordingly inserted a statement that he, personally, by no means went the length that he applauded in his client. "For my own part," said he, "I am fond of reading, but not to such an extent that it has ever interfered with my professional duties. I have given to it only the time that other men devote to athletics or gambling or dining out."

This famous confession of a taste for letters by a professional man, prefaced by a disclaimer of any intemperate use of the delightful stimulant, might have come from Rufus Choate before a Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts, or from Thomas Erskine before King's Bench, so adequately does it express the attitude of a cultivated man of our era, to whom literature is much, but business is business. It was not spoken in English, however, but in one of the languages that we associate nowadays with useless knowledge and an unpractical education, by a man whose works are set before schoolboys as the ideal after which they

must strive in acquiring the vain accomplishment of writing Latin prose. It was Cicero who spoke his appreciation of Archias, Greek poet and Roman citizen, but hedged with characteristic caution to save his own reputation as a man of affairs.

Now, the fact that the Romans themselves were by no means wholly in favor of a classical education, that a speaker on any purely literary or æsthetic topic, before an audience of unaffected Romans, would have to begin by apologizing for his own existence, precisely as he does among us to-day, ought to relieve ancient Rome of half its gloomy prestige. But the Greeks, as we know, have no extenuations to plead; they are wholly for the useless; and the divergence in temperament of the two nations, Greece and Rome, is so great that no amount of linguistic agreement quite reconciles the mind to their eternal pairing. We hear them spoken of as Saul and Jonathan by those who declare that lovely they were in life, and in death they should not be divided; but they seem rather like two noble rivals enslaved by a common foe, and walking in the triumphal march of our civilization handcuffed together by the bonds of philology.

Their acquaintance began in the Greek cities of Italy and Sicily, when circumstances were all in favor of the Greeks. These towns, with a native literature and imposing works of art, especially architectural, produced a great effect on the Roman imagination, and it is interesting to see a strong nation thus worked on by a superiority that it cannot even analyze. These Romans were of the early republican days, unconscious as yet of their high destiny, and these Greeks were still of the great time, still the most important people in the world. There is a tolerably clear notion in most people's

minds of what a typical Greek and a typical Roman of this time would be like. We think of the Greek as so endowed by nature that not only the Romans, but all races of men, must forever regard him with envy. He was, perhaps, not so beautiful as we used rather naively to infer from the Vatican marbles, but he certainly was gifted in that way beyond the common lot; and not by accident, but by the laws of physiology, because his ancestors had loved beauty and discouraged ugliness. And to the charm of form and color he added what counts for almost more in producing the effect of personal beauty, an accurate muscular adjustment, insuring precision of movement and easy attitudes, and a certain refinement in the commonest acts. The body was not the servant, but the friend and comrade, of that wonderful Greek mind on whose achievements we still live, dragging ideas from the débris of its literature as the later Romans carried off statues from the towns they sacked. But, beyond his body and his mind, he had, like every other man, his character; and here our ideas become confused, and we feel that he is different from us not only in degree, but in kind. Strange sins, and virtues almost as strange; a god who is at once the Zeus of Homer, the Zeus of Æschylus, and the Zeus of Euripides; a delicate perception of the joys of living, in which he surpassed other men; and an undercurrent of pessimism more unrelieved than the melancholy in which we moderns take so much comfort, — these things make us feel as though more than time and climate separated us from him. Between Helen of Troy and Tess of the D'Urbervilles there is a great gulf fixed.

But when we call up the popular notion of the ancient Roman we are troubled with no such unintelligible facts. Here is a person whom we perfectly understand, in whose place we should, very likely, have acted just as he did. He had the same ideals of courage and

truthfulness that obtain among gentlemen to-day. He had no great turn for originating ideas, and he did not always go to the bottom of those he borrowed. He had the personal dignity which is the safeguard to this day of persons who feel it among the possibilities that they may become ridiculous. He substituted this irreproachable demeanor for the spontaneous grace of the Greek, and it wore better in the end. We know the simplicity of his dress, the aristocratic shape of his nose, and that unyielding pride of his, which, among the pagans, had to do the work of the Christian graces. And so we can see him quite vividly as he visited the Greek towns in Italy, saw the beauty of their buildings, and heard with imperfect comprehension the winged speech of the people.

It would make a moralist, for the moment, of the least imaginative, to think of the intercourse between the nations at this period, — all condescension on the part of the Greeks, and imitative admiration on the part of the Romans; to think of it in the light of their later history, when Rome had found her strength and mastered the world, and in the light, too, of their strange relation to-day, when Cæsar and Xenophon stand each at a gate of the classical paradise, brandishing the fiery blade of grammar against the schoolboy.

But it is the later stage of their active intercourse, the period when the genius of Rome prevailed, when her actions, her practical achievements, became as interesting and tremendous and quickening to the human mind as had been the ideas with which Greece fed the world, that is most suggestive to the student of national character. The Greeks could not attribute their fall to the mere numbers and strength of their enemy. It was also a fault of the intellect, a failure to keep pace with the political ideas of the world, a stupidity: and there lay the incurable chagrin.

In the first days after the conquest of

Greece, the Romans still preserved an admiring attitude, not altogether condescending. We all know so well the spirit of the great literary Hellenists at Rome — Cicero, Virgil, Horace — that it is hardly worth stopping to say that style, subject matter, inspiration, and, to an appreciable extent, vocabulary were furnished by the vanquished to the victor. But the Romans knew well enough, even if Virgil had not told them, that their function was to govern the world. A great army, good roads, a higher degree of personal security than other races had effected. — these were the works that Romans thought of when their patriotism was stirred; and their enormous success brought to pass as complete a reign of the practical as the Anglo-Saxon world is enjoying at present.

At this time every educated Roman learned Greek, native masters being plenty. But we must remember that Greek was not only the German of the world, the language of learning, of specialists in all subjects, but also the French, as French stood to the world twenty years ago, the universal medium of commerce and polite society as well as the vehicle of a piquant contemporary literature. A man of business to-day may find it convenient to be able to write a letter in French, and still more convenient to skim a French novel with some approximation to the author's meaning, or to laugh at the right time when he goes to see Coquelin, without any idea of attempting Descartes or Voltaire or Racine. To a much greater degree was it necessary for a Roman to understand contemporary Greek. Not only the Greeks spoke it, but the races that had come under their influence. The Latin language imposed itself only upon the barbarous tribes who had no Greek, and it commanded so small and inferior an audience that Cicero declared Greek the more appropriate tongue for celebrating Roman achievements of which the whole world ought to know. The Greeks, who

were henceforth condemned to get their living from the Romans by their wits, would have found it to their advantage, we should think, to learn their masters' tongue, but they did not do so in any numbers. It was then a matter of everyday convenience that a Roman boy should study Greek; but he learned it as we do modern languages, not necessarily with any literary aim.

The character of both Greek and Roman had, of course, been considerably modified by the surprising change in their fortunes. Matthew Arnold has pointed out to us how little provision Hellenic ways of thought made for being sick or sorry. Greece, at this time, was both. If the gracious youth of the earlier day had hardened into tragic mood when misfortune fell, if he had veiled his face and fallen on his sword as the Roman would have done, we could have forgiven his blunders and admired him without pause. But, with a levity which makes us impatient and ashamed, he pulled his tattered cloak about him, and made himself as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. Then, when his poverty and misery at home became intolerable, when one or two hysterical outbreaks had made him feel the iron hand that held him, he shrugged his shoulders, turned his back upon Greece and the past, and set out for Rome, to make his living out of the stupid race who had unaccountably become lords of the earth.

The Roman, on the other hand, had grown to be a splendid and impressive person, who was not so sensitive about flaws in his culture as he had been earlier. Like the people of a nation of our own day, which shall be nameless, he could fall back on the enormous number of square miles under his control and the unheard-of material prosperity of his race, when his taste in æsthetic matters was questioned. He was a liberal if indiscriminating patron of the arts, and loved to have scholars about him to carry

his learning for him, as a slave might carry his cloak. Still holding to the traditional admiration of the Greek intellect, he appropriated its works wherever he found them. His view of the Greek at this time is as famous as Juvenal's genius could make it. The Greek was, to begin with, a political and financial failure, and we know what a great and successful nation thinks of such a being. And the Greek was not only poor, but venal, whereas a rich man respects only what he cannot buy. He could do a hundred things with cleverness which the Roman could not do at all, but his very ability was the badge of his profession. Lastly, he was undoubtedly a rather untrustworthy and disreputable person, and here the Roman took a high moral stand and castigated him. We all know what Juvenal has to say about him; and if we fail to catch his tone of contempt for even the graces of the weaker race, Dr. Johnson has translated it into words that bring it home at once to our Anglo-Saxon imaginations. With all his cleverness, the Greek could not in the long run hoodwink his shrewd, contemptuous patron. The descendants of Æneas knew all about the wooden horse. Not even a gift-bearing Greek could have won a welcome from them, still less a whining beggar with a greedy eye. This aspect of the matter has been dwelt on by historians and essayists until we are almost driven to side with these unhappy Greeks, as a right-minded schoolboy sides with Catiline after he has read two or three orations against him. It is true that we are told how the Roman of this age was none too upright a person himself. His cruelty, avarice, and brutal excesses are pictured as colossal, to match his empire and his wealth. But after all he is the strong man, the Atlas who steadies the world on his broad shoulders, and he rules Greece better than she could rule herself.

This is Juvenal's idea of the situation, and his scourge falls on Roman backs as

well as Greek, with an impartial thoroughness often engendered by the handling of a scourge. But Juvenal is pre-occupied with the moral aspect of things. He is an artist only as the headsmen is an artist who scorns to lift his axe twice for the same victim. His coarse, downright, thoroughly Roman pen is not the one to state truly the delicate case between Greece and Rome. It is from Greek writers themselves that we must learn not only how complete was their spiritual collapse, but also how they ventured, in spite of their low estate, to form an opinion of Rome in her splendor, in her wealth, strength, inventive energy, and success.

Halicarnassus was a Greek town of Asia Minor, and rich in literary associations. Here Herodotus was born, and here reigned the King Mausolus whose obituary was written by the foremost authors of his time. From this far-away town Dionysius came to Rome just after the accession of Augustus, and took advantage of the quiet time to write a history of Rome, and a number of essays in criticism and rhetoric. He was a scholar, pure and simple, with a patriotism of so bloodless and literary a quality that we find him acquiescing in Roman supremacy because it offered opportunity for a revival of letters. In the preface to one of his books, he describes with delight the amendment he observes in general literary style, and especially in oratory, and he goes on to say: "The cause and mainspring of this change I believe to be the universal dominion of Rome, who compels all nations to look to her as their model. Her rulers, too, are men of culture and just judges, administering affairs with a strong hand and an upright purpose, so that intelligence grows in the state under their governance, and the unintelligent are constrained to good sense."

So speaks the successful Roman Greek in a work dedicated to a Roman friend, and it would be unfair to imagine that his

sentiments were conceived to suit his public. In the first place, being a Greek, he had no scruples of sentimentality to hamper his opinions; and if he found no solid reason for regretting the supremacy of Rome, it would not have occurred to him to pretend that he did. This disinterested candor of statement strikes coldly on Anglo-Saxons, whose feelings ever lag behind their reason; in whose eyes a thing is "none the worse for being an anomaly." But, in the second place, Dionysius' allegiance was to Greek letters, not to the soil of Greece, and we are ready to admit to-day that he was right. At all events, we find no bitterness in him; only a philosophical admiration for the genius of the Romans, and a feeling of pleasure that he was there to see. But his easy, unquestioning acquiescence in the situation, merely expressed *en passant* as he writes of weightier matters, marks for us more sharply than any reining could do the change that has come over the Greek spirit. Here is Phœbus Apollo turned pedant and quietist, at peace with all the world except those who write bad Greek.

But his case is worse than this, for we presently find that his inspiration is so unfettered that it condescends to the use of works analogous to a product of our own age, the Polite Letter-Writer. In the textbook of rhetoric formerly attributed to Dionysius, and certainly the work of Greek hands at about the opening of our era, a book which is one of a large class, rules are laid down for the composition of orations on various occasions, among them the arrival of an official in his province, and it is hard to say whether it is comic or pathetic reading. "If it is necessary," says the author, "to use courtesy in greeting all we meet, even private persons, so as to get their good will, how much more needful is it when we have to salute men in authority, and particularly those who are sent by the Emperor to our various nations and states, so that we may win

them to a kindly feeling for us and our country! Doubtless this ceremony has now come into use with all nations, and a sort of fixed form has been adopted, by which a city gives official greeting to such persons at the moment of their entry through her gates, so to speak, using as a mouthpiece one of her most scholarly citizens. Let us then consider the best and easiest way to compose speeches of this character."

We are told that the orator must begin without fail by speaking of himself, telling how he came to be chosen. And here he will insert some flattery of the great man, praising his condescension in permitting this function and meeting the people halfway, and saying that while his reputation for kindness is heard on all sides, his nature can also be seen in his face, whose brightness cheers the heart, and where his upright soul is seen as in a mirror. "This," says the wily author, "will make him more attentive." Next should come a compliment to the Emperor; but this, we are told, may be briefly dismissed by saying that all time would be too short to tell his merits, which must therefore be postponed to another occasion. But it is essential to say that this, too, is one of his gracious acts, to send to the nation the very man they would have chosen. At this point must begin the real encomium of the official. He must be praised for his birth, his natural endowments, his culture, if these are conspicuous. The orator must go into detail about obvious circumstances. If, for instance, the official is young, the orator must ask, "What are we to expect from his full powers?" If old, he should say that such an office is rightly bestowed upon one who has shown his metal in so many trials. If his personal appearance is impressive, the orator must not fail to comment on that; "and if his reading is in the Roman tongue," goes on this unscrupulous document, "then compare him with the great Romans; if in the

Greek, with the great Greeks. By this means show him to be just and prudent and a careful judge. Compare him with Aristides and Themistocles, and show him to be a better man than they."

We can imagine this little ceremony without much trouble, whether it took place at the actual moment of arrival, or on a later day, fixed to suit the convenience of the honored object. At all events, some

"little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,"

pours all its folk, on that momentous morn, forth to the gates or into the market-place to see the great man from Rome. He comes at the head of his suite and body-guard, a bewildering vision of magnificence. His proud, self-contained demeanor has its full effect on the impressionable people, and inspires a certain sincerity of admiration. And then the proud spokesman of the favored town stands forth and delivers his spontaneous compliment, garnished, we may be sure, with the utmost propriety of gesture. We have no rules in this treatise to show us how the grandee returns thanks. Perhaps his eye has wandered over the roofs before him during the address, seeking out what loot his predecessors may have left, and perhaps his mind has wandered to the bright-eyed, admiring crowd, wondering how such people live. But there is no doubt that his dignified mien is unaltered, and that when he speaks it will be with decorum.

But what are we to make of such a Greece as this, of this orator who has been selected as the flower of local culture? Let us assume that the book was never used, or was intended only for school exercises. At all events, let us not be so heartless as to apply the author's own maxim and compare him with Aristides and Themistocles. We can only moralize about him, and wish that Greece in captivity had played Prometheus. Then failure and imprison-

ment might have become the fashion. But she showed instead the temper of Picciola's master, and was not unhappy.

Here, then, we see the inspiration of Greece dried up, her special glory gone. The next two centuries saw her become the vagabond that Juvenal knew, and her degradation was complete. Let us take this moment, then, to see what she thought of the Romans.

In the same textbook of rhetoric of which I have spoken we have a recipe for a funeral oration, in which we are told to speak of the ancestors of the deceased; and if they were not immigrants, we are to praise them for belonging to the soil; but if they were immigrants, we are to point out that they became citizens of the best country in the world by choice, and not by accident. It was in this way that Lucian of Samosata, born of Syrian parents, was a Greek; for as soon as he was old enough to choose for himself he left his Syrian birthplace, and lived in one Greek town after another, acquiring a culture altogether Hellenic. It was an age of travel, and he fell in with the current, making his living as he went by public recitations of his rhetorical works. We may imagine him, after his reputation was made and the tumult of his personal battle with the world was over, looking calmly at the show of life. He found his happiness, as did Dionysius, in the complete detachment which the Greek achieved so easily, and in the belief that life cannot be so bad while men can write and read. Indeed, viewed as material for literature, the world was never more entertaining than when he entered it, and he mastered it from end to end, so that, while Dionysius wrote about books, Lucian wrote about men.

"For my part," says one of his characters, "when I was approaching Rome again after my first journey to Greece, I came to a halt, and asked myself what motive I had for coming hither, and I quoted the words of Homer: 'Why,

wretched man, have you left the sunlight' (meaning Greece and the happy, unconventional life there), 'and come hither to behold' this noisy town, the blackmailing and the riotous living, the dishonesty and the feigned friendship?" Now, part of this, of course, expresses the natural jar of a great town on nerves soothed by provincial quiet, and part of it is merely rhetoric, for blackmailing and hypocrisy were never exotic at Athens; but let us hear the same man after he is once more *orientiert*. "I plucked myself from the fight," he says, "and now I live in quiet with philosophy. I feel as though I had taken my seat in a great theatre, and were watching events from a coign of vantage: some of them highly diverting, so that I laugh, and some such as to try a man's metal. For if we must give even the devil his due, you can hardly conceive a more crucial test of character than life in this city." We may believe that here we have the real impression that Rome made on a man of sensitive temperament, the seduction of her luxurious ease, and the antidote furnished by her sordid ways and the stupidity of her excesses. Perhaps nothing shows a man's gifts in the matter of taste so plainly as his choice of bad habits.

We remember what Lord Chesterfield, himself no precisian, said of a man who would boast of drinking six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting, — "Out of charity I will believe him a liar." Morally we may question this dictum, but æsthetically it is beyond dispute. So a Greek, with no moral superiority to back him, might yet take exception to the doings he saw at Rome. When, with all his own fastidious follies in the matter, for instance, of eating and drinking, he found that, at Rome, quantity was the thing, we may fancy that he had one temptation the less. As Pepys said of the bull-ring, "it is a very rude and nasty pleasure." Another notion the Romans had with regard to food and its accesso-

ries scandalized these Greeks of the lowest period. "They buy only the most costly provender," says Lucian; "they serve their wine at table mixed with spices, and they fill their houses with roses in winter, taking pleasure in them because they are scarce and unseasonable; but when a thing is in season and natural, they turn up their noses at it because it is cheap. They do not understand the laws of pleasure, but transgress even here. It is a solecism to take one's pleasures in that fashion."

In this phrase, we may believe, the Greek lays down his canon of social criticism. Juvenal has plenty to say on similar themes, and says it with splendid invective and crucifying wit. But his eye is ever on the ethics of the matter. These dinners are bad for the people who eat them, and they come out of the mouths of the poor. They help to build false social ideals and form a plutocracy. This is what the practical Roman critic has against them. But the Greek does not concern himself with all this. It was an age when there was no outward stimulus to virtue worth mentioning. A man might be born with a taste for right living, as Juvenal was and Marcus Aurelius, but he got little encouragement, and found himself an anachronism; and in default of this innate bent he was beyond the reach of argument. But the Greek had something in him not unlike a conscience, though its domain was different, and it was only accidental that it sometimes decided questions which we should call conscientious. But when this inner standard, this absolute court of appeal, was violated, the Greek said, "This is a solecism."

Lucian, as a celebrity, saw society from above, and did not feel its slights. That he never ranged himself on its side, but stood obstinately on his own merits, and encouraged other Greeks to imitate him, we learn in plain terms from his advice to a young man who was thinking of becoming private secre-

tary to a great Roman. He tells him that it is a mistake to suppose that living in a rich man's house, sitting at a luxurious table, driving out in a smart carriage, and drawing his salary will constitute his duties. Juvenal has his sneer for these hungry Greeklings who will do anything for a living. We all scorn their want of spirit as we read the hard, strong lines. There is another light on them, the light in which Lucian looked at the crowd of his young acquaintance, sometimes gifted, always hopeful, streaming up to the capital laden with that manuscript which is ever so pathetic, whether it distends the breast of Chatterton's frock coat or protrudes from the fold of a chiton.

The comedy of jarring national temperaments which we watch so eagerly to-day was daily played in Rome, as the Greeks, after failure had robbed them of their easy serenity, struggled vainly to impress on the Romans their traditions of art. The Romans listened to them, stole or bought their works, and hired philosophers to attend their persons, but the rest was froth and foam. "It is for your beard and your scholar's gown that they hire you," said Lucian, "not for your philosophy." Juvenal says that a Greek will turn his hand to anything. Lucian says that a Roman master will use his dependents like dogs, treat them to all sorts of hardships and humiliations, and haggle with them about their pay. He tells the candidate for such an office that attendance on a great Roman is slavery, — and that word brought a hotter flush to a man's face then, for it was not safely laid away among the figures of speech for any but a Roman citizen, — but that its yoke is light compared with the service of a great lady. For a woman of fashion "reckons it among her ornaments," says he, "if it be said of her that she is well read and a thinker, and writes lyrics almost worthy of Sappho; and so she too must have her hired escort of rhetors

and teachers and philosophers, and listen to them now and then, while she is having her hair dressed or at table. At other times she is too busy. And often while the philosopher is discussing high ethical themes her maid comes in with a love letter, and the argument must wait till it is answered."

This wretched life is bad enough while it lasts, but the end is worse. The tutor is superseded by a new-comer, and dismissed on some frivolous charge. His accuser, being a Roman, is believed without saying a word in proof. "But you," says Lucian bitterly, "you are a Greek. You have the facile Greek temperament and readiness for every crime. That is the character they give us all, and it is natural they should; for numbers make their way into Roman houses with no real knowledge, but professing magic and witchcraft, charms for lovers and lures for enemies, although they claim to be scholars, and wear the gown and beard of the profession."

This has the air of being a fair statement of the case. Not all monks of the Middle Ages were profligate, not all American Indians are treacherous, nor were all the Roman Greeks impostors. But the popular mind has not time to make these fine distinctions.

Juvenal was given to saying that Greeks did not tell the truth, and I am afraid no one would be willing to contradict him; but let us hear the Greek's retort in this interesting controversy between pot and kettle. "The Romans," says Lucian, "tell the truth just once in their lives, namely, in their wills, for there they are safe from the consequences."

The whole matter of will-making, and the Roman preoccupation with this and with matters concerning burial, diverted the Greeks excessively. "They like to have their want of taste set down in writing," says their critic, "for they order their clothes to be burnt with them, or anything else that they valued in life,

and flowers to be placed on their tombstones, — carrying their stupidity with them to the grave.”

This stupidity of the Romans was what confounded and bewildered the unhappy Greekling. He broke and spent himself like a wave of the sea against its unyielding granite. But, baffling as it was, it left him a pride of his own to stand upon; and while man can criticise, he is not wholly lost. It is satisfactory to see that these Greeks were not so cowed by failure that they could not enjoy that sense of innate superiority which is ever the dearest pleasure of sojourn in a strange land. Although Rome drew them and held them, they lived to remember that life was sim-

pler at Athens, and conversation better. We have a traveler's story that shows how well that quiet town held to its traditions. A rich foreigner, presumably from Rome, came to Athens with the intention of impressing the simple provincials with the splendor of his clothes and the number of his servants. He appeared to an astonished public at the gymnasium with a certain solemnity, followed by a little army of slaves, and blooming in costume like a brilliant flower. The Greek youths paused, and looked in silence on the bright apparition, and then one whispered — but audibly — to his fellow, “Spring has come.” “Hush,” said the other in reproof; “perhaps it is his mother's.”

Emily James Smith.

A FEW STORY-TELLERS, OLD AND NEW.

WHEN the king, or the chief, or whoever had the ordering of his own entertainment, sent for the skald, the improvisator, the story-teller, or the jester, in the days when men were listeners, and not readers, there must have been moments when his majesty, as he saw the familiar figure approach, doubted if he were not to hear the same old story once more; even the story of one's prowess or the prowess of one's ancestors loses its charm after indefinite repetition. And what must have been the emotions of the story-teller at the same moment, as he looked anxiously on the man who was at once listener, critic, and executioner, and reflected that the story in hand was but a variation on an old theme? Yet even absence of novelty, in those days as in these, must have had its compensation in grace of story-telling. The listener may well have said to himself, The same old story, to be sure, but at any rate I know he will tell it clearly. And the story-teller may have felt a consciousness of power,

as he selected one incident after another from his memory, and used his best words in narrative. As Emerson said of the stories he heard at English dinner tables, they “are so good that one is sure they must have been often told before, to have got such happy turns.”

Here, for example, is the modern skald, Mr. Crawford, coming before his many-headed listener — the more heads to hear, the more to nod sleepily if driven to it — with a new and yet old story in Pietro Ghisleri.¹ San Giacinto, Gianforte Campodonico, Spicca, Sant' Ilario, — these and other names which occur in the new story are familiar enough to readers of the Italian stories which were brilliantly introduced by Saracinesca. Mr. Crawford has made a section of Italian society as thoroughly his own as Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant have done with English and Scottish society. The figures in one book may be principals, in another

¹ *Pietro Ghisleri.* By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

subordinates, according to the exigencies of the narrative. But one does not think of these figures as passing from one book to another; he thinks of the books as more or less complete records of the experience of this or that person. The reality of the persons who carry on the society is in the novelist's mind before he has undertaken to reproduce these persons in his books, we may say; consequently, he moves with such certainty in the world which he has called into being out of the unordered individualities of modern Italian life that he imparts his confidence to the reader. Nothing is more comfortably assuring to a reader than to know, when he puts himself into the hands of an author, that he will be held firmly, and carried straight to the conclusion of the whole matter. Mr. Crawford's readers know from the start that he has thought his story out to the end, and will tell it clearly, without circumlocution, yet with sufficient fullness of detail. Herein, we think, lies the secret of this writer's genuine popularity. He refuses to fall into classification as a realist or romanticist; but he avoids the schools not by aiming at some individualism of his own; he secures his place by a regard for the fundamental canons of the art of fiction. He conceives his characters; he regards them in their relation to one another and to an actual world; he selects, — what true artist does not select? — and his characters and incidents fit into and explain one another. Always there is evidence of the cool-headed, keen, alert judge of men and women and their actions; always the narrative moves forward, even in the passionate passages, with a reasonableness which commends itself to the intelligent reader.

It is in this skill of construction that we think Mr. Crawford's peril lies, and we cannot help sounding the note of danger after reading Pietro Ghisleri. Let the reader recall Anthony Trollope's novels, and he will be aware that the Eng-

lishman, though in a way the prophet of matter of fact, was possessed by his stories; that something very like a Greek fate seized his characters, after the author of their being had once set them on foot, and hurried them forward to an inevitable end. Mr. Crawford, on the other hand, seems never to lose his hold of the fortune of his figures. He moves, directs, arranges, completes. It is true his figures are not puppets, and his ordering of their ways is masterly. But the exercise of this controlling power breeds the desire for more power, and leads almost by necessity to delicacy of manipulation, to intricacy of plot. Now, the more human a novelist's figures are, the more the reader instinctively resents a too subtle disposition of their actions, and an attempt at adjusting nicely all their relations. Let one compare Pietro Ghisleri with Saracinesca, and he will see that the strong, broad lines upon which the earlier story was built have given place to slender, well-knit, indeed, but apparently fragile supports; and by an almost necessary connection the men and women have not the freedom of movement in the later novel which they enjoyed in the former. There is still the suggestion of nobility in the best women. Laura belongs to the world in which Corona holds sway, and the men act forcefully; but Pietro himself strikes us as an over-refined character, the attempt on Mr. Crawford's part to mix his metal with more alloy, and yet to offer the same attractiveness to the other honest people of the Crawford world. As a curious commentary on the author's difficulties when he abandons a consistent for a merely balanced character, the reader will observe the almost total suppression of the husband of the woman whom Pietro has wronged. Possibly all this is due to Mr. Crawford's desire to work out his rather artificial plot, with its spring in hate, not love, in a field where he is entirely at home, and among a people whose nature reduces the artificiality to its lowest terms.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has this in common with Mr. Crawford, that he loves a story; but if we are to take his latest novel¹ as witness, he has also that love of his characters, of the scenes they enact, and of the very field of their action which seems lacking in the older novelist. There is, indeed, a fine flavor of youth about the book, with its wide sweep of adventure, and its insistence upon the elemental forces of love and physical courage. The scene shifts from Scotland to the lone northern land about Hudson's Bay, and the characters are mainly Scottish, with one of those Indian maidens, so dear to the romancer, who embodies all the graces of nature which logically belong to a child of savagery. The contrast between the dense village in Scotland and the vast reaches of the north, with the drama acted now in the one, now in the other, is an effective piece of art, and the reader is not likely to trouble himself much over the conventionality of the incidents which set the actors in motion. The characters, too, are well conceived and clearly defined; but, above all, the reader rejoices in that large, out-of-door spirit which impels the writer, and gives promise of even stronger, freer life. One thinks of Cooper, but remembers that Cooper was more ponderous, moved more heavily, and dwelt upon his scenes, for the most part, with a slow deliberation which quickened only when there was the necessity for prompt action. Mr. Parker is not likely to diminish his force by overvaluing the description of nature, and if with increase of practice he can secure greater freedom from artificiality in his plot, we are sure that his stories will come to the confined dweller in cities like a vacation in the woods.

It is a sign of the expansion of the

novel, and its emancipation from the tyranny of fashion and prevailing schools, that side by side on our shelves to-day lie stories which depend for their attractiveness upon the adventures they relate: novels which are dramas turned into narrative, character studies which are almost reports of the latest investigation in psychology, historical studies thrown into the form of fiction, cross-sections of society to illustrate sociological problems, and in fine almost all the varieties possible of the exhibition of life through parable. It is hard to say, when one regards only the best writers of the day, what is the prevailing mode, and the new writers may follow their bent resolutely, sure of sympathy in some quarter. It is, we think, quite thirty years since Mr. Henry James began to delight cultivated readers with his sketches of the human soul as seen through the more or less opaque veil of the flesh. Himself a student of older masters, he has in this period seen disciples of his own; and his work to-day, if it varies from his earlier work, does so through the natural process by which the subtle grows more impenetrable, and the delicacy of shade is divided by still finer discrimination. We confess to liking this author best in his larger books, because with greater space there is more room for his characters, built up out of an infinity of particulars, to show themselves for what they are, and because we think Mr. James himself therein brings into play powers of composition which scarcely have scope in his shorter stories. Nevertheless, he remains to-day, in some respects, the consummate artist in miniature story-telling of this generation. Here, for example, are the latest collections of his scattered work, eight stories in two separate volumes,²

¹ *The Chief Factor. A Tale of the Hudson's Bay Company.* By GILBERT PARKER. New York: The Home Publishing Company. 1893.

² *The Real Thing, and Other Tales.* By HENRY JAMES. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893. *The Private Life, and Other Stories.* By HENRY JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

— stories which have an unmistakable individuality, and intimate, moreover, an inexhaustible vein of criticism of life. Inexhaustible, we say, because the writer discloses an increasing power of penetration, not because his range of observation appears to be widening. Mr. James has made excursions into somewhat obscure quarters of life before this, especially in his longer novels, but in these later short stories he seems rather disposed to resume his studies in certain familiar fields, and to see how far he can push them. Here is *The Real Thing*, for instance, which is the story of the perplexity experienced by an artist who is confronted by a pair of human beings, deliciously conceived as the product of a highly conventionalized society, a man and woman of unquestionably good form, wholly dependent on society, yet driven by necessity to offer themselves as models to the artist, their recommendation being that they are the real thing, and therefore preëminently useful to him in his delineation of people of their order. The story is wrought with good-humored skill, and is a most ingenious satire on realism in fiction. We say this boldly, though ten to one the author of the tale could find us a dozen other interpretations of the parable. That is the bewildering and teasing effect of Mr. James's recent fiction. The palpable story seems almost a screen behind which the real story is going on, and the curious spectator constantly desires to get behind the screen. Readers of *The Atlantic* will recall an almost insoluble story with which he diverted them some time ago, and has printed in one of these volumes, *The Private Life*. A more elusive tale in its actuality it would be hard to find; yet one might affirm with considerable confidence that he saw clearly what was the moral contained in it. Is it not the result of a steadfast search for the real thing that Mr. James has finally come very near to squaring the circle in fiction?

It is a commonplace that the disciples

of a master catch his manner, but not his style; yet discipleship is the best training for mastery, and it is interesting sometimes to note how master and pupil part company at some point, and follow different roads. This we fancy to have taken place in the relations of Miss Annie Eliot to Mr. James. *White Birches*¹ is, we believe, Miss Eliot's first book, but her work in minor form has been familiar to readers of magazines for some time past. It is no reproach to her that she has read her James faithfully; but this book looks to us like a resolute effort to assert her own individual power. As such it has an interest not perhaps justified by the performance alone. The story is not wholly new in its main theme. An artist summing in the country falls in with one of those heroines who have piqued the curiosity of other novelists, a girl who is of dewy freshness of nature, country born and bred, but not rustic; certain to be transferred by the exigencies of fiction to city surroundings, in order that contrast may heighten her charms, and new environment test and confirm her integrity. The inevitable happens in this case, also. In telling her story Miss Eliot uses a good deal of skill, and shows her power chiefly in the sketches she gives of subordinate characters. Miss Matilda, in particular, is capitally studied, and suggests that in the management of the side of country life which is marked by dry humor Miss Eliot might achieve her best success. But what impresses us most in the book is the deliberation with which Miss Eliot avails herself of the stock properties of novelists for the purpose of setting forth her simple drama. There is hardly an attempt to introduce novelty, unless it be in the half-foreign circus scenes, but her interest is centred, apparently, upon her characters, and especially upon the contrasted ones of Rhodope, the country maid, and Mrs. Needham, the

¹ *White Birches*. By ANNIE ELIOT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

artificial, highly accented woman of society. She wishes to denote the shades in each character, and to do it not by the use of exaggerated scenes, but by the ordinary conventions of current life. It seems sometimes as if she had cautioned herself against being oversubtle, as if she were aware that brilliancy of tone was rather wearisome to the reader, and so had aimed at reasonableness, and at keeping the main figures in good and appropriate attitudes. The result is a careful but somewhat timid story. Its artificiality is superficial, for the writer plainly does not set a high value on her plot; she is concerned for her persons. But she has scarcely yet discovered the art of making her characters disclose themselves through act; they are still dependent mainly on dialogue. The interest for us is in the sincere attempt to model her figures in the round, to give them independent life, instead of being contented, as before, with figures in low relief.

If we were seeking for contrast, we could scarcely find a more striking one to *White Birches* than *Old Kaskaskia*,¹ already known to our readers in its serial passage through *The Atlantic*; contrast in motive, in style, and in material. Miss Eliot, fastening her attention upon the people about her, is keenly interested in their behavior under circumstances very familiar to her readers. Mrs. Catherwood takes her pleasure in that which is unfamiliar so far as externals go, in vivifying it through the imagination, and in presenting it in its most picturesque and dramatic scenes. The study which the former gives to the trivial expression of social life the latter bestows upon historical monuments and records. Persons, however, can be made in both ways, though Mrs. Catherwood has this advantage, that, since her figures are dressed

in old clothes, and play their part in a past period, any singularity of behavior will make less impression of inaccuracy on the reader than will a departure from good form in the case of men and women dressed in the costume of to-day, and living as the reader lives. But the charm of Mrs. Catherwood's book does not lie in its fidelity to historic fact. One recognizes constantly the touch of a writer who is a conscientious student of her material, and feels thus a confidence in her accuracy: yet he does not read to inform himself of the actualities of a bygone period; he reads her romance as he would read a poem, for its lyrical beauty, its imaginative power, its reproduction of human passion in a form all the more impressive that it is remote from the accidents of present fashion. There have been historical romancers in abundance, and dreary have been the results of many painstaking students who have thrown their work into the form of fiction; but Mr. Arthur Hardy in *Passe Rose*, and Mrs. Catherwood in her three or four books, show us the genuine thing, — history passing through the alembic of fine poetic imagination.

Is it not the love of the past which, after all, lies at the bottom of success in such work? We mean sincere affection and pride in men and women who are dust, so that the novelist who recreates in fiction their analogues is really reinforced by these emotions. Certainly this thesis might be maintained if one confined one's self to the noticeable contrast existing between two books² by one writer, appearing almost together, and presumably representing her habit of mind. In one book Mrs. Harrison has told with tender charm of the life centring about the old Virginian town of Alexandria, thinly disguised by its other

¹ *Old Kaskaskia*. By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

² *Belhaven Tales; Crow's Nest; Una and King David*. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON.

New York: The Century Company. 1892. *An Edelweiss of the Sierras; Golden-Rod, and Other Tales*. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

name of Belhaven. These sketches — they can scarcely be called tales — are fragrant with memories; they embalm an actual life, and belong on the same shelf with the New England tales in which Miss Jewett has set forth the decayed gentility of another section, with certain stories by Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, and with other stray bits of fiction which inclose as in amber persons and scenes which appeal with a melancholy tinge to one's sympathy. There is a slight scent as of a remote perfume, say of lilacs not too close at hand, about these delightful sketches. But when one opens the other book, he perceives, to carry out the figure, a rather strong odor of patchouly. Mrs. Harrison's charming sentiment becomes somewhat ordinary sentimentalism. The whole effect of this second collection of tales and sketches is of carelessness, almost indifference to good art; an idle playing with themes for stories. There are clever bits, as in the travel part of *Golden-Rod*, but they seem to have little relation to the story as a whole; and one comes to open dissatisfaction with a writer who has real gifts, and is content with them as toys.

It is not this fault that we should find with Octave Thanet's stories.¹ Here is a positive delight in her work by a writer who brings to the task a healthy interest in the not over-refined activity of a semi-frontier civilization. One feels that Octave Thanet recognizes the rawness of much of the material she is handling, but looks farther into it, and perceives certain signs of fundamental virtues which she is eager to introduce to the knowledge of others. She is a reporter of life, it is true, rather than an artist. She is content with obvious construction for her stories, if so be she can convey to others something of the genuine interest which has been awak-

ened in her by contact with the busy, alert folk of a Western town, and the inevitable contrasted personalities which are knocked over and hustled out of the way or good-naturedly set aside by all this energy. There is a warm current of life running through this book, which atones for much that otherwise would affect the reader as somewhat commonplace, and we cannot help thinking that if the author poured the best contents of two or three stories into one, and refined that by repeated processes of writing, she might produce work which would not only reflect the life in which she is so much interested, but have a lasting life of its own, such a life as fine art alone can give. Indeed, one need scarcely go beyond this book for the commentary we have made. Some of Mr. Frost's drawings, with their humor, their good modeling, their admirable selection, their exclusion of the unnecessary, are capital exhibitions of artistic story-telling.

Mrs. Deland made herself known to readers by a little volume of verse and two full-grown novels before she essayed the short story. At least we think nearly all of the five stories which appear in her recent collection² saw the light in magazines after her novels were published. This reversal of the customary order may have no special significance, yet we think it throws a little light upon her art. Her novels show that her interest is in ethical and spiritual problems, and they read as if the problems presented themselves to her in abstract form, and that then she set about the solution through imaginary cases. This would account, possibly, for the ghostliness which hangs about her main characters, as if they had not perfectly "materialized;" but what is more interesting is the strong artistic sense which so nearly triumphs in such personages, and is wholly delightful in the creation of the minor

¹ *Stories of a Western Town.* By OCTAVE THANET. Illustrated by A. B. FROST. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

² *Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories.* By MARGARET DELAND. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

characters in her novels. The reader must have been struck with the mellowness of those parts of her novels in which she is unincumbered by great spiritual problems, but evidently exceedingly interested in her persons. In one aspect, these episodic passages, so to speak, are foils to the over-serious contentions. The reader feels this relief, and we suspect the writer must also have felt it. At any rate, there is a spontaneity about them, a natural expression of the persons in act and speech and manner, which seems to show she had seen these people, and had not been obliged to create them for great moral purposes.

The volume before us contains something of a commentary on this view. Mr. Tommy Dove, the title story, is a bit out of that entertaining world to which Mrs. Deland has heretofore escaped when she wished to plant her feet on solid ground. It might have been a bit of byplay in a larger novel, and as such we suspect it would have had more value, since one almost needs an overwrought situation to reduce the faint touch of farce in this

otherwise idyllic tale. It makes us wonder if the humorous and lighter portions of the larger books have not gained almost as much as they have given in the way of contrast. In *The Face on the Wall*, on the other hand, we seem to see one of the large novels in miniature. We are very glad we have not to read it *in extenso*. Here there is the same use of contrast, but it strikes us as a deliberate use, and for this reason not nearly so effective. Mrs. Deland only works in her pastoral ladies because without them the story would be what it is the custom to call intense, but what in this case may sharply be called unreal and unnatural. If the poor fellow whose soul is here placed on public exhibition had had a book to himself, he might have been tremendous; here he is simply unpleasant. We cannot take up the stories in detail, but if any one wishes to read a little masterpiece, which shows Mrs. Deland at her best in construction, in pathos, in delicate humor, and in a genuine humaneness, let him read *A Fourth-Class Appointment*.

IRISH IDYLLS.

It is recounted of the late Mr. Darwin that, on finding a lump of earth adhering to the leg of a wounded pheasant, he placed it beneath the glass of a forcing-house, and from the seeds it contained raised no less than eighty-two separate plants of five distinct species. Similarly, the author of these sketches,¹ in studying the life that goes on in a handful of cabins among the boglands of Connaught, discovers a vast amount of human experience summed up in the histories of the scanty population; human experience, we may say, bereft of its

glitter, of its visible halo, and fined down to its elementary needs, to the capacity for happiness, passion, and heartbreak which are its essence.

The test of a new writer must always be the new light which he is able to throw on the familiar; his creative and dexterous handling of themes otherwise outworn by time and use, making them appear fresh as untouched sculptor's clay. Miss Barlow stands this test well. Her Ireland is not the rollicking Ireland of Charles O'Malley, and in the widest reach of her orbit she hardly more than intersects the world-wide sweep of Miss Laffan's Hogan, M. P., and *The Honor-*

¹ *Irish Idylls*. By JANE BARLOW. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1893.

able Miss Ferrard. Miss Lawless, in *Hurrih and Grania*, has taken a background not wholly unlike that of these *Idylls*, with something of the same suggestion and interpretation of motive and feeling; but her characters are chosen with a view to the development of a central imaginative theme which leads up to strange situations and powerful dramatic climaxes.

Miss Barlow, on the other hand, might say, with De Musset, "*Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre*;" and just as the Greek pediment represented to Greek minds the law of fate confining human actions within limits not to be passed beyond, she works within the narrowest possible circle. Her distinct gift is shown in the way she takes any chance material that comes first to hand, and constructs out of it a drama not only full of significance, but giving to each character, no matter how insignificant, some moment of relief which lifts, individualizes, and often glorifies it. The personages, too, accomplish their functions without apparent analysis or description on the author's part, and our understanding of them seems to be a matter of pure perception and sympathy, as if they lived, breathed, moved, and had their being before our eyes. Her effort appears to be merely to show, as in a magic mirror, a clear image of the little Connaught village and its daily life. She enforces no dogma; she proclaims no theory; she suggests no remedy. The Irish Question does not seem to reach the matter. Home Rule is a fallacy to smile at in this forlorn, makeshift, casual little settlement of Lisconnel, with its three habitations on one side of the road, a couple opposite, not exactly facing the others on account of a swampy patch, two more a little farther on, and then "*Ody Rafferty's*" and "*the Widow M'Gurk's*" "*a trifle back o' the road up the slope*," and nothing else save bog and sky.

To make clear the conditions of life in

Lisconnel, let us go on to state that these cabins are built of rough stones without mortar, and with not even sufficient mud to close the chinks thoroughly. The roofs are thatched with rushes, not straw, for straw costs money at Lisconnel. They are held down by stones, for stones are plentiful. Indeed, the cottage is apt to be built on some more or less flat rock, not only in order to secure a ready-made flooring, but that the rare patches of soil may not be diverted from the "*craps*." The frequent and otherwise superfluous boulders, too, are rendered useful in backing up the walls, thus keeping off the wind, which blows as generously as the rain falls in this country. One of the cabins rejoices in a "*rale window*," — that is, a pane of glass nine inches square; but, as a rule, openings for light are filled in with some more opaque substance. A stack of turf (turf is the only fuel) stands near the door of each domicile, and — perhaps as an emblem of hospitality — a big black pot is apt to sit continuously on the threshold, peered into, with a triumph of hope over experience, all day long by the "*childer*" and the "*live stock*;" said live stock consisting, when times are at their best, of about a dozen goats, pigs, and "*chuckens*," liable in a bad season — and what season was ever good at Lisconnel? — to be prematurely carried off to market "*down beyant*."

Notwithstanding this bareness, the inhabitants of Lisconnel possess the happy knack of finding their lives extremely interesting and very precious in spite of their limitations. In fact, may we not say because of their limitations, when we consider how, amid the superfluities of wealth and civilization, the cleverest among us set about Hamlet-like ponderings as to whether life is worth living, while in Connaught a good year for "*pitaties*" makes everybody contented, and how, on the occasion of the Widow M'Gurk's receiving a legacy from America of fifteen shillings, she is able to ex-

ercise a munificence which leaves that of princes poor? Indeed, pessimism dies a natural death in contact with these humble destinies which show that the actual compensations of existence are appointed to those who possess little.

Dim intimations of wealth, plenty, and ease keep alive imagination and hope. Old Mrs. Kilfoyle, for example, is able to tell how, in her youth, she lived on a countryside where grass grew as tall as rushes, and potato and barley fields were that sizable you could hardly see to the end of them. Such statements beguiled the ears of her listeners, but were hardly considered credible when she went on to allude to cows, calves, firkins of butter, let alone "lashins and lavins" of skim milk and whey, as if such luxuries rained down from the skies; big potfuls, too, of oatmeal stirabout for breakfast every morning, and often as not a bit of bacon for Sunday; then houses with three rooms, and one of them with a boarded floor! In corroboration of which "quare old romancin'" about the days before she was married and came to Lisconnel, Mrs. Kilfoyle, "a little old woman with white hair like carded bog-cotton, and a sweet, piping, high voice like a small chicken's," would point to a battered pewter mug, the unique relic of this bygone grandeur.

Whatever admiration and wonder are stirred by these suggestions of a better state of things, there is little envy, or even restlessness, in the minds of her hearers, who hate strange places where they feel lost and helpless, like a leaf in a storm, while in the worst privations of their own surroundings they can perceive clear "sinse and raison." Creatures wholly of the affections and of the senses, the solid, tangible facts of life for each of them are his "bit o' land," the familiar landscape about it and the familiar beings upon it. As the author says: "Should a sequence of calamity such as Job's overtake him, sweeping away his flocks and herds and children, no event-

ual doubling of his live stock could console him as it did the more philosophic sheikh. His last days would still be made darker by many a regret for the 'ould white heifer,' or 'the little rid cow,' or 'the bit of a skewbald pony, the crathur.' And as for the ten new sons and daughters, Molly and Biddy and Katty, they would be a failure indeed."

Too far from chapel to go often, and too poor to contribute to the triumphs of ecclesiasticism, religion becomes a simple matter to the people at Lisconnel. Good old Father Rooney, when called from "down beyant" to ease the dying, answers the request when he is able to do so. As he said to Mrs. M'Gurk when her husband lay ill, "Send for me, of course, me good woman, and if by any chance I can come up to you, well and good; but if I'm prevented, you've no call to be supposing you'll be left without any sort of assistance for that reason. Likely enough I may be riding off Drumesk ways as fast as I can contrive; but I'm not taking the blessed saints and the Mother of Mercy and the rest following along with me, same as if I was, so to speak, showing them the road. They know where they're wanted as well as you or I, you may depend, and won't be asking either of our leaves to get there." Mrs. M'Gurk, even if slightly shocked, was relieved by this statement. Nevertheless, such equanimity of mind may have been of detriment to her orthodoxy; for, after poor M'Gurk had died without benefit of clergy, with only a "Glory be" on his lips, we find his widow, on one occasion, bestowing some rather free criticism on the higher powers when the continual rain was blighting the potatoes, and the "win' and wet" together "devastatin' all before them," particularly Hughey Quigley's "dacintist little strip of oats."

"I'm sure I ddnno what plisure Anybody," observed Mrs. M'Gurk, secretly attaching a definite idea to her indefi-

nite pronoun, "can take in ruinatin' a poor person's bit o' property. If I was one, now, that had the mindin' of such things, and took notice of a little green field sittin' in the black of the bog, it's apter I'd be to let it have its chanst, at any rate, to ripen itself the best way it could, than go for to sliver the great dowses of rain on top of it, and lave it all battered and bet into flittherjigs like yon." And when Mrs. Kilfoyle, always an apologist and a peacemaker, tried to argue that it was probably, on the part of the powers above, a mere promiscuous spilling over, an accident like, with no clear intention of "ruinatin' anything," Mrs. M'Gurk answered ruefully, "It maybe might be an accident, but, bedad, 't would be a great differ to the likes of us if they'd be a thrifle more exact."

Naturally, the irresistible logic of the Widow M'Gurk's windfall of fifteen shillings, to which we have alluded, — incorruptibly laid up in heaven by her good deeds to her neighbors, — was to make everybody desire to have a legacy from the other side of the world. The people of Lisconnel, however, regard emigration in much the spirit of Artemus Ward's burst of patriotism when he consented that all his wife's relations should go to the war. Those who were free to emigrate were apt to hold back, arguing that dollars seemed to be scarce even in America, since Terence Driscoll wrote to his mother that "the dareness of some things is intense." But in proffering advice to others, it was safe to quote another emigrant who sent word home that "the States was not too quare to live in."

Every reader who has watched the

stream of steerage passengers boarding a Cunarder at Queenstown, with their sticks of blackthorn and their little pots of shamrock, will have thought of the heartbreak which lies back of this wrench away from the old life, and which is pathetically described in the two stories entitled *One Too Many* and *Herself*. "The poor children," to quote from the latter, "protested that they would be writing home continual, — ay, and sending over the money for the rint; if it was n't on'y for the sake of helping out that-a-way, sorra the thing else would take them out of the old place. But suppose, now, the pitaties took and failed agin this summer, how could herself and father get on at all? Not that they themselves could do a hand's turn if they sted, except to be aiting all before them."

But the reader must go to the *Idylls* themselves to appreciate not only the pathos, the vital and mobile characterization, but the author's delicate and penetrative touch. Her first book, *Bogland Studies*, written in a flowing, many-syllabled rhymed measure, showed a happy dexterity in fitting her story to verse, and in using the dialect she knows so well with force and picturesqueness. But in these prose sketches she has appointed to herself a higher standard. Her equipment is more original; her passionate belief in her subject better concealed by her art, and more interfused with humor, — humor half inherent in the author's own mind, and half caught from the transfiguring play of fancy over every personage and every incident, and with rare grace and delicacy of touch maintained as the very essence of the life she describes.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Refugees, a Tale of Two Continents, by A. Conan Doyle. (Harpers.) In saying that this exceedingly clever and entertaining tale is a novel of incident rather than of character, we do not mean to insinuate that many of its personages are not instinct with a good deal of vigorous life. It is at once Dr. Doyle's fortune and misfortune that his pictures of the court of Louis XIV. cannot fail to recall to many readers certain immortal works of the great Alexandre; but for our part we are glad to take the good provided us without indulging in invidious comparisons. We must own that we cannot share the author's evident admiration for Madame de Maintenon, nor find the spectacle of the granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné urging the revocation of the Edict of Nantes an edifying one; but it is consolatory to note that even the writer's excellent intentions and skillful performance fail to make her an attractive figure. The book has almost the effect of two separate narratives, so sharp is the distinction between the French and American portions of the work; but though this is undoubtedly an artistic defect, few readers, we imagine, would be willing to spare the closing chapters. The author of Micah Clarke has shown that he has rare gifts as an historical novelist, and despite some well-conceived and brilliantly executed episodes in his latest volume, we think, remembering the former book, that his best work will be done on his own soil and amongst his own people. — The Dictator, a Novel of Politics and Society, by Justin McCarthy, M. P. (Harpers.) This story has no reference to the late Irish leader or to recent parliamentary history, as we might hastily infer from a glance at the title page. The hero, the son of an English father, is the exiled Dictator and would-be regenerator of the South American republic of Gloria, and he is adored more or less enthusiastically by all the *dramatis personæ* save a cynical gentleman, his rival in love, and certain criminals from Gloria. The latter appear in London, with murderous intent, in the very probable disguise of simple scholars from Denver and Omaha. It is needless to say that the Dictator escapes

unharméd, and he finally returns in triumph to Gloria, taking with him the beautiful daughter and heiress of a distinguished cabinet minister. One of the minor characters is an American duchess, and the writer, while insisting on her beauty and good nature, forbearingly gives no hint, except in her colloquialisms, as to the lowly conditions from which she must have risen to her present altitude. The story is, of course, well written and readable, but the author's literary skill and agreeable style fail to make the all-conquering Dictator an interesting or impressive figure to the reader, or to give the men and women surrounding him any real existence. Otherwise we might perhaps wonder that so ordinary an occurrence as a South American revolution should be a subject of such absorbing interest to the world of London. — Heather and Snow, by George MacDonald. (Harpers.) The powers of Good and Evil who are fighting for the soul of Francis Gordon, the uninteresting hero, though by no means the central figure of this tale, may be said to be personified, on the one hand by the peasant girl, Kirsty Barclay, athletic and vigorous as the heroine of a Norse saga, and deeply imbued with that religious sentiment — in this case but slightly tinged with mysticism — familiar to all readers of Dr. MacDonald's books; and on the other by the young gentleman's extremely unpleasant mother. The character on which the writer has bestowed the most loving care is the half-witted brother of Kirsty, as strong spiritually as he is weak mentally; but the result is not altogether fortunate. The strongest portion of the work is the wonderfully vivid description of the snow-storm in which Steenie loses his life, after vainly endeavoring to save the pretty, shallow Phemie, with whose butterfly nature the author deals with almost feminine hardness. Of course the speech is "the broad Saxon of Aberdeen," a different matter from the classic lowland Scotch which two great writers have made so pleasantly familiar. Even the well-born Gordon seldom deviates into English. That his mother habitually uses that language is, we fear, not the least of her misdemeanors. — Sweetheart Gwen,

a Welsh Idyll, by William Tirebuck. (Longmans.) A slight story, or rather sketch, giving glimpses of Welsh rural life as seen through the eyes of a child; the main theme being the boy's love for the pretty grown-up cousin who has charge of him. The childish mental outlook is very well indicated, but the reflections of the mature Mark in the concluding chapters might have been omitted without harm to the book. — A Leafless Spring, by Ossip Schubin. Translated by Mary J. Safford. (Lippincott.) The story of a prodigal who, after squandering his patrimony in the most approved fashion, and endeavoring with but ill success to live by art, is induced to marry a rich wife whom he does not love; the speedy result being that he and the woman whom he does love, and cannot marry, die together. He and most of his fellow-actors are supposed to be English, generally types; all Britons having been assorted and labeled by the author, greatly to his own satisfaction. — Only a Flock of Women, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz. (Lothrop.) Mrs. Diaz takes for a title the slighting remark flung at a woman's club, and in two-score brief papers demonstrates by her own pungent observations the capacity of women to strike at the heart of social problems, great and little, and to disclose some of the solutions. For, in dealing with these problems in real life, it is conscience, sensitiveness to responsibility, unselfish and quick regard for others, that do the work, while intellectual subtlety is analyzing and formulating; and these qualities are feminine qualities, even when found in men. — Elizabeth, Christian Scientist, by Matt Crim. (Webster.) The makers of fiction are not slow to avail themselves of the progress of science, Christian or physical. This time it is a beautiful young Southern woman in New York who heals the bodies, restores the souls, and wins the hearts of men, women, and boys. There is less extravagance in the telling of the story than its theme would lead one to expect, but in spite of the straightforwardness, be it said, less power to move or convince than one might wish. — Mr. Billy Downs and his Likes, by Richard Malcolm Johnston. (Webster.) When the Comparative Anatomy of American Dialects comes to be written, — a work of vast proportions, — Colonel Johnston's people will have their separate chapter. In

this new volume of the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series they talk as of old. The humor, too, is their own, but it seems to us that they have shown more of it before. — Val-Maria, by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. (Lippincott.) The figure of Napoleon seems to lose none of its charm for writers of historical romance. In its historical character, this story, of the period in which the Consul became the Emperor, makes the familiar endeavor to put an estimate upon the true greatness of the man. This attempt does not lighten the story's other part, which has to do with the devotion of an artistic, short-lived boy to Napoleon as his hero. The book, indeed, has rather too much the character of an essay and a short story poured together to attain the success either story or essay might possibly have made alone. — Late additions to the uniform edition of the works of William Black (Harpers) are: Judith Shakespeare, with its charming pictures of the country by the Avon and its attractive heroine, who, though she bears a strong family resemblance to many other young women to whom Mr. Black has introduced us, has a certain quality not unbefitting the daughter of the man who is only spoken of in the romance as "Judith's father;" and The Wise Woman of Inverness, and Other Miscellanies, which includes not only short stories and sketches, but also rhymes, as the author modestly calls them. — The Nameless City, a Rommany Romance, by Stephen Grail, and Half a Hero, by Anthony Hope, have been added to Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Literature and Literary History. Books in Manuscript, by Falconer Madan. (Imported by Scribners.) This last addition to the series of Books about Books is concerned mainly with the days before printing began to make books common. The facilities for making and keeping books in ancient times, the ways of the monastic scribes, and even of that more recent penman, the literary forger, are among the subjects treated. As in a previous volume of the series, the ground the book has to cover is almost too extensive for a work of its length. It will serve well, however, as what the writers of textbooks would call An Introduction to the Study of Ancient Manuscripts. — Leigh Hunt's What is Poetry? edited by Albert S. Cook. (Ginn.)

To strengthen one of the accepted, elaborate definitions of the undefinable, Coleridge and Wordsworth on Imagination and Fancy are brought forward. Hunt's careless quotations from the poets are put right, judicious notes of reference are added, and all is set forth for the use of schools and colleges. — *A Short History of English Literature for Young People*, by Miss E. S. Kirkland. (McClurg.) A rapid survey of names and epochs, not ill done, and generally sensible in point of judgment, though with perhaps some tendency to commonplace moralizing. It is hard to regard the book otherwise than as a convenient handbook of reference. Certainly no child should be set to studying it; for such an approach to the enjoyment of literature would, we fear, be almost fatal in its effect on the interest. As well introduce one to music by compelling him to read Beethoven's letters. — *Stories from the Rabbis*, by Abram S. Isaacs, Ph. D. (Webster.) Here is another reminder that the Orient is the source of everything. Faust, Brer Fox, Rip Van Winkle, and other old friends of tradition appear side by side in this group of little stories from the Talmud and Midrash. The tales are judiciously chosen and simply told. The book will appeal particularly to the students of comparative folklore, and the amateurs of this science have so grown in numbers as to make a decent audience for any modest work. — *The Gods of Olympus*, translated and edited from the twentieth edition of A. H. Petiscus by Katherine A. Raleigh. (Cassell.) A work on mythology which has run through twenty editions in the land of the German universities surely has sufficient excuse for making its appearance in English. In its new language, the book is enriched with additions of text, illustrations, and notes, to say nothing of an ample index. It is intended primarily for elementary learners, who, if they will, may make their beginnings as specialists with the aid of the references supplied by the translator. — *English Prose, Selections with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and General Introductions to each Period*, edited by Henry Craik. (Macmillan.) It is enough to say, in vouching for this book, that it undertakes to do for English prose exactly what Ward's English Poets does for poetry. Only the first volume, Fourteenth to Six-

teenth Century, is before us. Its arrangement, the character and the authorship of its critical sketches, all show the identity of its plan with that of the English Poets. It would be unreasonable to expect equal satisfaction from such a treatment of English prose, except in the case of writers of whom a mere nibbling is a sufficient taste; but the new series gives promise of accomplishing its task as well as it can be done. — *Columbia's Emblem, Indian Corn. A Garland of Tributes in Prose and Verse*. (Houghton.) The needs of the buttonhole are not considered by the advocates of corn as a national flower. Another part of the coat is provided for, however, by this pretty little volume, which will slip into any reasonable pocket. The book contains an excellent selection of short prose passages and bits of verse — kernels, they might be called — in praise of corn, either for its own sake or as a "candidate for national honors." — *Other Essays from the Easy Chair*, by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) For the second time a collection of Mr. Curtis's Easy Chair papers is given to the public. Since the Chair is no more, all who cared for it must be glad to see its memory preserved in books, small though they be. Perhaps it is better that little essays should be kept in little books. Certain it is that the art of doing little things well was beautifully practiced by Mr. Curtis in his monthly papers. Whether American manners provoked him to good-natured reprimand, or the greatness of a contemporary brought forth his words of appreciation, — as in the admirable paper on Emerson's death and life, — his touch was the touch of a master. His art, adapted to the times in which it thrived, was worthy of its succession from the first Spectator.

Magazine Books. The fashion of making little books of reprints from periodicals has grown so rapidly within a year or two that one may hope it has reached its height. We have before us specimens of three attractive series of such "vest-pocket" works: *Stories from Scribner*, collecting from Scribner's Magazine the best stories of the Sea, of the South, of the Railway, and so on; the *Black and White Series*, reprinting from the Harper periodicals all manner of grave and gay productions that will be likely to sell alone; and the *Distaff Series*

(Harpers), comprising the New York classified exhibit at Chicago of the contributions of New York women—not always spinsters, be it said—to periodical literature. To comment upon these miniature volumes separately is to divide a magazine by ten, or to deal in decimal fractions. Of course there are a few, a very few magazine papers, such as the best biographical articles and the best short essays of our greatest writers, which well deserve little covers of their own. But the multiplication of books by the use of every conceivable piece of work, which had its sufficient excuse for being when it appeared with other little works in a magazine, or may reasonably be used again in a collection of its author's writings, seems to us a wrong rather than a service to the public. It is carrying the magazine principle of reducing the difficulties of reading a step too far. The magazines have enough to answer for in the unfitting of many minds for the continued reading of books. Can it be that the publishers, in order to disprove this charge against them, have set about supplying the public with books in comparison with which the magazine is a *magnum opus*? Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Let not the reader, unsettled by periodicals, rush upon ruin with a "booklet" in his hand.

Theology, Ethics, and Manners. The Divinity of Jesus Christ, by the Authors of Progressive Orthodoxy. The editors of the Andover Review, professors in the Andover Seminary, collect in this volume a series of papers one might call the *Lux Mundi* of the New Orthodoxy. The authors think the time has come for a fuller discussion of their previous statement: "The Jesus of history is the Christ of faith; the Christ of faith is God revealed and known." This dogma they confirm undogmatically, in that the book is free from the spirit which has given dogma its bad name.—*Straight Sermons*, by Henry Van Dyke, D. D. (Scribners.) The unfortunate title of this book recalls the man who objected to the shape of his rector's sermons, in that they were long and narrow. The quality of straightness, however, does not keep Dr. Van Dyke's college sermons from being also short and broad. They were therefore well adapted to the undergraduate congregations of Cambridge, New Haven, and

Princeton, and now, appearing between covers, have as much of force and directness as any such discourses can retain in print. Their straightforward manliness gives them their right to preservation.—*An Agnostic's Apology, and Other Essays*, by Leslie Stephen. (Putnams.) A group of seven papers bound together in thought by the intellectual attitude of the writer toward Christianity. The convenient name which he accepts for himself implies a certain amount of negation in his philosophy; the papers are rather critical of the explanations of Christianity than of Christianity itself. Indeed, there appears to be a wariness in approaching the central ideas of Christianity; it may be doubted if the name of Christ appears in the book. The closing paper, with its somewhat amusingly condescending title, *The Religion of all Sensible Men*, is scarcely more positive than the others. In fine, the work represents the reflections of a man comfortably inclosed in Christianity, and hardly aware of what would happen to him were the fifteen pounds to the square inch suddenly removed.—*Patriotism and Science*, by William Morton Fullerton. (Roberts.) The sub-title, *Some Studies in Historic Psychology*, the title of the first study, *On a Certain Danger in Patriotism at the Present Time*, and the gratuitous use of quotation marks in the title of the second "study," English and "Americans," are slight but significant marks of a certain preciosity which pervades this book. Attempts at Appreciation of the Time, Mr. Fullerton also calls his work. However sincere the attempts may be,—and they are by no means without evidences of clever observation,—they all suffer to some degree from the impression they produce of the author's over-serious taking of himself, so to put it, and of something savoring rather strongly of literary affectation.—*The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* (10 East 22d St., New York) has issued *Kindness to Animals, a Manual for Use in Schools and Families*. It is a catechism with fifty-two lessons, no weekly vacations being allowed. The logic is sometimes not carried its full length. We suspect some bird-lovers would have inserted a lesson upon the English sparrow not quite in accordance with the 46th lesson, but logically following out the 45th.—*Everybody's Book of Correct Conduct*,

by Lady M. Colin and M. French-Sheldon. (Harpers.) It is hard to believe that a man can go astray with this book in his pocket, provided he will take it out from time to time for consultation. It is a compact volume, and yet every department of a man's civilized life is provided with rules through its means. Any one, for example, in doubt as to his duties As a Husband will find first of all that "it is the correct thing to marry for love;" nor will he be left without the knowledge that In General it is "the correct thing to avoid cheap stationery," and "never to commit the *gaucherie* of using a post card" in accepting formal invitations. In short, the book is a fair specimen of its kind, telling many things most people know already, and some things which the socially ambitious may find convenient to learn. — The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe, translated by Bailey Saunders. (Macmillan.) The translator gives his readers, by way of preface, what is practically an essay on Goethe, after saying he will do nothing of the sort. Many people have acted thus before, but nobody, we believe, has undertaken to put into English the body of these remarkable sayings of Goethe. It was only in 1870 that they first appeared in separate form in Germany. They are wonderfully full of suggestion upon all the subjects of life, art, science, and nature with which they deal. Most of them are so quick with the wisdom of experience that they may serve as "points of departure" for much argument between men of vastly wider knowledge than the youth, well known to story, who put a light value upon the proverbs of Solomon, and was advised to "write a few." — The World of the Unseen, by Arthur Willink. (Macmillan.) Mathematics looks one way toward music, another toward metaphysics; in this book the exact science is called upon to support the unknowable. Mr. Willink asks his readers to assume the conditions of a Fourth Direction, or Dimension, involving a Higher Space into which man might enter by a single step if he but knew which way to face and see the door. Assuming this new Direction, the author undertakes to show how every puzzling spiritual phenomenon, past and present, is merely the reasonable fulfillment of law. The speculation and its suggestions are interesting, but the scientific reader is not

easily convinced by deductive reasoning, and the unscientific asks, Why so much ado about a door which, after all, cannot be opened? — Golden Rule Meditations, by Amos R. Wells. (United Society of Christian Endeavor.) This little book takes its title from the weekly journal in which the Meditations first appeared. They are short, purely religious self-examinations upon many of the actual trials, petty and great, of daily life, and must depend for approval upon the reader's own depth of nature and the demands he makes upon his spiritual guides. They have the inalienable merits of sincerity and of the absence of bad taste. — Religio Poetæ, etc., by Coventry Patmore. (Bells.) Religious and poetical feeling alike distinguish this little book of short essays. Their atmosphere, indeed, is delightful. Christian morality, love, and literature may be said to be the prevailing themes of the book, which, on the whole, possesses something very like distinction. One need not implicitly follow Mr. Patmore in his conservatism or in his adherence to the religion of authority to feel the genuine quality of refinement in these papers. Vigorous manhood, however, has not been refined away, and that cannot always be said of the few who stand aside, in these hurrying days, and tell the world it is making a sad mistake. Such is the burden of the book's message. In the matter of love, the message is indirect; but it is easily understood, and none can doubt that if men and women in general could know the love Mr. Patmore extols — sometimes, perhaps, with too elaborate analogies between the "natural" and "divine" — the number of angels in our houses would be infinitely greater.

History and Biography. William George Ward and the Catholic Revival, by Wilfrid Ward. (Macmillan.) In a previous volume Mr. Ward narrated the course of events which landed his father in the Roman Catholic Church. It was a brilliant report of the Oxford movement, but it had not the value of this book, because the Oxford movement has had many historians, and Church, Shairp, Mozley, Newman, and others have by their skill given it a distinction even beyond what it possessed in nature. The value of the present book lies in its disclosure of the life which opened to the men who shut behind them the door into the English Church, and,

above all, in its interpretation to a Protestant public of the processes of mind in English and French Roman Catholicism of the present day. Its analysis of the several schools of thought is masterly, and the work should do much toward giving intelligent readers a clearer knowledge of men whose religious faith seems superficially to set them apart. The figure of W. G. Ward, moreover, is a unique one, and however one may dissent from his intellectual positions, one cannot fail to take an extraordinary interest in the vivid personality here presented. Nor can one lay aside the volume without admiration for the candor, the impartiality, and the literary skill of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the biographer and critic of his father. — The first volume of a new edition of *The American Commonwealth*, by James Bryce (Macmillan), has been received, a little less than five years after the publication of the original edition. As a survey of the United States in its political nature, Mr. Bryce's work has within this time become standard. It is so much more than the philosophical study of a single man; it embraces, that is to say, so large an induction from a multitude of sources. Mr. Bryce has shown himself so patient a listener to other men, and so judicious an appraiser of their judgments, that the book seems to be rather the growth of a political thought common to the most intelligent minds in America and England. As such a standard work, it will doubtless call for revision, more or less close, from time to time. Mr. Bryce, fortunately, makes the first. Long may it be before we have Bryce's *American Commonwealth* edited by So and So. — John Amos Comenius, Bishop of the Moravians, his *Life and Educational Works*, by S. S. Laurie. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) A new edition of the accepted *Life*, with portraits, photographic reproductions, and a bibliography. The tercentenary of Comenius's birth brought his figure into momentary prominence. The problems with which he dealt differed in some respects from problems of this day, yet his view was so comprehensive and he touched so many fundamental considerations that it is by no means a profitless task to go back to his life now. Dr. Laurie has sifted the voluminous product of Comenius's fertile mind, and the reader is greatly indebted to him for this result. — Princeton

Sketches, the Story of Nassau Hall, by George R. Wallace. (Putnam's.) This is essentially a book for Princetonians. In a manner inorganic enough to give the title, *Sketches*, its justification, it brings out of the past many bits of history and tradition, and has its share of assertion regarding the present, and of prophecy for the future of Princeton. The loyal love of Dr. McCosh which animates a large portion of the book speaks faithfully and well for the spirit of Princeton to-day. It is a rare touch which gives the local the quality of the universal, and this the young writer has not wholly succeeded in bestowing. — *The Work of Washington Irving*, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Harpers.) A commemorative discourse on Irving, in which Mr. Warner touches lightly on New York as it was at Irving's birth, and then, sketching Irving's career, makes some acute observations on his intrinsic literary qualities and the initiative which he took in literature. — Edwin Booth, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) Among the memorials to Mr. Booth springing up on all sides, Mr. Hutton's paper, reprinted in the Black and White Series from Harper's Weekly, has its value in its orderly and, one may well believe, trustworthy presentation of the main facts of the great man's life.

Art. Art for Art's Sake, by John C. Van Dyke. (Scribners.) It is not an unheard-of thing to choose the title of a book more because it is already a familiar phrase than for its special fitness as a definition of the book's contents. So it is with this volume, which is more accurately described by its title's better half, *Seven University Lectures on the Technical Beauties of Painting*. The lecturer's object was to make his hearers regard pictures as with the eyes of artists, to bring the atmosphere of the studio out into the air of the world. His spirit is temperate and appreciative, and an inward digestion of what he says would keep many an amateur critic from foolishness in the utterance of terms imperfectly understood. — *Art Out-of-Doors*, by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. (Scribners.) That art should not be confined within doors, nor that nature should always be given her own way without, is the burden of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book. It is a plea for landscape gardeners and their art, — surely no mean one, — and is full of suggestions for the

beautifying of private and public places. Sober good sense and taste are the distinguishing qualities of the advice, which, we cannot help thinking, would be no less widely heeded if the manner of its imparting could have taken on a brighter color.

Travel and Science. On Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers, by Kate Marsden. (Cassell.) Aided and abetted by Queen Victoria and the Empress of Russia—of whose “unbounded graciousness” a very simple little telegram is given in evidence—Miss Marsden, an English nurse, accompanied only by men, made an extraordinary journey far into Siberia. Her purpose was to learn the means of helping the outcast lepers. The exuberance of her narrative may be excused by the zeal which prompted the expedition; but after the long recital of preliminaries and exploits by the way, after the “peculiar thrill” that passed through Miss Marsden’s “whole frame” when she found herself near the lepers, it is a little disappointing that so small a bit of the book is left for the time remaining to her before the homeward journey must be begun. There is quite enough, however, to remind one anew of the horrors of leprosy; and when, in conclusion, Miss Marsden tells of the active measures on foot to relieve the sufferers, one can only wish the good work all success, and refrain from remarks upon the literary production of a woman who is not a trained writer.—*Modern Meteorology, an Outline of the Growth and Present Condition of Some of its Phases*, by Frank Waldo. (Imported by Scribners.)

A volume in the Contemporary Science Series. The sources of modern meteorology, the apparatus and method, the thermodynamics of the atmosphere, the general and the secondary motions of the atmosphere, are all considered, and a final chapter is devoted to applied meteorology, especially in the field of agriculture. The book is freely illustrated by charts, diagrams, and figures of instruments. — *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, a Guide to the Names, Haunts, and Habits of our Common Wild Flowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana. Illustrated by Marion Satterlee. (Scribners.) A sensible and well-arranged handbook; for the compiler, though possessed of botanical knowledge, approaches her subject from the point of view taken by the uninformed observer, and thus is able to answer the questions likely to be raised by those using her book. It is a pity that, on economical grounds, it was not found expedient to color the illustrations; but they are bold and intelligible in other respects, and the color is described in the text. — *Work for the Blind in China*, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming. (London, Gilbert & Rivington, Ltd.) This little book is professedly hardly more than an appeal for help in the missionary work of the Rev. William Murray among the blind in China. But, in showing how excellent a work it is, Miss Gordon-Cumming tells of the wonderful success Mr. Murray has had in reducing the intricate Chinese language to terms that are easily readable by the fingers of the blind; and this adds a chapter to the story of great achievements.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Against being Clever. It is a significant fact that the word “clever” in its proper sense is only of recent use in this country, and that use is even now very much restricted. To most Americans “clever” signifies good natured or kind. Thus, horse dealers say “clever as a kitten,” meaning that the horse in question is safe in harness, and free from tricks. The simile is an absurd one, by the way, for a kitten the size of a horse would be about as dangerous an animal as one could ima-

gine. But let that pass. We have had little use for the word “clever” in its true sense in this country, because, Heaven be praised! we have had but a small amount of the quality which the word indicates. Cleverness belongs only to an urban, an ultra-sophisticated, an idle, a luxurious, a superficial population. What is it to be clever? I hardly dare to define the word, for definitions are dangerous things to put forth; but when we speak of clever people, the reader and I know whom we have

in mind. We are thinking of that girl who always has something bright and metallic to say ; of that young man who talks about Ibsen and Browning, who has no settled opinions upon any deep subject, who has the latest boots from England and the latest slang from the studios of Paris, who goes "over" to New York.

The worst accusation that we can bring against clever people is this : they do not care about the truth ; their ambition is not to say what is true, but to say something ingenious and entertaining. " 'What is truth ?' " said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." In this single sentence Bacon depicted a clever man. It has been suggested, not without reason, that in so doing he misrepresented Pilate. Pilate may have spoken in a sad or bitter rather than in a jesting mood. Be that as it may, the clever man is a jester who does not care for truth. However, let us not make the mistake of taking him too seriously. No terrible responsibility rests upon his shoulders ; he simply desires to make the time pass pleasantly for himself and his friends, and, more especially, to acquire a reputation for being literary, or artistic, or witty. Why, then, should we complain of him ? The great trouble is that he has got into literature.

In writing of George Meredith, Miss Repplier remarks, in her usual acute manner : "There is such a thing as being intolerably clever, and Evan Harrington and *The Egoist* are fruitful examples of the fact. The mind is kept on a perpetual strain, lest some fine play of words, some elusive witticism, should be disregarded ; the sense of continued effort paralyzes enjoyment ; fatigue provokes in us an ignoble spirit of contrariety, and we sigh perversely for that serene atmosphere of dullness which in happier moments we affected to despise."

Another form of objectionable cleverness is that of far-fetched imagery, of which the following is an example : "It should seem that if it be collision with other minds and with events that strikes or draws the fire from a man, then the quality of those might have something to do with the quality of the fire, — whether it shall be culinary or electric." That sentence was written by an exceptionally clever man.

Here is another example : "But what-

ever we might do or leave undone, we were not genteel, and it was uncomfortable to be continually reminded that, though we should boast that we were the Great West till we were black in the face, it did not bring us an inch nearer to the world's West End."

And I will add a further instance from the same writer : "Dr. Holmes tells us that we change our substance, not every seven years, as was once believed, but with every breath we draw. Why had I not the wit to avail myself of the subterfuge, and, like Peter, to renounce my identity, especially as in certain moods of mind ? I have often more than doubted of it myself." This is clever, no doubt, but it is ultra-sophisticated and artificial, and it serves not to enrich or stimulate the intellect, but simply to give it a languid pleasure.

In literature, still more in conversation, cleverness often takes the trivial form of expressing some commonplace thought in big language, thus raising an amusing contrast between the idea and the words. This was a favorite practice with Dickens. Here is an illustration, though not perhaps a very good one, from a contemporary writer : "When we reflect on the dismal fate of Uriel Freudenberger, condemned by the canton of Uri to be burnt alive in 1760 for rashly proclaiming his disbelief in the legend of William Tell's apple, we realize the inconveniences attendant on a too early development of the critical faculty." This is very good in its way, but one can easily get a surfeit of the trick. There are people, Boston-bred people especially, whose whole idea of conversation is to manufacture little verbal sweetmeats like the foregoing specimen, and hand them to you with a pleased smile. Ah, the ennui, the fatigue, the despair, that I have suffered at their hands ! They are brilliant, — I acknowledge it ; they have brains ; they outshine me ; perhaps, indeed, I am envious of their talents. Nevertheless, I can lay my hand upon my heart and declare that it is not envy, but resentment, that moves my pen against them. The great fault that I find with clever people is this : they do not help us to get "forrard ;" there is nothing to be learned from them, nothing to be got out of them. All mankind may be divided into two classes : (1) those from whom ideas or facts can be derived ; (2) those

from whom neither ideas nor facts can be derived. Of course this division is supplemental to the still more important one which depends upon the affections. The chief use of human beings to one another is to supply an object upon which affection can be bestowed, and from which it may be received. For this purpose do we have wives, husbands, children, lovers, and the like. Some persons maintain dogs, and some cats, for the same reason. But, apart from this relation, the most important use that one has for human beings — at least I find it so — is as feeders for the mind. A man is like a book, — to be read, and then either to be put back on the shelf for future reading, if he deserves it, or, as is more likely, to be got rid of; not rudely, of course, but gently, and with due consideration for his feelings.

There are certain men — to know them is a great privilege — whom you cannot open at random, so to say, without finding a jewel; men in whose company one never spends half an hour without hearing something to remember for a lifetime. But how few they are! As I look back, I count in my own experience only five such. They are as follows: a poet and patriot; an admiral in the United States navy; a preacher and writer; a lawyer; a young fellow who wrote squibs and verses for the magazines and papers. This completes my list, unless I should add to it, as I might not unreasonably, a *littérateur* who died, indirectly, of drink. Samuel Rogers declared, toward the end of his life, that he had learned far more from men than from books; but his list of friends and acquaintance held such names as Fox, Burke, Grat-tan, Porson, Tooke, Talleyrand, Erskine, Sir Walter Scott, and the Duke of Wellington.

Something can be learned from a man who knows but one thing, provided he knows it sincerely, and is not clever. I have a neighbor who knows only cow, but on that subject he is profound, and it is a kind of education to talk with him. The diet of cows, their mental and physical nature, their peculiarities of temperament, their habits, their diseases, their vices and virtues, their similarity to human beings, the wiles and tricks of men who deal in cows, — the subject, particularly the last-mentioned branch of it, is inexhaustible; and

I would rather hear my neighbor talk cow than listen to a whole dinner table of clever people. From such a man I can obtain facts, ideas, points of view, whereas from the clever man I can derive nothing except passing amusement. His concern is not with substance, but with form; not with things or thoughts, but with the particular mould in which he can cast his thoughts. Hence, as I say, you get nothing out of him. When society is in earnest, there are never any clever people about. They spring up in times of feebleness and decadence. The sophists were clever men; there were clever verses written in the last days of the Roman Empire. In our own day we have had some monumental examples of cleverness; such, for example, as Mr. Mallock's *New Republic*. In fact, we might take Mr. Mallock as the ideal clever man. Was it not he who said, "A man's mother is his misfortune; but his wife is his fault"? And this, also, "A woman of the world should always have a grief, but never a grievance"? Mr. Mallock has indeed made frantic efforts to be serious and profound, to be something more than clever, but the fates are against him. He remains a creature of the age.

Cleverness, as I have suggested already, is a fault of the city. In the country there are plenty of people who are idle enough to be clever, but, lacking the requisite cultivation and book-learning, they become humorous instead, which is something far better. It is the fact, the thing in itself, which pleases a countryman; he simply calls your attention to that in his own dry, inimitable way; whereas the clever city man uses the fact merely as a peg on which to hang his clever remarks. I was once the witness of a little scene, the recounting of which may serve to illustrate my point. It was on the wharf at Bar Harbor, and a citizen of Philadelphia, with his wife, a pretty, lively woman, and a *tertium quid*, were just starting off in a rowboat. There had been some quarrel between man and wife, but it was conducted so decorously as to escape my notice. Not so, however, with the two or three long, lanky natives who were lounging on the wharf, apparently lost in whittling their customary sticks. They had taken in the situation perfectly. The husband sat down in the bow by himself, grim and sulky; and as the boat, rowed

by the tertium quid, passed out of earshot, the oldest of the natives remarked, — his hands still busy with the knife, his eyes still fastened upon the stick, — “He’s mad clean through.” The tone as well as the words showed a keen enjoyment of the ludicrous aspect of the affair, tempered by some sympathy for the unfortunate husband. Transplant that man to the city, give him the pursuits and advantages of a dilettante, and instead of dismissing a humorous incident with a single apt remark, he will make it the text for a series of clever phrases.

“But what are you going to do about it?” some impatient member of the Club will inquire. Well, what I propose is this, — a crusade against clever people. We dull, serious, plodding fellows are superior to them in numbers as in everything else. Why should we not cast them out? There is a fashion in forms of intellect just as much as there is in forms of clothes. It is the fashion nowadays to be clever. Whether they read or whether they talk, people care only to be amused. I propose that we, the majority, shall change all this: let us make it fashionable to be serious, to be modest, to be instructive, to be learned, — in short, to deal with facts rather than with phrases suggested, sometimes very remotely, by facts. Too long have we suffered the tyranny of the clever, the rattle-headed, the superficial. Let us arise in our might, and sweep them out of the drawing-rooms, out of the magazines, out of the books of the day. I hope and believe that I shall live to see the time when a man will blush to say a clever thing, just as now he would blush to say a solemn one.

Wanted a few — A little time ago there appeared in the Contributors’ Club papers one which, I think, was hardly up to the standard of that agreeable and piquant collection. It purported to discuss the age of the heroines of the Waverley novels; and though that portion of it was well enough, it was introduced by a slur upon modern girlhood, and the very objectionable position was taken that it would be difficult nowadays to discover any such ideals of womanhood as those which Sir Walter has drawn. The writer was manifestly of the broadcloth section of humanity. We who “walk in silk attire, and silker hae to spare,” have a right to be heard

in reply. We propose to view the world from the top of a coach or from the deck of a yacht whereon we are placed, displaying the colors of our chosen college, and whence we “rain influence and judge the prize” over the regatta, the baseball diamond, or the football field. As a fact, we do nothing of the sort, and, so far as my limited reading goes, we never have been allowed to do it, either in Milton’s day or since. But the pleasing fiction is kept up, and, I suppose, will be till the end of time or the advent of female suffrage. Of course the heroes of the athletic strife are heroes, but they are not our heroes; that is to say, the ones to whom we talk, on whom we smile, and who, theoretically, sigh at our feet. It is to the lookers-on, the betters and abettors, who shout and yell the university war-cry, who are faultlessly appareled and glib of tongue to utter the technicalities of the sports they do not share, — it is to these that we are expected to look for the possible lord and master, who, with help of his best man, shall agitatedly await us at the chancel rail, amid the provisional palms and evanescent smilax. These gentlemen do not offer to make us famous by their bat or glorious by their oar. We know that they are not unregardant of the *beaux yeux du notre cassette*, and that the A. B. which their diplomas entitle them to write after their names but too often may signify that they have stopped short at the first alphabetical stages of literary acquirement.

I am tempted to ask of my cynical brother of the Club where he proposes to find for us the counterparts of the heroes whom the author of Waverley pictured, — the heroes who set our young hearts throbbing, and became the light of our dreams when the painful hours of French verbs and the hatefulness of mathematics gave way to balmy sleep. Where are the Ivanhoses, the Bois-Guilberts, the Harry Bertrams, the Quentin Durwards, the Julian Peverils? Where, let me ask, shall we find the considerate courtesy, the modest valor, the deep, unstained, honest devotion, which shine so conspicuously in the young gentlemen throughout that delightful row of volumes whose titled backs look down on me as I write?

Nay, I am willing to avow (in the confidential secrecy of the Club) that I would

not disdain even the unsuccessful suitors. I could put up with Master Tressilian, or Edward Glendinning, or Hector MacIntyre, or Darsie Latimer, or Lord Evandale.

In vain my governess, to whom I have confided these earlier lines, reminds me that the old order changeth, giving place to the new. If my brother Contributor turns up his nose at the morning procession of boarding-school girls, I misdoubt that he does it under spectacles which are like those of Major Pendennis, "artfully disguised as a double eyeglass." I do not wish to be personal, but I suspect that his may be the vulpine reason for pronouncing us so far inferior to the incomparable heroines (dowdy little dunces, some of them) of the Waverley gallery.

This is not, however, what I set out to write when I suffered my just indignation to get the better of me. It was rather to note how little, as a rule, Sir Walter tells us of the feelings and inner life of these paragon damsels. Were we to try to pattern after them, we might find a rather vague outline. In several instances their perfections are simply taken for granted, and their whole part in the story consists in being made love to, and consenting, at the right time, to reward the fortunate wooer. In the majority of the novels the lady stands committed before she enters upon the stage. Julia Mannering, Lucy Bertram, Isabella Wardour, Edith Bellenden, Jeanie Deans, Edith Plantagenet, Amy Robsart, Rowena, Clara Mowbray, Alice Lee, make their debut with the engagement diamond, so to speak, already on the proper finger. Of the rest, Die Vernon has no real choice. She must marry an Osboldistone or take the veil, and Frank is the only possible *parti* in the lot. Isabella Vere and Rose Bradwardine are mere lay figures; Mary Avenel, Alice Bridgenorth, and Brenda Troil practically accept the fate which follows them from their infancy. This leaves, properly, but five, — Catharine Seyton, Margaret Ramsay, Anne of Geierstein, Isabelle of Croye, and Catharine Glover, — who seem to undergo a normally conducted love-making. Of these, Margaret Ramsay is hardly a model maiden, as even my brother Contributor will concede, and the countesses of Croye and Geierstein are little more than passive occasions for their lovers to distinguish themselves. Catharine

Seyton and Catharine Glover are almost the sole examples of womanly feeling in the development of the affection. Lillias Redgauntlet is indeed a very nice girl, but what we know of her is entirely through her brother. Alan Fairford and she meet only in the closing scenes, where the interest is entirely in another channel.

The modern novel is vastly different. Where it deals at all with the tender passion, it certainly gives the lady her full share of attention. Not infrequently it displays its best power in antagonizing the complex and conflicting workings of a woman's heart and mind. Of course, we women are writing the best novels of to-day, and in this we show that we know what we are describing. To borrow a phrase from the other (and sporting) sex, we can give points to the best of them. Mr. James and Mr. Howells are acute observers, though swayed, naturally, by their masculine incapacity of fairness. Even Thackeray — whom no woman can forgive — has not wholly missed the mark. Ethel Newcome, Beatrix Esmond, and, in spite of her prudery, Laura Pendennis are not absolutely disagreeable women.

I do not like George Eliot's women; I should not care to have any one of them for my sister, still less for my sister-in-law; but they are women through and through. As for Miss Austen, I confess that I have read *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice* once a year since I first made their acquaintance. To say how many times that is would be to betray a secret which only the Census Bureau has a right to ask.

But the point here made is that modern fiction deals less with the aspects of life than with the facts. It may view these facts through a distorted medium, or it may be moved to rebel against some prevailing conventionality. This only the more compels the nice drawing of character. Everything hinges on the point that it is one of ourselves, and not an imaginary impossibility, who is trying conclusions with some part of the decalogue. The question is, How, in view of the unprecedented, is a woman to act without forfeiting her womanliness? Like *Rosalind* and *Viola*, the doublet and hose are assumed only as disguise.

In the novel restricted to normal life the only escape from the commonplace is by the most thorough insight and the most dexterous handling. The greater number of

Scott's heroines are not works of high art. He showed what he could do in such characters as the Deans sisters, Minna Troil, Rebecca, Catharine Seyton, and Mary Queen of Scots; but as a rule he reserved his power for other personages in his story-telling. That which he alone did or could do was to make real the surroundings of all eras and times from the Crusades to the Stuart rebellion, so that we feel ourselves to be brought in touch with the actual life of the day.

Therefore, when my brother Contributor asks of us girls that we emulate these heroines of the past, we think we have a right to ask of him to restore that fairyland of Eld, not as it appears in history, but as it is glorified in the pages of Sir Walter.

A Nice Question. — The case concerns my friend, who is at present suffering too severely to discuss it himself. Indeed, he maintains that it is not a case for discussion at all. If I so much as breathe the word "casuistry," he retorts fiercely, "Common morality!" and then goes on mumbling something about possession being nine points of the law; at which I suspect him of getting off his own argumentative base. But I really think him nearer right when he is off than when he is on, and I am going to argue the matter from the point of view of long possession.

My friend kindly permits me to narrate his story, for which I thank him, as by this means the question can be better understood.

He wrote something, — no matter what, — introducing a stanza from a Great Poet, one who not long ago joined the choir invisible. He knew his poem well, had known it from early childhood, and quoted it as he had learned it. The article comes out in print, when he discovers that he is made to appear guilty of a misquotation. He hastens to apprise all his acquaintance that the error is not his; he makes still greater haste to inform the editor of the ignorant carelessness of the —'s proof-reader. "I surely wrote so and so," says he. To which Mr. Editor responds, "Yes, you did, but the poet wrote thus and thus." Then does my friend, chagrined yet positive, seek his own familiar edition, to find himself in the right; but he is likewise in the wrong, for "the latest, revised and testamentary edition" reads just as the editor had said, "thus and thus." The early line

was rich, resonant, virile, perhaps even a trifle rough, but so harmonizing with the rude, strong music of the rest of the stanza, which is full of forceful consonantal combinations and open-mouthed vowels. The later line is weak, flat, thin, and, without a commentary, senseless.

But this is neither here nor there. Let us suppose that the revision is an improvement. There yet remains the question, Has a poet any right, after a certain period of years has gone by, and his words have become familiar quotations to a whole generation and part of another, — has he any right to tamper with his own poems to the extent of altering well-known lines so that the peculiar melody which made them beloved shall be utterly destroyed?

My afflicted friend, in a tone more objectionable than profanity, says *No*; and, making every allowance for the temporary indisposition of his judgment, I must confess that I think he is correct.

Can there be a more ruthless proceeding than the destruction of a beloved association, particularly when it dates back to one's infancy? And this is what the favorite passages of our poets are to us. The very words and their cadences, apart from their meanings, come to have for us *ein Klingen* (if I knew a good English word for this, I would use it), which we hold dear as life-memories, and can no more submit to seeing changed than we could submit to a variation in the essential melody of *The Last Rose of Summer*.

What if Beethoven were to return, and insist upon rewriting the final bars of the Allegretto, eighth symphony, bringing it to a dead, formal stop on the tonic, before sailing forth on the smooth waters of the Minuet? What would the civilized musical world say? This is what it would say: "The eighth symphony is our property now, not yours. Hundreds of thousands of ears have been familiarized with the indeterminate, hemi-demi-semi-quaver flurry which finishes without finishing the eerie exquisiteness of this movement. None of us wish any improvement; we prefer to have it sound just the way it always has sounded."

Yet it would be a far less serious matter to change a musical composition than a poem, for the familiar quotations have passed into proverbs; they have become

incorporated in all literature. Would we not now resent an attempt on the part of Shakespeare to mend his metaphors, anachronisms, or even his geography? We cannot give up that seaport in Bohemia; we have no desire that Lear and the Fool should talk as kings and fools talked — according to the extant records of that time — in the year 800 B. C.; we would favor no proposition to turn Sir Toby and his knightly companion into veritable Illyrians; and we feel that it is far better to take arms against a sea of troubles, difficult as the feat might prove, than to have our most precious possessions taken from us. And that is what it really amounts to when we look into "a latest, revised and testamentary edition" to find lines that were household words gone or altered past recognition. If this sort of thing is permitted, there is no telling where it may stop. We are pretty sure of the dead, the long since dead, though the Spiritualists give us a scare now and then; but it were well to keep a watch upon aged and declining bards. Suppose Lord Tennyson's views to have modified during the last years of his lordship's life, so that to him it should seem only good to be noble, coronets rising in his estimation as being superior to kind hearts. It is then conceivable that he might have sought to amend Lady Clara Vere de Vere in accordance with such views. From one standpoint he would have the right to do so; but would we, his lifelong readers, concede him that right? I trow not. Lesser men may do what they choose, but the Great Poet, by very reason of his greatness, has not this privilege. His words are gifts to mankind, and mankind resents "Indian giving."

But one says, "Would you then deny a poet all chance of bettering his verses? Must there be *no* revised editions?" "Certainly there must," says my friend, who, though still suffering, acknowledges to some abatement of the agony, "but not after the poems have stood untouched for half a century. By that time they have become the spiritual and æsthetic chyme and chyle of the age; you cannot root them out by reprinting them, any more than you can deprive a man of well-digested nourishment." "But at least," continues the other, "you are at liberty to read your old edition." "Yes," replies the Sufferer, "and so

I always mean to; you could n't hire me to read anything else. But if you concede to the Poet the right to alter his poems *ad libitum*, that permission robs the old editions of his sanction, and, to that extent, of their essential flavor. It is like calling the divine William by the name of Francis; he *does not* smell so sweet, argue as you may."

At this point my friend walked suddenly away, as if unable longer to dwell upon the painful subject. I watched him enter a bookstore, and followed him. He was buying a certain "latest, revised and testamentary edition."

Color Language. — I gladly respond to the invitation extended to the "friends of the Club" to "tell their experience" respecting color language.

From early childhood I have been impressed with the imaginary colors existing in words, whether spoken or written or printed. In my case it is not only the vowels which sound and show color: each letter of the alphabet has its own hue, so that all the books I read are "illuminated" to my eye and mind. The alphabet looks and sounds to me as follows: *a*, pale yellow; *b*, dark blue; *c*, orange; *d*, black; *e*, bright red; *f*, yellow; *g*, blue; *h*, dark red; *i*, blue; *j*, dark blue; *k*, dark red; *l*, sky blue; *m*, yellow; *n*, pale yellow; *o*, white; *p*, red; *q*, gray; *r*, brown; *s*, yellow; *t*, blue; *u*, pale blue; *v*, red; *w*, gray; *x*, black; *y*, pale yellow; *z*, red.

The numerals also offer the same suggestions. 1 is black; 2, dark red; 3, pink; 4, pale yellow; 5, orange; 6, bright red; 7, purple; 8, gray; 9, dark blue; 0, white. These colors remain the same in all combinations of numbers. Green is not suggested by any letter or figure.

Words, when read rapidly, usually take the color of the first letter, especially if that letter be a capital; but the other letters modify the shade, and upon examination each hue asserts itself fully. Thus, for instance, Charles and Caroline are both yellow words; but Charles is a much deeper yellow than Caroline, because its second letter is dark, while in the other name the second letter is very pale.

With me, words possess not only imaginary color, but also imaginary form, suggesting things quite different from the ideas comprised in their real meaning. Thus, the name Arthur presents a beautiful boy with

long yellow curls ; the word teach, in all its modifications, shows an ugly face with conspicuous teeth ; technical is a cross-eyed person ; biography, an exceedingly corpulent man, etc. Truth is a face with a harelip ; study, a face with a very large, rounded nose ; instruction, a man walking in a pompous manner. These last three words, taken at random from a printed page now lying open before me, give a clue to the association of ideas which produces the impression. The word truth suggests a lisp, and a harelip always causes indistinct speech ; the letter *u* in study is the middle letter, and is not unlike a nose in shape, especially if it be a capital *u*. Instruction contains the word street.

A German poetess told me, recently, that the vowels have color to her, while the consonants have form, some suggesting a camel, others an elephant, others a giraffe, etc.

The Popular Science Monthly for February, 1893, contains an elaborate article on Number Forms which bears upon this subject, such demonstrations being therein considered as affording useful data for further psychic discoveries.

In my opinion, this tendency, which seems in every case to show itself in early childhood, is merely an indication of the artistic temperament (active imagination and creative power), and it probably exists in various degrees in the minds of many persons who either are not in the habit of examining their mental processes, or do not think it worth while to record and publish these apparently motiveless intuitions.

Judging from my own experience, I am disposed to look upon such fancies as the immature products of an exuberant imagination which has not yet been trained for perfected work. The habit once formed may continue through life ; but it is less heeded as thought expands, and in many recorded instances is entirely laid aside in mature years.

I still retain my childish idea respecting printed characters ; but I do not stop to think about it, now that I can gratify my intense love of color and form in the practice of artistic painting.

— I am sitting upon the upland
 Beside the Marsh. bank of a narrow winding creek.
 Before me is a sea of grass, brown and green of many shades. To the north the marsh is bounded by live-oak woods, — a

line with numberless indentations, — beyond which runs the Matanzas River, as I know by the passing and repassing of sails behind the trees. Eastward are sand-hills, dazzling white in the sun, with a ragged green fringe along their tops. Then comes a stretch of the open sea, and then, more to the south, St. Anastasia Island, with its tall black-and-white lighthouse and the cluster of lower buildings at its base. Small sailboats, and now and then a tiny steamer, pass up and down the river to and from St. Augustine.

A delicious south wind is blowing (it is the 15th of February), and I sit in the shade of a cedar-tree and enjoy the air and the scene. A contrast, this, to a man fresh from the depths of a Massachusetts winter.

As I approached the creek, a single spotted sandpiper was teetering along the edge of the water, and the next moment a big blue heron rose just beyond him and went flapping away to the middle of the marsh. Now, an hour afterward, he is still standing there, towering above the tall grass. Once when I turned that way I saw, as I thought, a stake, and then something moved upon it, — a bird of some kind. And what an enormous beak ! I raised my field-glass. It was the heron. His body was the post, and his head was the bird. Meanwhile, the sandpiper has stolen away, I know not when or where. He must have omitted the *tweet, tweet*, with which ordinarily he signalizes his flight. He is the first of his kind that I have seen during my brief stay in these parts.

Now a multitude of crows pass over ; fish crows, I think they must be, from their small size and their strange, ridiculous voices. And now a second great blue heron comes in sight, and keeps on over the marsh and over the live-oak wood, on his way to the San Sebastian marshes, or some point still more remote. A fine show he makes, with his wide expanse of wing, and his feet drawn up and standing out behind him. Next a marsh hawk in brown plumage comes skimming over the grass. This way and that he swerves in ever graceful lines. For one to whom ease and grace come by nature, even the chase of meadow mice is an act of beauty, while another goes awkwardly though in pursuit of a goddess.

Several times I have noticed a kingfisher hovering above the grass (so it looks, but

no doubt he is over an arm of the creek), striking the air with quick strokes, and keeping his head pointed downward, after the manner of a tern. Then he disappeared while I was looking at something else. Now I remark him sitting motionless upon the top of a post in the midst of the marsh.

A third blue heron appears, and he too flies over without stopping. Number One still keeps his place; through the glass I can see him dressing his feathers with his clumsy beak. The lively strain of a white-eyed vireo, pertest of songsters, comes to me from somewhere on my right, and the chipping of myrtle warblers is all but incessant. I look up from my paper to see a turkey buzzard sailing majestically northward. I watch him till he fades in the distance. Not once does he flap his wings, but sails and sails, going with the wind, yet turning again and again to rise against it, and passing onward all the while in beautiful circles. He too, scavenger though he is, has a genius for being graceful. One might almost be willing to be a buzzard, to fly like that!

The kingfisher and the heron are still at their posts. An exquisite yellow butterfly, of a sort strange to my Yankee eyes, flits past, followed by a red admiral. The marsh hawk is on the wing again, and while looking at him I de-ery a second hawk, too far away to be made out. Now the air behind me is dark with crows, — a hundred or two, at least, circling over the low cedars. Some motive they have for all their clamor, but it passes my owlish wisdom to guess what it can be. A fourth blue heron appears, and drops into the grass out of sight.

Between my feet is a single blossom of the yellow oxalis, the only flower to be seen; and very pretty it is, each petal with an orange spot at the base.

Another buzzard, another marsh hawk, another yellow butterfly, and then a smaller one, darker, almost orange. It passes too quickly over the creek and away. The marsh hawk comes nearer, and I see the strong yellow tinge of his plumage, especially underneath. He will grow handsomer as he grows older. A pity the same could not be true of men. Behind me are sharp cries of titlarks. From the direction of the river come frequent reports of guns. Somebody is doing his best to be happy! All at once I prick up my ears. From the grass

just across the creek rises the brief, hurried song of a long-billed marsh wren. So he is in Florida, is he? Already I have heard confused noises which I feel sure are the work of rails of some kind. No doubt there is abundant life concealed in those acres on acres of close grass.

The heron and the kingfisher are still quiet. Their morning hunt was successful, and for to-day Fate cannot harm them. A buzzard, with nervous, rustling beats, goes directly above the low cedar under which I am resting.

At last, after a siesta of two hours, the heron has changed his place. I looked up just in season to see him sweeping over the grass, into which he dropped the next instant. The tide is falling. The distant sand-hills are winking in the heat, but the breeze is deliciously cool, the very perfection of temperature, if a man is to sit still in the shade. It is eleven o'clock. I have a mile to go in the hot sun, and turn away. But first I sweep the line once more with my glass. Yonder to the south are two more blue herons standing in the grass. Perhaps there are more still. I sweep the line. Yes, far, far away I can see four heads in a row. Heads and necks rise above the grass. But so far away! Are they birds, or only posts made alive by my imagination? I look again. I believe I was deceived. They are nothing but stakes. See how in a row they stand. I smile at myself. Just then one of them moves, and another is pulled down suddenly into the grass. I smile again. "Ten great blue herons," I say to myself.

All this has detained me, and meantime the kingfisher has taken wing and gone noisily up the creek. The marsh hawk appears once more. A killdeer's sharp, rasping note — a familiar sound in St. Augustine — comes from I know not where. A procession of more than twenty black vultures passes over my head. I can see their feet drawn up under them. My own I must use in plodding homeward.

Idols of the Tribe. — Prominent among the fallacies "having their foundation in human nature itself" is the belief that, when any uncommon event has happened, a recurrence of it becomes more remote or improbable. A man has two narrow escapes from being struck by lightning; forthwith he imagines that he is in less danger than his neighbors from thunder-

storms. A whist-player gets an entire suit of trumps, or, as was recorded in the *London Times* in the spring of 1892, four players each get an entire suit of cards, though the pack has been duly shuffled. The players feel certain that this is less likely to happen to them again than to others. A church or school has an annual outing, held always about the same time of the year. It has been favored with fine weather half a dozen times in succession. If, on the previous day, the sky looks threatening, the remark sure to be made is that, after so many propitious holidays, bad weather must be expected. If, again, your newspaper fails to reach you one morning, you count on a long period of regularity. Yet a little reflection shows that a man who has been in two thunder-storms is as likely as anybody else to be caught in a third; that one deal of cards has not the slightest traceable influence on the next; that the weather of one church outing does not affect its successor; and that a post-office miscarriage, provided it does not lead to increased carefulness, is no guarantee of prolonged regularity.

Yet we are all apt to confuse sequence with causation, coincidence with correlation. Worthy Thomas Fuller ridiculed the Kentish belief that the Goodwin Sands were caused by the erection of Tenterden steeple, but there are still multitudes of people who imagine that the moon's quarters govern the weather of the ensuing week, and elaborate attempts have been made by pseudo-scientists to associate droughts, and even revolutions, with sun spots; as though the moon's disk were not constantly changing, the quarters being merely arbitrary divisions; as though weather were uniform over the world or over a particular country; as though sun spots could cause a drought in India and a wet summer in Europe. In like manner, astrologers failed to see that an infant's horoscope ought to have applied to every other infant born at the same moment. It may be urged, indeed, that the universe is a web in which every thread is related to every other; but when we speak of a coincidence, we mean that our limited knowledge and faculties can detect no link between two events. It is the only term we can apply to the storm which followed (it did not precede or accompany) the defeat of the Armada, to the

storm at Cromwell's death or at Pius IX.'s proclamation of infallibility, to the death of Jefferson and Adams on the jubilee of independence.

That time is causative is another general fallacy into which Bacon himself, curiously enough, fell; for, speaking of innovations, he says, "Time is the greatest innovator, . . . but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." Now, time really does nothing. Time works no marvels, though marvels may happen in its course. If buildings decay, it is not from the ravages of time, but it is the result of agencies working in time. A condemned man who trusts to time to demonstrate his innocence trusts to things which will happen in the course of time. Closely connected with this fallacy is the notion that cities or states are bound to perish. Macaulay's *New Zealander* — borrowed from Hannah More, who borrowed it from Volney, who borrowed it from Plutarch's picture of Marius seated on the ruins of Carthage — implies that time is an agent of inevitable decay. But cities and states perish only if there are causes of destruction, operating perhaps for a long period. Rome is a thousand years older than London. Is it therefore doomed to an earlier fall, or must either necessarily fall? So, again, to speak of time as passing quickly is really to say that the earth's diurnal or annual revolution is accelerated. All these expressions, it may be pleaded, are elliptical or metaphorical. Yes, but there is a general tendency to take them literally.

Another prevalent fallacy is that reforms are a going back to the past; not a progress, but a recovery. *Magna Charta* barons fancied that they were contending for the laws of Edward the Confessor. The first Protestants thought they were restoring the purity of the primitive church; yet Renan, who had surely studied that period, smiled at such a notion. The Roundheads believed themselves to be reasserting old liberties. Louis XVI. was styled, in his brief heyday of popularity, the "Restorer of French Liberties." The extension of the suffrage in England used to be demanded as a reversion to the past. Vegetarianism is advocated as a return to pristine diet. All this proceeds from the belief in the good old times. Yet, though, as St. Simon says, "the golden age lies before us," progress might have been more difficult but

for the belief that man was "advancing backwards."

— The artist received us in his workshop. We entered, — the Censor and myself, — and cast wondering looks about us. The artist's chief excellence and delighted vocation consisted in producing the finest effects with the least visible material. Where other metrical lapidaries demanded a Kohinoor, he asked only the thinnest lamina of diamond, which he would cut and polish with consummate patience. The most precious scintillation of fancy, of wit, of philosophical thought, could be embodied, so he maintained, in the mere point of the brilliant; and with all the reverence of his craft for the inspired workmen of the elder day, he yet thought it possible to achieve fine and harmonious results without the bulk of material by them deemed necessary. Generally speaking, an epic was his abhorrence; he considered that the reader labored under its superincumbent weight as did the painter of mediæval times who succumbed beneath the silver burden of a prince's gratitude. The ode was an amorphous aggregation, at best. The sonnet, even, was too extensive and diffuse. He had found the quatrain something too prolix for his needs, and the couplet he had finally discarded for a neater and compacter form, more in consonance with the high-pressure tendencies of his Muse. He was an artist of the monostich. As such alone, he modestly complied with our request that he would permit us to inspect his workshop, and carry thence some specimens of his craftsmanship. These, without further comment, are here subjoined.

THE IMPROVISATOR.

He hung up his harp in the breezes of heaven, and noted the sounds it gave.

A MAN OF DESTINY.

And all the planets trembled at his star.

DAWN.

Over the dun horizon flows in the tide of day.

SUNSET ORE.

'T is a molten ore of the skies, — of a metal unknown on the earth!

FORGIVENESS.

He grudges the word, forgiveness, for it hints of a debt unpaid!

IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

He beheld the Aurora, and thought that the Day had come!

THE MARTYR.

Cost what it may — I see Him face to face.

WEARY UNTO DEATH.

If rest ye seek, what need to live again?

FOREIGN BLOWS.

They taught him patriotism with foreign blows.

ABANDONED.

An abandoned place prefers abandoned gateways.

DISAPPOINTED CADENCE.

A pang of music brought her sorrow back.

LOVE AND SILENCE.

Speaking or mute, Love's silence hath a tongue.

A Field for Investigation. — Now that the investigation of what we agree to call occult phenomena is growing respectable, I wonder if it would be possible to get any one to look into certain tolerably familiar and very curious experiences of levitation.

I say tolerably familiar experiences, because from childhood I have heard of them, and oftener than not, when I have mentioned this hearsay to other people, they too have been acquainted with it, as a hearsay. Occasionally, some one's knowledge of the matter goes further; he has seen or experienced levitation, usually when a child, under circumstances harmonizing with the children's tradition.

The tradition may be put in this way: if John, — or let us say Mary, as the feminine human being is more apt than the male to make scientific experiments that are banned by science; if Mary will lie down, and we four stand around her, each of us putting one finger of one hand under her body, say one finger under each shoulder and one under each knee, and then if we will each draw a long breath at the same time, — Mary, too, — and hold it, Mary will go up in the air.

Now, the interesting point is that Mary will go up in the air several feet, I know; and another member of the Club tells me that she has often seen the Mary of the occasion go above the heads of the other experimenters. After, as I say, having heard

all my life of children's accomplishments in this phase of the incredible, I suddenly, some months ago, arrived at such a pitch of intelligent curiosity that I determined on a course of original investigation.

I have already, I fear, stated pretty much the whole result of my crusade : Mary will rise in the air.

I was the subject of the first of these successful experiments, and it was conducted under the management of that other member of the Club already quoted, and whose name I long to mention, that it may sustain me in my deviation from that wise rule which bids us, for the good of our reputations, to tell, not necessarily what is true, but always what is credible. Still, my best safeguard is in the ease with which any one can make similar experiments.

Generally speaking, the only difficulty, obviously a slight one, is to get five people to draw and hold long breaths in unison. The instant one "lets her breath go," as the children say, down tumbles Mary.

I am not at all sure but that various other considerations, considerations of weight, perhaps of the weight of the subject relative to the size of the lungs of the experimenters, — considerations of I know not

what, — enter into the problem ; but I am not fitted for scientific investigations, and having once levitated and seen others levitate, my patience for collecting facts is at an end. Usually four persons, taken as they come, can accomplish the levitation of a fifth picked up at haphazard, — of so much I am sure. Yet though I am not scientific, and am too femininely mindless to investigate conditions myself, I am not at all too modest to entertain a little contempt for those gifted beings, at once masculine and scientific, who let such things as this go on under their noses for generations without more attention than an ignorant assertion that they are not so.

Now, however, even if the denial direct is given my own experience, and to me personally, I can bear it with tolerable equanimity, if only some creature does not wave his ears in triumph and advance me the "explanation" that I was lifted, in a horizontal position, straight up two feet in air by the strength of four young women's right forefingers. If any one tells me that, I find myself justified in wishing him such an illness as may give him a chance to measure the difficulties of lifting an inert adult human being one inch from his bed.